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Prefixed to the edition of 1772.

IF the present age is not celebrated for poetical genius, it is remarkable for poetical taste, even the most refined. Numerous poems might be adduced in proof of this, but none with greater propriety than those contained in the following collection.

A design was formed some time ago to collect all the poems which gained Mr. Seaton's prize; but it was either interrupted or neglected. The design was too laudable to be entirely laid aside; we have therefore resumed it. We felt for the cause of literature when we saw scattered in obscure corners, poems which have done so much honour to their authors, and which have so faithfully answered the intention of the pious donor, by inculcating and embellishing the great truths of the Christian Religion.

We deemed this no improper opportunity to give the world some account of Mr. Seaton; a man who is generally known to it only by his liberality in the cause of Religion and the Muses; but our researches have been unequal to the task. It is remarkable, that the history of a public-spirited man should

have been sunk in the shallow gulph of little more than twenty years; for the anecdotes of his life which are known are but few, and indeed not very interesting.

The Rev. Thomas Seaton was born at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, about the year 1684; *and, after passing the usual times at the usual studies, was admitted, in* 1701, *a Sizar of Clare hall in the university of Cambridge, under the tuition of Mr. Clarke, the then Bedel of the university. Three years after, while Bachelor of Arts, he was admitted Scholar of that college, and at the end of the subsequent three years he acquired a Fellowship. Here he resided fifteen or sixteen years; in the course of which he wrote, among other little things, a pamphlet against Whiston on the Eternity of the Son of God. In* 1721 *he resigned his Fellowship, and went to reside at his living in Northamptonshire, to which he had been presented by the late Lord Nottingham, whose chaplain he was. Here he married, and possessed the universal good wishes of his parish 'till his death. He was a man assiduous in promoting the cause of religion, because he loved it; and he gave no small testimony of his attachment to it in his will, from which the following clause is extracted:—*

" *I give my Kislingbury estate to the university of Cam-*
" *bridge for ever; the rents of which shall be disposed of*
" *yearly by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, as he the*
" *Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare hall, and the Greek*
" *Professor for the time being, or any two of them, shall*
" *agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a*
" *subject, which subject shall, for the first year, be one or*
" *other of the Perfections or Attributes of the Supreme Being,*

" and so the succeeding years, 'till the subject is exhausted;
" and afterwards the subject shall be either Death, Judgment,
" Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatsoever else
" may be judged by the Vice-Chancellor, Master of Clare hall,
" and Greek Professor, to be most conducive to the honour
" of the Supreme Being and recommendation of virtue. And
" they shall yearly dispose of the rent of the above estate to
" that Master of Arts whose poem on the subject given shall
" be best approved by them. Which poem I ordain to be
" always in English, and to be printed; the expence of which
" shall be deducted out of the product of the estate, and the
" residue given as a reward for the composer of the Poem, or
" Ode, or Copy of Verses."

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ON THE

ETERNITY

OF THE

SUPREME BEING.

By CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

1750.

HAIL, wond'rous Being, who in power supreme
Exists from everlasting, whose great name
Deep in the human heart, and every atom
The Air, the Earth, or azure Main contains,
In undecypher'd characters is wrote—
INCOMPREHENSIBLE!—O, what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
Or what can thoughts (tho' wild of wing they rove
Thro' the vast concave of th' ætherial round?)
If to the Heaven of Heavens they wing their way
Adventurous, like the birds of night they're lost,
And deluge'd in the flood of dazzling day.—

May then the youthful, uninspired Bard
Presume to hymn th' Eternal? may he soar
Where Seraph and where Cherubin on high
Resound th' unceasing plaudits, and with them
In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice?

He may—if Thou, who from the witless babe
Ordainest honour, glory, strength, and praise,
Uplift th' unpinion'd Muse, and deign'st t' assist,
GREAT POET OF THE UNIVERSE, his song.

Before this earthly Planet wound her course
Round Light's perennial fountain; before Light
Herself 'gan shine, and at th' inspiring word
Shot to existence in a blaze of day;
Before "the Morning Stars together sang,
And hail'd Thee architect of countless worlds;"
Thou art—all-glorious, all-beneficent,
All Wisdom and Omnipotence thou art!

But is the æra of Creation fix'd
At when these worlds began? Could aught retard
Goodness, that knows no bounds, from blessing ever,
Or keep th' immense Artificer in sloth?
Avaunt the dust-directed crawling thought,
That Puissance immeasurably vast,
And Bounty inconceivable, could rest
Content, exhausted with one week of action—

No—in th' exertion of Thy righteous power,
Ten thousand times more active than the Sun,
Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand compos'd
Systems innumerable, matchless all,
All stampt with thine uncounterfeited seal.

But yet (if still to more stupendous heights
The Muse unblam'd her aching sense may strain)
Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
The best of Beings on the noblest theme
Might ruminate at leisure, scope immense,
Th' eternal Power and Godhead to explore,
And with itself th' omniscient mind replete.
This were enough to fill the boundless All,
This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme!
Perhaps enthron'd amidst a choicer few,
Of spirits inferior, he might greatly plan
The two prime pillars of the universe,
Creation and Redemption—and awhile
Pause with the grand presentiments of glory.

Perhaps—but all 's conjecture here below,
All ignorance, and self-plum'd vanity—
O Thou, whose ways to wonder at 's distrust,
Whom to describe 's presumption, (all we can,
And all we may,) be glorified, be prais'd.

A day shall come, when all this Earth shall perish,

Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; it shall come
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war against themselves, and mutual rage,
To make Perdition triumph; it shall come,
When the capacious atmosphere above
Shall in sulphureous thunders groan, and die,
And vanish into void; the earth beneath
Shall sever to the centre, and devour
Th' enormous blaze of the destructive flames.
Ye rocks, that mock the raving of the floods,
And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now? Ye foaming waves,
That all along th' immense Atlantic roar,
In vain ye swell; will a few drops suffice
To quench the inextinguishable fire?
Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crown'd tops the cedars
Are lessen'd into shrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chambers of the heavens,
And fix the earth continual? Athos, where?
Where, Teneriff, 's thy stateliness to-day?
What, Ætna, are thy flames to these?—No more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden sun.

Nor shall the verdant vallies then remain
Safe in their meek submission; they the debt
Of nature and of justice too must pay.
Yet I must weep for you, ye rival fair,
Arno and Andalusia; but for thee

More largely and with filial tears must weep,
O, Albion! O, my country! Thou must join,
In vain dissever'd from the rest, must join
The terrors of th' inevitable ruin.

Nor thou, illustrious monarch of the day;
Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye stars,
Tho' million leagues and million still remote,
Shall yet survive that day; ye must submit,
Sharers, not bright spectators of the scene.

But tho' the earth shall to the centre perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; tho' the air
With all the elements must pass away,
Vain as an ideot's dream; tho' the huge rocks,
That brandish the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales must to perdition yield;
Tho' the gilt sun, and silver-tressed moon
With all her bright retinue, must be lost;
Yet Thou, Great Father of the world, surviv'st
Eternal, as thou wert: Yet still survives
The soul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys.

He comes! He comes! the awful trump I hear;
The flaming sword's intolerable blaze
I see! He comes! th' Archangel from above:—
"Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,

" Awake incorruptible and arise:
" From east to west, from the Antarctic pole
" To regions Hyperborean, all ye sons,
" Ye sons of Adam, and ye heirs of Heaven—
" Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
" Awake incorruptible and arise."

'Tis then, nor sooner, that the restless mind
Shall find itself at home; and, like the ark,
Fix'd on the mountain top, shall look aloft
O'er the vague passage of precarious life;
And, winds and waves and rocks and tempests past,
Enjoy the everlasting calm of Heaven:
'Tis then, nor sooner, that the deathless soul
Shall justly know its nature and its rise:
'Tis then the human tongue, new-tun'd, shall give
Praises more worthy the Eternal ear.
Yet what we can, we ought;—and therefore Thou,
Purge thou my heart, Omnipotent and Good!
Purge Thou my heart with hyssop, lest like Cain
I offer fruitless sacrifice, and with gifts
Offend and not propitiate the Ador'd.
Tho' Gratitude were blest with all the powers
Her bursting heart could long for; tho' the swift,
The fiery-wing'd Imagination soar'd
Beyond Ambition's wish—yet all were vain
To speak Him as he is, who is INEFFABLE.
Yet still let Reason thro' the eye of Faith

View him with fearful love; let Truth pronounce,
And Adoration on her bended knee
With heaven-directed hands, confess His reign.
And let the Angelic, Archangelic band,
With all the Hosts of Heaven, Cherubic forms,
And forms Seraphic, with their silver trumps
And golden lyres attend:—" For Thou art holy,
" For Thou art One, th' Eternal, who alone
" Exerts all goodness, and transcends all praise."

ON THE

IMMENSITY

OF THE

SUPREME BEING.

By CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

1751.

ONCE more I dare to rouse the sounding string,
THE POET OF MY GOD—Awake, my glory,
Awake, my lute and harp—myself shall wake,
Soon as the stately night-exploding bird
In lively lay sings welcome to the dawn.

List ye! how Nature with ten thousand tongues
Begins the grand thanksgiving, Hail, all hail,
Ye tenants of the forest and the field!
My fellow-subjects of th' Eternal King,
I gladly join your Matins, and with you
Confess His presence, and report His praise.

O Thou, who or the Lambkin, or the Dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek, and poor,
Prefer'st to Pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean Essay, nor from thy treasure-house
Of Glory' immense the Orphan's mite exclude.

What tho' the Almighty's regal throne be rais'd
High o'er yon azure Heaven's exalted dome,
By mortal eye unkenn'd—where East, nor West,
Nor South, nor blustering North has breath to blow;
Albeit He there with Angels and with Saints
Hold conference, and to His radiant host
Ev'n face to face stand visibly confest;
Yet know, that nor in Presence or in Power
Shines He less perfect here; 'tis Man's dim eye
That makes th' obscurity. He is the same,
Alike in all his Universe the same.

Whether the Mind along the spangled sky
Measures her pathless walk, studious to view
Thy works of vaster fabric, where the Planets
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march directing
Still faithful, still inconstant to the Sun;
Or where the Comet thro' space infinite
(Tho' whirling worlds oppose in globes of fire)
Darts, like a javelin, to his distant goal;
Or where in Heaven above, the Heaven of Heavens,
Burn brighter Suns, and goodlier Planets roll
With Satellites more glorious—Thou art there.

Or whether on the Ocean's boisterous back
Thou ride triumphant, and with out-stretch'd arm
Curb the wild winds and discipline the billows,
The suppliant Sailor finds Thee there, his chief,
His only help—When Thou rebuk'st the storm—
It ceases—and the vessel gently glides
Along the glassy level of the calm.

O! could I search the bosom of the sea,
Down the great depth descending; there thy works
Would also speak thy residence; and there
Would I thy servant, like the still profound,
Astonish'd into silence muse thy praise!
Behold! behold! the unplanted garden round
Of vegetable coral, sea-flowers gay,
And shrubs of amber from the pearl-pav'd bottom
Rise richly varied, where the finny race
In blithe security their gambols play:
While high above their heads Leviathan,
The terror and the glory of the main,
His pastime takes with transport, proud to see
The Ocean's vast dominion all his own.

Hence thro' the genial bowels of the earth
Easy may Fancy pass; till at thy mines,
Gani or Raolconda, she arrive,
And from the adamant's imperial blaze
Form weak ideas of her Maker's glory.

Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,
Where the rich ruby (deem'd by Sages old
Of sovereign virtue) sparkles ev'n like Sirius,
And blushes into flames. Thence will I go
To undermine the treasure-fertile womb
Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
The Agat and the deep-intrenched gem
Of kindred Jasper—Nature in them both
Delights to play the mimic on herself;
And in their veins she oft pourtrays the forms
Of leaning hills, of trees erect, and streams
Now stealing softly on, now thundering down
In desperate cascade, with flowers and beasts,
And all the living landskip of the vale:
In vain thy pencil, Claudio or Poussin,
Or thine,' immortal Guido, would essay
Such skill to imitate—it is the hand
Of God himself—for God himself is there.

Hence with the ascending springs let me advance
Thro' beds of magnets, minerals, and spar,
Up to the mountain's summit, there t' indulge
Th' ambition of the comprehensive eye,
That dares to call th' Horizon all her own.
Behold the forest, and the expansive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth-shorn sod
No object interrupts, unless the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms

Extends—Behold in regal solitude,
And pastoral magnificence, he stands
So simple! and so great! the under-wood
Of meaner rank an awful distance keep.
Yet Thou art there, yet God himself is there
Ev'n on the bush (tho' not as when to Moses
He shone in burning Majesty reveal'd,)
Nathless conspicuous in the Linnet's throat
Is his unbounded goodness—Thee her Maker,
Thee her Preserver chaunts she in her song;
While all the emulative vocal tribe
The grateful lesson learn—no other voice
Is heard, no other sound—for, in attention
Buried, ev'n babbling Echo holds her peace.

Now from the plains, where th' unbounded prospect
Gives liberty her utmost scope to range,
Turn we to yon enclosures, where appears
Chequer'd Variety in all her forms,
Which the vague mind attract and still suspend
With sweet perplexity. What are yon towers,
The work of labouring man and clumsy art,
Seen with the ring-dove's nest?—On that tall beech
Her pensile house the feather'd artist builds—
The rocking winds molest her not; for see,
With such due poize the wond'rous fabric 's hung,
That, like the compass in the bath, it keeps
True to itself, and stedfast ev'n in storms.

Thou ideot, that asserts there is no God,
View, and be dumb for ever—
Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio build
The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave—
Go call Correggio, or let Titian come
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the cherry
To blush with just vermilion—Hence away—
Hence, ye prophane! for God himself is here.
Vain were th' attempt, and impious to trace
Thro' all his works th' Artificer Divine—
And tho' nor shining sun, nor twinkling star
Bedeck'd the crimson curtains of the sky;
Tho' neither vegetable, beast, nor bird
Were extant on the surface of this ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath; tho' the great sea
Slept in profound stagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its Maker;
Yet man at home, within himself, might find
The Deity immense, and in that frame
So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
See and adore His providence and power—
I see, and I adore—O God most bounteous!
O infinite of Goodness and of Glory!
The knee, that Thou hast shap'd, shall bend to Thee;
The tongue, which Thou hast tun'd, shall chaunt Thy praise;
And, Thine own image, the immortal soul,
Shall consecrate herself to Thee for ever.

ON THE

OMNISCIENCE

OF THE

SUPREME BEING.

By CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

1752.

ARISE, divine Urania, with new strains
To hymn thy God! and thou, immortal Fame,
Arise, and blow thy everlasting trump!
All glory to the Omniscient, and praise,
And power, and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.
Thou too, my heart, whom He, and He alone

Who all things knows, can know, with love replete,
Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyself
A living sacrifice before His throne!
And may th' eternal, high mysterious tree,
That in the center of the arched Heavens
Bears the rich fruit of Knowledge, with some branch
Stoop to my humble reach, and bless my toil!

When in my mother's womb conceal'd I lay
A senseless embryo, then my soul Thou knew'st,
Knew'st all her future workings, every thought,
And every faint idea yet unform'd,
When up the imperceptible ascent
Of growing years, led by Thy hand, I rose,
Perception's gradual light, that ever dawns
Insensibly to day, Thou didst vouchsafe,
And taught me by that reason Thou inspir'dst,
That what of knowledge in my mind was low,
Imperfect, incorrect—in Thee is wond'rous,
Uncircumscrib'd, unsearchably profound,
And estimable solely by itself.

What is that secret power, that guides the brutes,
Which Ignorance calls instinct? 'Tis from Thee,
It is the operation of Thine hands
Immediate, instantaneous; 'tis Thy wisdom,
That glorious shines transparent thro' Thy works.
Who taught the Pye, or who forewarn'd the Jay

To shun the deadly nightshade? Tho' the cherry
Boasts not a glossier hue, nor does the plum
Lure with more seeming sweets the amorous eye,
Yet will not the sagacious birds, decoy'd
By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit.
They know to taste is fatal, whence alarm'd
Swift on the winnowing winds they work their way.
Go to, proud reas'ner, philosophic Man,
Hast thou such prudence, thou such knowledge?—No.
Full many a race has fell into the snare
Of meretricious looks, of pleasing surface;
And oft in desert isles the famish'd pilgrim
By forms of fruit, and luscious taste beguil'd,
Like his forefather Adam, eats and dies.
For why? his wisdom on the leaden feet
Of slow Experience, dully tedious, creeps,
And comes, like vengeance, after long delay.

The venerable Sage, that nightly trims
The learned lamp, t' investigate the powers
Of plants medicinal, the earth, the air,
And the dark regions of the fossil world,
Grows old in following what he ne'er shall find;
Studious in vain! till haply, at the last
He spies a mist, then shapes it into mountains,
And baseless fabrics from conjecture builds:
While the domestic animal, that guards
At midnight hours his threshold, if oppress'd

By sudden sickness, at his master's feet
Begs not that aid his services might claim,
But is his own physician, knows the case,
And from th' emetic herbage works his cure.
Hark from afar the feather'd matron* screams,
And all her brood alarms! The docile crew
Accept the signal one and all, expert
In th' art of Nature and unlearn'd deceit:
Along the sod, in counterfeited death,
Mute, motionless they lie; full well appriz'd,
That the rapacious adversary's near.
But who inform'd her of the approaching danger?
Who taught the cautious mother, that the hawk
Was hatch'd her foe, and liv'd by her destruction?
Her own prophetic soul is active in her,
And more than human providence her guard.

When Philomela, ere the cold domain
Of crippled Winter 'gins t' advance, prepares
Her annual flight, and in some poplar shade
Takes her melodious leave, who then 's her pilot?
Who points her passage thro' the pathless void
To realms from us remote, to us unknown?
Her science is the science of her God.
Not the magnetic index to the North
E'er ascertains her course, nor buoy, nor beacon:

* The Hen Turkey.

She, Heaven-taught voyager, that sails in air,
Courts nor coy West nor East, but instant knows
What Newton † or not sought, or sought in vain.

Illustrious name! irrefragable proof
Of man's vast genius, and the soaring soul!
Yet what wert thou to Him, who knew His works
Before creation form'd them, long before
He measur'd in the hollow of His hand
Th' exulting Ocean, and the highest Heavens
He comprehended with a span, and weigh'd
The mighty mountains in His golden scales;
Who shone supreme, who was Himself the light,
Ere yet Refraction learn'd her skill to paint,
And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow.

When Knowledge at her father's dread command
Resign'd to Israel's king her golden key,
O! to have join'd the frequent auditors
In wonder and delight, that whilom heard
Great Solomon descanting on the brutes,
O! how sublimely glorious to apply
To God's own honour, and good will to man,
That wisdom he alone of men possess'd
In plenitude so rich, and scope so rare.
How did he rouse the pamper'd silken sons
Of bloated Ease, by placing to their view

† The Longitude.

The sage industrious Ant, the wisest insect,
And best œconomist of all the field!
Tho' she presumes not by the solar orb
To measure times and seasons, nor consults
Chaldean calculations, for a guide;
Yet conscious that December's on the march,
Pointing with icy hand to Want and Woe,
She waits his dire approach, and undismay'd
Receives him as a welcome guest, prepar'd
Against the churlish Winter's fiercest blow.
For when, as yet the favourable Sun
Gives to the genial earth th' enlivening ray,
Not the poor suffering slave, that hourly toils
To rive the groaning earth for ill-sought gold,
Endures such trouble, such fatigue, as she;
While all her subterraneous avenues,
And storm-proof cells, with management most meet
And unexampled housewifery she forms:
Then to the field she hies, and on her back,
Burden immense! she bears the cumbrous corn.
Then many a weary step, and many a strain,
And many a grievous groan subdued, at length
Up the huge hill she hardly heaves it home:
Nor rests she here her providence, but nips
With subtle tooth the grain, lest from her garner
In mischievous fertility it steal,
And back to day-light vegetate its way.
Go to the Ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,

And by her wary ways reform thine own.
But if thy deaden'd sense, and listless thought
More glaring evidence demand; behold,
Where yon pellucid populous hive presents
A yet uncopied model to the world!
There Machiavel in the reflecting glass
May read himself a fool. The Chemist there
May with astonishment invidious view
His toils out-done by each plebeian Bee,
Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing
From various herbs, and from discordant flowers,
A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.

Avaunt, Conceit! Ambition, take thy flight
Back to the Prince of Vanity and Air!
O! 'tis a thought of energy most piercing;
Form'd to make Pride grow humble; form'd to force
Its weight on the reluctant Mind, and give her
A true but irksome image of herself.
Woeful vicissitude! when Man, fall'n Man,
Who first from Heaven, from gracious God himself
Learn'd knowledge of the Brutes, must know, by Brutes
Instructed and reproach'd, the scale of being;
By slow degrees from lowly steps ascend,
And trace Omniscience upwards to its spring!
Yet murmur not, but praise—for tho' we stand
Of many a Godlike privilege amerc'd
By Adam's dire transgression; tho' no more

Is Paradise our home, but o'er the portal
Hang in terrific pomp the burning blade;
Still with ten thousand beauties blooms the Earth,
With pleasures populous, and with riches crown'd.
Still is there scope for wonder and for love
Ev'n to their last exertion— showers of blessings
Far more than human virtue can deserve,
Or hope expect, or gratitude return.
Then, O ye People, O ye Sons of Men,
Whatever be the colour of your lives,
Whatever portion of itself His wisdom
Shall deign t' allow, still patiently abide,
And praise Him more and more; nor cease to chaunt
" ALL GLORY TO TH' OMNISCIENT, AND PRAISE,
" AND POWER, AND DOMINATION IN THE HEIGHT!
" And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
" To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
" Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
" And with thy choicest stores the altar crown."

ΤΩ ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ.

ON THE

POWER

OF THE

SUPREME BEING.

By CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

1753.

" TREMBLE, thou Earth!" th' anointed poet said,
" At God's bright presence, tremble, all ye mountains!
" And all ye hillocks on the surface bound!"
Then once again, ye glorious thunders, roll!
The Muse with transport hears ye; once again
Convulse the solid continent! and shake,
Grand music of Omnipotence, the isles!
'Tis Thy terrific voice, thou God of Power,
'Tis Thy terrific voice; all Nature hears it
Awaken'd and alarm'd; she feels its force;

In every spring she feels it, every wheel,
And every movement of her vast machine.
Behold! quakes Apennine; behold! recoils
Athos; and all the hoary-headed Alps
Leap from their bases at the godlike sound.
But what is this, celestial tho' the note,
And proclamation of the reign supreme,
Compar'd with such as, for a mortal ear
Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?
Should Ocean to his congregated waves
Call in each river, cataract, and lake,
And with the wat'ry world down an huge rock
Fall headlong in one horrible cascade,
'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze
When Zephyr faints upon the lily's breast,
'Twere but the ceasing of some instrument
When the last lingering undulation
Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with sounds
So mighty! so stupendous! so divine!

But not alone in the aërial vault
Does He the dread theocracy maintain;
For oft, enrag'd with His intestine thunders,
He harrows up the bowels of the earth,
And shocks the central magnet—Cities then
Totter on their foundations, stately columns,
Magnific walls, and heaven-assaulting spires.
What tho' in haughty eminence erect

Stands the strong citadel, and frowns defiance
On adverse hosts, tho' many a bastion jut
Forth from the ramparts' elevated mound,
Vain the poor providence of human art,
And mortal strength how vain! while underneath
Triumphs His mining vengeance in th' uproar
Of shatter'd towers, riven rocks, and mountains,
With clamour inconceivable uptorn,
And hurl'd adown th' abyss. Sulphureous pyrites
Bursting abrupt from darkness into day,
With din outrageous and destructive ire,
Augment the hideous tumult, while it wounds
Th' afflictive ear, and terrifies the eye,
And rends the heart in twain. Twice have we felt,
Within Augusta's walls twice have we felt
Thy threaten'd indignation; but even Thou,
Incens'd Omnipotent, art gracious ever;
Thy goodness infinite but mildly warn'd us
With mercy-blended wrath: O spare us still,
Nor send more dire conviction! We confess
That Thou art He, th' Almighty: we believe.
For at Thy righteous power whole systems quake,
For at Thy nod tremble ten thousand worlds.

Hark! on the winged whirlwind's rapid rage,
Which is and is not in a moment--hark!
On th' hurricane's tempestuous sweep He rides
Invincible, and oaks and pines and cedars

And forests are no more. For, conflict dreadful!
The West encounters East, and Notus meets
In his career the Hyperborean blast.
The lordly lions shuddering seek their dens,
And fly like timorous deer; the king of birds,
Who dar'd the solar ray, is weak of wing,
And faints and falls and dies;—while He supreme
Stands stedfast in the center of the storm.

Wherefore, ye objects terrible and great,
Ye thunders, earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught wombs
Of fell volcanos, whirlwinds, hurricanes,
And boiling billows, hail! in chorus join
To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
Who yet in works of a minuter mould
Is not less manifest, is not less mighty.

Survey the magnet's sympathetic love,
That wooes the yielding needle; contemplate
Th' attractive amber's power, invisible
Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from th' electric sphere assaults thy frame,
Shew me the hand that dealt it!—Baffled here
By His Omnipotence, Philosophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And stands, with all His circling wonders round her,
Like heavy Saturn in th' etherial space
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.

If such the operations of His power,
Which at all seasons and in every place
(Rul'd by establish'd laws and current nature)
Arrest th' attention; Who! O who shall tell
His acts miraculous? when His own decrees
Repeals He, or suspends; when by the hand
Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths
Of his prophetic seers, such deeds He wrought,
Before th' astonish'd Sun's all-seeing eye,
That Faith was scarce a virtue. Need I sing
The fate of Pharaoh and his numerous band
Lost in the reflux of the wat'ry walls,
That melted to their fluid state again?
Need I recount how Sampson's warlike arm
With more than mortal nerves was strung t' o'erthrow
Idolatrous Philistia? Shall I tell
How David triumph'd, and what Job sustain'd?
—But, O supreme, unutterable mercy!
O love unequall'd, mystery immense,
Which angels long t' unfold! 'tis man's redemption
That crowns Thy glory, and Thy power confirms,
Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.
When from the Virgin's unpolluted womb
Shone forth the Sun of Righteousness reveal'd,
And on benighted reason pour'd the day;
" Let there be peace!" (he said,) and all was calm
Amongst the warring world—calm as the sea
When, " O be still, ye boisterous Winds!" he cried,

And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.
His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, 'ere yet he taste
The bitter draught of death, 'ere yet he rise
Victorious o'er the universal foe,
And Death and Sin and Hell in triumph lead.
His by the right of conquest is mankind,
And in sweet servitude and golden bonds
Were ty'd to him for ever.—O how easy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
'Tis ecstacy to bear! Him, blessed Shepherd,
His flocks shall follow thro' the maze of life
And shades that tend to Day-spring from on high;
And as the radiant roses after fading,
In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath
Revive in smiling Spring, so shall it fare
With those that love him—for sweet is their savour,
And all Eternity shall be their spring.
Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,
At which the KING OF GLORY enters in,
Be to the Saints unbarr'd: and there, where pleasure
Boasts an undying bloom, where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from passion—there we'll celebrate,
With worthier numbers, Him, who is, and was,
And in immortal prowess King of Kings,
Shall be the Monarch of all worlds for ever.

ON THE

JUSTICE

OF THE

SUPREME BEING.

By GEORGE BALLY, M.A.

1754.

O Thou, whose Justice awes the moral world,
Dread Judge, and Governor supreme! Thine eye
Thro' the vast amplitude of space diffus'd,
No action 'scapes, no thought that bubbling springs
In the heart's troubled deep. In vain the wretch,
Specious in borrow'd vizor, lifts his front
Triumphant: Thee no artificial gloss
Deceives: the monster walks beneath Thy ken
Foul with unnumber'd spots. His deeds are noted
In Thy eternal volumes, to confound

His guilt: tho' now perhaps he wanton basks
In Fortune's sunny smiles, and laughs disdainful
At Virtue, pine'd with penury and cold.
Nathless, when this dark sublunary plot,
Which now with seeming intricacies mocks
Our busy search, amazingly to view
Shall stand unravell'd in th' all-closing scene,
The caitiff, at the curtain's fall shall bleed;
And Men and Angel-Choirs applausive laud
Th' unerring rectitude of all Thy ways.

O may the Poet then, whose faltering tongue
Lisps these rude strains, and trembles while he sings
What asks a Cherub's note, a Seraph's glow,
This mundane polity by Thee sustain'd
On the firm basis of eternal right,
O King, that reign'st for ever! may he then,
When Thou the scatter'd particles shalt call
His soul's demolish'd mansion to rebuild,
Approach Thy dread tribunal unappall'd;
May Mercy o'er that Justice then prevail,
Which here his humble verse essay'd to paint!

With scanty line shall Reason dare to mete
Th' immeasurable depths of Providence?
On the swoln bladders of opinion borne
She floats awhile, then floundering sinks absorb'd
Within that boundless sea she strove to grasp.

Shall Man, here station'd to revere that God
Who call'd him into being from the dust,
His moral scheme implead, and impious cite
Th' Almighty Legislator to the bar
Of erring intellect; too weak his sight
To trace each hidden link that knits the chain
Stupendous? Hence he labours to depose
Jehovah from His sovereignty, and lifts
A blind ideal phantom to the throne.
Things oft inverted in this turbid mass
Strike his disgusted eye, and shake his faith,
Too prone to shift her compass. Vice he sees
With gems and Tyrian purple sparkling gay,
And Virtue mouldering in a dungeon's gloom.

"Say, is this fitting?" (cries the doubting sage)
"Do these unequal dispensations speak
"A wise impartial Ruler of the World?
"Shall earth, shall air, and every element
"Be tax'd to furnish the blasphemer's meal,
"While heaven's best votary, who in fervent pray'r
"Exhales his soul, the scantiest offal wants
"His macerated body to relieve?"
Thus Man, whose mind 's too narrow to contain
The vast dimensions of th' harmonious whole,
From parts, uncomely if asunder view'd,
Decisive sentence gives. Thou laugh'st above,
Dread ELOHIM, to see him studious weigh

Thy measures in his balance: Thou, whose grasp
The waters, and whose span the heavens, compris'd!

To judge aright how Providence conducts
The moral system, where a clue is lent
T' unwind the mystic maze, with cautious steps
Man must pursue; each nice gradation scan;
Observe how parts, erst opposite, conspire
In one illustrious concord of design.
Then every jarring string, which, singly touch'd,
Grated harsh dissonance on Reason's ear,
Will speak the graces of th' Almighty hand,
And in a sweet-ton'd diapason close.

The Sun of Justice may withdraw His beams
Awhile from earthly ken, and sit conceal'd
In dark recess, pavilion'd round with clouds:
Yet let not Guilt presumptuous rear her crest,
Nor Virtue droop despondent: soon these clouds,
Seeming eclipse, will brighten into day,
And in majestic splendor He will rise
With healing and with terror on His wings.

Things in progressive motion cheat our eye,
Unmark'd the destin'd goal to which they tend.
Moses' all-powerful rod, amazing sight!
A serpent crawls, and darts its forky tongue;
But in his hand resum'd, to Israel's sons

Dispenses blessings, bids th' imprison'd stream
Gush from the stricken rock, th' obedient sea
Drive back its refluent waves, and stand a wall
Condens'd, to yield a passage to his host.
Thus what we view abhorrent as deform,
And inconsistent with that faultless rule
By which a sapient God each act should square,
In th' issue will its frightful aspect lose,
And leave th' all-righteous Sovereign unimpeach'd.

What eye but melts with pity, when it sees
Joseph's defenceless piety and youth
To leagu'd fraternal hate a prey expos'd?
Shall Israel's darling, nay, what's more, shall God's,
With complicated ills be doom'd to strive?
Shall a pit yawn for him, yet none for those
Who plot against his life? The bargain 's struck;
Unnatural bargain, where a brother 's sold!
The seven-mouth'd Nile receives him: here the sky
Fallacious smiles to make the gathering cloud
Burst heavier on his head: The slighted charms
Of an enamour'd Mistress glow with ire
Fierce and impetuous as her former lust:
That stubborn heart must bleed, which would not melt.
Are chains the meed of Innocence? Does God
Exalt his enemies to thrones, depress
His friends to dungeons? Impious plaints, away!
And to that Hell, from whence ye rise, repair!

O'erblown the storm, which only rag'd to speed
Heaven's chosen vessel to the destin'd port,
The Hebrew bright emerges. Quick the scene
Is shifted from a dungeon to a throne.
Next to the proud Egyptian King he moves
In his high orb resplendent: lives to strain
Old Israel in his fond encircling arms,
To see the typic sheaves in marshall'd ranks,
His brethren, erst with other passions warm'd,
Submissive bow their vassal heads before
His sheaf, that rears aloft its lordly stem.

Silenc'd be every tongue, that dar'd to breathe
The rank exuberance of a sensual heart
In sceptic murmurs: Reason, stand abash'd,
And, whom thou canst not comprehend, adore!
If Virtue suffers, 'tis to prove her faith,
To make abasement gloriously conspire,
Like Joseph's, to her rise: each stroke she feels
But adds new lustre to her massive crown.
If Vice, unthank'd his feeder, gluts his maw
With studied dainties, and with riot swells,
'Tis but a victim fatten'd for the sword
Of Justice, edg'd to drink his guilty blood.
A guileful Haman brooding o'er the fate
Of blameless Mordecai, when raptures high
Stretch every vein, and elevate the soul,
When glows the wassel most, and sparkling joy

Laughs in each proffer'd cup, O dire revorse!
Shall from the royal banquet to the grave
Be dragg'd unpitied, on that tree expire,
Which for wrong'd innocence his hands had rais'd.

The scheme of Providence, tho' knots perplex'd
O'er the unfolding texture seem to cast
Unpleasing shades, at large disclos'd appears
With lucid order, and coherence crown'd.
So in the folded tapestry, where parts
With gradual openings meet the pausing eye,
Here sprouts a leafy branch, a human foot
There marks the woven ground: all seems a wild,
Mis-shapen chaos of disjointed forms:
Yet, when in full expanse the web entire
Shews the mixt groupe in orderly array,
The figur'd history well-pleas'd we trace,
Each several part applaud, but most the whole.

Shall counsels, plann'd by Wisdom infinite,
And by Omnipotence conducted, fail?
Sooner the Heavens, the fabric of His hands,
Shrunk their extensive cope like shrivell'd parchment,
Melted to viewless air, shall disappear,
Yea all things into primitive nothing fall,
Than God's eternal and all-wise decrees
One jot shall be abolish'd. Flight of days,
The world obscuring with their shadowy wings,

Shall o'er His grand designs a lustre throw;
Shall clear that wond'rous, soul-absorbing text,
Which poring Seraphs puzzles and confounds.

Righteous are all Thy ways, O Power Supreme!
Whether Thy patience struggling with Thy wrath
Arrests th' uplifted thunderbolt, that longs
To lance destruction on the head accurs'd:
Or whether Piety, to purge her dross
By sharp assaying fires, Thou see'st permissive
Crush'd by Oppression's iron arm, or torn
By racking maladies intestine war:
Orb* within orb involv'd, Thy mystic wheels,
On which this politic machine is whirl'd
Incessant, with no giddy devious flight
Precipitate their course: with eyes they glow
Distinct, and in a measur'd orbit move.

To right Thy injur'd friends, and blast Thy foes,
Thou counterwork'st Man's purpose, and from ill
Educest good: as erst Thy potent voice,
Omnific, from the womb of night abhorr'd
Call'd forth that light, which glads th' invested world.
A Pharaoh's Daughter, by Thy impulse led,
Shall in a Hebrew babe unweeting rear
Israel's Redeemer, and her father's scourge.

* See Ezekiel, chap. i.

When Jacob's seed beside Euphrates' flood,
With groans responsive to his murmurs, swell
The current with their tears, and Sion's pride
Illustrious Sion wail, in ashes lost;
The ravenous Eagle* from the east shall urge
His rapid flight, and in his talons bear
Jehovah's thunder: Babylon's tower'd crest
Shall sink beneath his swoop, while he full-gorg'd
O'er the Assyrian prey shall clap his plumes,
Victorious Minister of wrath divine.

Thy throne, O Lord, establish'd on the base
Of Justice, how tremendous, how benign!
Here soft-ey'd Cherubim with wings dispread
The mercy-seat infold, and beam on Man,
Repenting Man, compassion and meek love:
There flamy Seraphs from their pinions shake
Horror and dire dismay: Thy awful sword,
Fierce as a comet, blazes in their grasp
High-wav'd, to flash the harden'd rebel dead.

Who can abide Thy terrors, Judge severe,
When, by repeated provocations warm'd,
Thy anger burns, and Mercy strives in vain
To interpose her shield betwixt Thy bolt!
Thy trampled laws, bright transcript of Thyself,

* Cyrus, see Isaiah, chap. xlvi.

And the lese Majesty of Heaven's high King,
Who pardon offer'd; pardon but contemn'd!
Bare Thy red arm, and edge the vengeful brand,

Who in his milder governance disclaim'd
The living God, shall feel him in His dread
Vindictive attribute, and trembling own
That Power, whose nod obedient Nature waits,
With all her armaments of snow and wind,
Of battering hail, or wide-devouring fire,
To execute His vengeance: who can forge
The meanest creatures into swords, to foil
The boasts of Kings, and wither all their strength.
What! tho' His wrathful vials in the clouds
Suspended stand awhile, nor burst, as once,
O'er a devoted Sodom, or a world
Whose stains a deluge scarcely wash'd away;
Yet is His arm not shorten'd:—Thou 'rt the same,
JEHOVAH, thro' eternity unchang'd,
Thy eyes too pure, too beamy to behold
Iniquity's foul mist; each thought profane,
Each vile affection must be far remov'd,
'Ere we approach Thy sanctuary and live.

Tremble, ye Heavens and Earth, but chief, O Man,
Apostate Man, before a God incens'd!
Justice exacts the debt, but nature fails,
Mere human nature; bankrupt and undone!
God must be righted, or mankind be lost;

For ever lost, unpitied, unrepriev'd.
Dreadful alternative! heart-chilling thought,
That leads to desperation's slippery brink!
Who shall the price immense, the ransom pay,
Commensurate to guilt, and worth divine?
Who but the King of Kings, the Lord Himself,
The Co-eternal, Co-essential Son!
He, to appease infinity of wrath,
Must quit the bosom of paternal bliss,
And in a fleshly tabernacle shroud
His plenitude of light. Lord, what is Man,
Corruption's heir, and brother to the worm,
That thou so kindly labour'st in his weal?
Oh! th' excessive depth, th' amazing height
Of Heavenly Wisdom! Justice how severe!
Mercy how tender! from the clouds of ire
Omnipotent distilling balmy dew!

Shall then th' all-perfect and unspotted Lamb
For our transgressions bleed, to death resign
His broken frame, to heal us with his wounds?
Shall the Son groan in bitterness of soul,
Implore his angry Father to remove
The baleful cup, empoison'd with the sins
Of a whole world, and yet shall Man transgress,
Man, by his death asserted into life?
O! let us turn repentant to our Sire,
Shake off our sordid lusts, those thorns which gor'd

Our Saviour's temples, and those spikes obscene
That nail'd his sinless body to the cross.
Let God's severity our hearts appall,
Ev'n whilst his kindness clasps us in its arms.
Else will that vocal blood, which pleads above,
Cry loud for vengeance, and its cries ascend
High as the dread judicial Court of Heaven.

That awful Court who shall escape? The Dead
And Living there shall wait their final doom.
Methinks I see from th' empyrean skies,
Preceded by his bright Angelic Host,
The Judge descend: how chang'd from him who late
The thorny crown, and reedy sceptre bore!
Glory arrays him; from his countenance beams
Splendor ineffable: stars clustering weave
A rich tiara for his head, who gave
Their beauteous lamps to shine. Look, Israel, there
Affrighted, and with dire conviction own
Thy King triumphant in his cloudy car!
See the Cross glitter thro' th' ensanguin'd air,
Proud ensign of his conquest, and thy shame!

Hark! thro' Heaven's wide reverberating vault
The clanging trumpet sounds th' awakening peal.
Obedient tombs expand their marble jaws,
And every sad repository hears
The quickening voice, and renders back its trust

To light and life; each particle dispers'd
Crowds to a heap, and builds th' identic Man.
Chang'd are the living, and alive the dead.
Lo! cited myriads fill th' extended plain,
And trembling to the Grand Tribunal press.

The Book is open'd, and the seal remov'd;
The adamantine Book; where every thought,
Tho' dawning on the heart, then sunk again
In the corrupted mass, each act obscure,
In characters indelible remain.
How vain thy boast, vile caitiff, to have 'scaped
An earthly forum, now thy crimson stains
Glare on a congregated world, thy Judge
Omniscience, and Omnipotence thy scourge!
Thy mask, Hypocrisy, how useless here,
When by a beam, shot from the Fount of Light,
The varnish'd saint starts up a ghastly fiend!

But ye of manners blameless, faith approv'd,
Who a long toilsome warfare have endur'd,
By fleshly wiles assail'd, yet unsubdued;
Ye who have fair Religion's cause maintain'd,
Tho' Princes frown'd, and flames encircling rag'd,
With front erect approach the throne august.
See how your Saviour bends his gracious head,
Smiling unutterable love! The choir
Of Saints congenial beckon you to bliss,

And all the glorify'd Assessors burn
To add your steady phalanx to their roll.

Soon are their wishes, and your labours crown'd:
For now, your virtue's test, your trial o'er,
Where every bashful grace, that bloom'd unseen,
Too delicate to bear the ruffling breath
Of worldly praise, is brought to light before
Its best applauders, Angels and their Lord.
The Judge with accent mild cries: "Come, Ye Bless'd,
"Share the unfading pleasures of my realm,
"Coheirs of bliss, my Sire's adopted sons."
Strait at that sound the Pious, like a flock
Of harmless doves, are rapt with ardent wing
To meet their dear Redeemer in the clouds.

The bellowing convex echoes to the trump,
And lo! the yelling Wicked crowd the bar,
Settled Despair and pale Dejection dim
Each louring aspect: Beauty hides her face,
And fain would hide her guilt: curs'd Mammon's slave
Laments his treasures were not there secur'd
Where neither moth corrupts, nor rust devours:
Grim-visag'd Murder with reluctance lifts
Th' accusing hand, which Oceans ne'er could blanch;
And, like a hunted panther, starts to see
His horrid deeds emblazon'd in his spots.
Conscience, God's dread official here below,

Too oft her friendly whispers drown'd in noise,
Now rings her loud alarum in their hearts,
Their fears awakens, and forestalls their doom.

Methinks I hear a self-convicted wretch
To his associates vent his anguish'd soul:
" Yonder he sits, whose mercies we have spurn'd,
" Whose laws we have profan'd, whose sides we oft
" Have pierc'd with blasphemy's envenom'd spear:
" How shall we now confront his awful eye,
" That melts all Nature with a darted glance?
" Or whither from his dreaded presence flee?
" O that some rock would fall, some mountain yawn
" To bury us for ever in its womb!
" Vain hope, alas! these mountains and these rocks
" Soon will be gone; the Heavens and Earth dissolv'd;
" And nothing for his fiery wrath remain
" To prey on but ourselves, immortal only
" To suffer an eternity of pain."

The process stern commences: silence deep,
And dreadful expectation sits on all.
Each hidden fraud, each word, and thought impure,
Each overt violence, or slander dark,
From out th' omniscient registers produc'd,
Blaze in the view of Angels, and a World.
The heart now bared before its Maker's eye,
Evolv'd its mazes, and its filth expos'd,

How loath'd a spectacle the Villain stands!
The Virtuous look with horror down to see
Now first in genuine colours Vice appear,
And shudder at deformity so foul.
Conscience incessant plies her scorpion-whip,
And makes th' abominable miscreants add
Self-accusation to their charge, and own
God's Justice in the rigour of his Wrath.

And now the Judge with visage all inflam'd,
At which the molten mountains shrink like wax,
With voice that shakes the pillar'd firmament,
The dire award pronounces: "Go, Ye Curs'd,
"To fire, as everlasting as your souls,
"For Satan, and his impious Host, prepar'd."
Strait from the inmost center of the earth
Flames burst in spiring eddies to the skies:
Trembles the ground convuls'd, seas boiling roar,
And dash yon crackling canopy with foam.
Creation sinks beneath th' enormous blaze.
Myriads now burning, with th' Archangel's trump,
The growling thunder of th' expiring Heavens,
And with a falling World's tremendous groan
Mingle their hideous yell; and vainly wish
They, like those elements, could be no more.

His equal ways illustriously reveal'd
In Vice's torments, and in Virtue's bliss,

Th' Almighty rises from his throne, and wings
To heavenly Zion his triumphal car.
Th' Angelic Hierarchy with loud acclaim
Accompany their King; with warbled Hymns
The ransom'd Saints their blest Redeemer greet.
Unnumber'd voices in sweet concord cry,
" Hosanna to the Lamb that sits above,
" To the World's honour'd Judge! how just His ways!
" How Everlasting Glory crowns them all!"

ON THE

GOODNESS

OF THE

SUPREME BEING.

By CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

1755.

ORPHEUS, for so the Gentiles * call'd thy name,
Israel's sweet Psalmist, who alone could'st wake
Th' inanimate to motion; who alone
The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,
And floods, with musical persuasion drew;
Thou who to hail and snow gav'st voice and sound,
And mad'st the mute melodious!—greater yet
Was thy divinest skill, and rul'd o'er more

* See this conjecture strongly supported by Delany, in his Life of David.

Than art and nature; for thy tuneful touch
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
And quell'd the Evil Angel:—in this breast
Some portion of thy genuine spirit breathe,
And lift me from myself, each thought impure
Banish; each low idea raise, refine,
Enlarge, and sanctify;—so shall the Muse
Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise
Her God on earth, as He is prais'd in heaven.

Immense Creator! whose all-powerful hand
Fram'd universal Being, and whose eye
Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good;
Where shall the timorous Bard Thy praise begin,
Where end the purest sacrifice of song
And just thanksgiving?—The thought-kindling light,
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
And fills my soul with gratitude and Thee.
Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn,
That paint the streaky East, and blithsome rouse
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest!
Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew!
Without the aid of yonder golden globe
Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
The tulip and auricula's spotted pride;
Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight

So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow.
O thrice-illustrious! were it not for thee
Those pansies, that reclining from the bank,
View thro' th' immaculate, pellucid stream,
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boast, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The Eastern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,
Ev'n with the baleful hemlock's irksome green.
Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praise of Him, who, 'ere he form'd their lord,
Their voices tun'd to transport, wing'd their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive:
And lo! they call; the blackbird and the thrush,
The woodlark, and the redbreast jointly call;
He hears and feeds their feather'd families,
He feeds His sweet musicians,—nor neglects
Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide:
And tho' their throats coarse rattling hurt the ear,
They mean it all for music, thanks and praise
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man,—
But not to all,—for hark the organs blow
Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
And grace th' harmonious choir, celestial feast
To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind;
The thrilling trebles and the manly base

Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the sacred subject suit their song.
While in each breast sweet Melancholy reigns
Angelically pensive, till the joy
Improves and purifies; the solemn scene
The Sun thro' storied panes surveys with awe,
And bashfully with-holds each bolder beam.
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub Gratitude; behold her eyes!
With love and gladness weepingly they shed
Ecstatic smiles; the incense, that her hands
Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nectarine's blossom, and her voice
Is more than voice can tell; to Him she sings,
To Him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made, and who preserves, whatever dwells
In air, in stedfast earth, or fickle sea.
O He is good, He is immensely good!
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for man;
Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
Dispensing all His blessings for the best
In order and in beauty:—rise, attend,
Attest, and praise, ye quarters of the world!
Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow
To Him, who made the mite! Tho', Asia's pride!
Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,
And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to Him
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good

In His less striking wonders, till at length
The eye 's at fault, and seeks th' assisting glass.
Approach and bring from Araby the Blest,
The fragrant cassia, frankincense, and myrrh,
And meekly kneeling at the altar's foot
Lay all the tributary incense down.
Stoop, sable Africa, with reverence stoop,
And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
With golden ingots all thy camels load,
T' adorn His temples, hasten with thy spear
Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
While unpursu'd thy lions roam and roar,
And ruin'd towers, rude rocks, and caverns wide
Remurmur to the glorious, surly sound.
And thou, fair Indian, whose immense domain
To counterpoise the Hemisphere extends,
Haste from the West, and with thy fruits and flowers,
Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
More than the plenteousness so fam'd to flow
By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn
Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due
Of thanks and praise: come with thy brilliant crown
And vest of fur; and from thy fragrant lap
Pomegranates and the rich ananas * pour.
But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of Grace
And Christian excellence, His goodness own,

* Ananas, the Indian name for pine-apples.

Forth from ten thousand temples pour His praise;
Clad in the armour of the living God
Approach, unsheath the Spirit's flaming sword;
Faith's shield, Salvation's glory,—compass'd helm
With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
Fair Truth's invulnerable breast-plate spread;
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
And let the song of Charity begin
In strains seraphic, and melodious prayer:
" O All-sufficient, All-beneficent,
" Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!
" Thou, who to lowliest minds does condescend,
" Assuming passions to enforce Thy laws,
" Adopting jealousy to prove Thy love:
" Thou, who resign'd humility uphold,
" Ev'n as the florist props the drooping rose,
" But quell tyrannic pride with peerless power,
" Ev'n as the tempest rives the stubborn oak:
" O All-sufficient, All-beneficent,
" Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!
" Bless all mankind, and bring them in the end
" To heaven, to immortality, and THEE!"

ON THE

WISDOM

OF THE

SUPREME BEING.

By GEORGE BALLY, M. A.

1756.

ONCE more the Muse, with pious ardor rapt,
Spurns the dank Earth, and trembling soars aloft
To hymn her God, JEHOVAH Only-Wise.

O for a beam from th' uncreated Fount
Of Light, to pierce the gloom that hov'ring damps
The brisk etherial Particle, which longs
Unmanacled and free to trace the steps
Of Wisdom, and at distance to adore!
O Thou, who from the stamm'ring lisp of babes

Mak'st heav'nly truths distill, to shame the pride,
The letter'd pride of reas'ning, erring Man;
Who, when the full maturity of time,
From endless ages preordain'd, arriv'd,
Did'st from the dregs of ignorance elect
Promulgers of Thy knowledge; O vouchsafe
Thy gracious aid to these my labour'd strains,
Which fain would swell the choral symphony
Of Angels and Archangels, evermore
Glowing with love intense, and warbling sweet
Their songs of joy with praises intermixt!
O let Thy impulse guide me, whilst I range
Nature's wide field of wonders, where imprest
On ev'ry atom shines creative skill,
And ev'ry humble shrub proclaims a God!
Without Thy influence spiritless would flow
These numbers, as a tinkling cymbal's sound:
And much, I ween, would Folly's babbling tongue
Profane that Wisdom she presum'd to sing.

Shall boastful Reason, the minutest ray
Beam'd from the self-existent Sire of Lights,
Disdain subjection, and refuse to bring
Her incense to the throne of God? Instead
Of admiration, which His works exact,
Works where transcendent art displays her pow'rs,
Shall she, with impious triumph flush'd, retort
Her wanton censure, infidel reproof?

Say, sceptic, can thine eye pervade the whole,
See system on dependent system verge,
And causes with effects connected all
In one unbroken chain? Did Science ever
Lend thee a seraph's flamy wing to mount
Above th' empyreal sphere? There did'st thou view
The golden balance which the mountains weigh'd,
'Ere their aspiring foreheads pierc'd the clouds?

Proud philosophic fool! thy airy flight
Suspend awhile, and drop into thyself:
Attentive scan the texture of thy frame
How fearfully contriv'd! the visual orbs
Remark, how aptly station'd for their task;
Rais'd to th' imperial head's high citadel
A wide extended prospect to command.
See the arch'd outworks of impending lids
With hairs, as palisadoes, fenc'd around,
To ward annoyance from without. The nose
Its intervening wall projects, the cheeks
Swell with a gentle eminence, to shield
The body's gay irradiating beam.
Who taught the rays, refracted from the bright
Chrystalline convex, in a central point
To join their confluent streams, and paint each form
Of dedal Nature in the fund opake,
Ill copied by Apelles' happiest skill?
Who but th' Omniscient Architect! who bade

The universal eye, th' illustrious Sun,
From Chaos' darksome womb his splendors dart
T' enlighten and refresh the new-born world.
The channel'd ear, with many a winding maze
How artfully perplext, to catch the sound,
And from her repercussive caves augment!

When the crude shapeless mass imprison'd lay
In its maternal cell, what plastic pow'r
Appropriate figure to each part assign'd,
And gave th' envelop'd animal t' expand?
Whose nod controll'd the work abstruse, infus'd
All-quick'ning vigour, and each motion sway'd?
Who in the dark the vital flame illum'd,
And from th' impulsive engine caus'd to flow
Th' ejaculated streams through many a pipe
Arterial, with meand'ring lapse, then bring
Refluent their purple tribute to their fount?
Who spun the sinews' branchy thread, and twin'd
The azure veins in spiral knots to waft
Life's tepid waves all o'er? or who with bones
Compacted, and with nerves the fabric strung?
Their specious form, their fitness, which results
From figure and arrangement, all declare,
Th' Artificer divine.—'Twas Thou, O Lord,
Who in the deep recess did'st mould the clay
Obsequious to Thy will; the process dark
Thou saw'st, and nought escap'd Thy piercing eye.

Ere yet I was, in Thy eternal rolls
Each bone was written, and each fibrous chord,
All-perfect models of my future frame.

And yet shall Man, who bears a world inclos'd
Of wonders in himself, though on his mind
Conviction flashes like a flood of day,
In voluntary gloom benighted sit?
With intellectual faculties endow'd,
Stamp'd on thy soul thy Maker's signature,
In this magnific sky-roof'd temple plac'd
High-Priest of Nature, to return to Heav'n
Due incense, and articulate the praise
Of thy mute vassals, dar'st thou, wretch ingrate,
The gift accept, the Giver leave unthank'd?
See feeble Instinct with unvaried aim
Guide thy brute subjects to their being's end,
Reproach to Reason's over-weening pride!
Their task enjoin'd they cheerfully perform,
And laud the best they can their bounteous God.
With deep-ton'd praises roars the wilderness,
The groves with melody resound; all Nature
Upbraids the thankless silence of her Lord,
Rebel to Him, whose delegate he reigns.

How sightless soars Philosophy, whene'er
She quits the beaten track that Nature points,
And Reason, yet with prejudice unting'd;

When impious she assumes creative pow'r,
And builds a world without an architect!
In vain does Epicurus, borne aloft
Beyond the flaming barriers of our sphere
Into th' illimitable void, command
His marshal'd atoms, and direct their flight.
Whatever course he gives them, straight, oblique,
They never could, though ages they had sped
Their swift career, have met in space immense,
And each concurring with his like coher'd.

Illusive dreams, and ravings of a brain
Unpurg'd with ellebore! to think that small
Unguided particles, at random floating
Through shoreless seas of emptiness diffus'd,
Could haply clash, and slide into an orb!
Say, Grecian Dotard, did thy idol Chance,
Of worlds expert artificer, e'er bid
A sudden palace deck the wond'ring waste;
Did stones and timber, trooping to her call,
Leap to a finish'd pile, and stand self-rang'd?

When first thy atoms with a ceaseless show'r
Rush'd from th' expanse tumultuous, say what mounds,
Rais'd in the thin vacuity t' arrest
Their progress, check'd them in midway, and made
Them settle to a mass? Could they unknowing
Determine where to fix, and there in spite

Of gravity's accelerating force,
Lull'd in the air's soft ambient bosom rest?
What counteracted Nature's gen'ral laws,
And gave the inflected bias? Did they call
A council 'ere they sally'd from the goal,
And for each troop a rendezvous appoint?
Here Reason fails you, and your wise reply
Amounts to nothing more than so it chanc'd
That this our planet with th' unnumber'd orbs
Which perfect the stupenduous artful whole,
After repeated conflicts, and a war
Of thwarting particles, their strife compos'd,
Did ruffled into harmony subside.

That philosophic tow'r, from whence you boast
To look all Nature through, and pity man
Bewilder'd in the mazy vale below,
Shook with each slight interrogation nods:
And, when the storm of argument assaults,
The treach'rous basis sinks, and down it falls.

Duration's bounds Stagira's bolder sage
O'erleaps, and less'ning to the view a world
Amidst Eternity's vast trackless wilds
Explores. But what success, what glorious meed
Rewards th' adventure? Merits he for this
The realms of science with despotic sway
To govern, and his tyranny usurp'd

Deep in our vassal intellects to found?
Let this high-vaulting genius from his flight
Transcendent stoop, and to enquiring sense
A sober answer give, why, if for ever
Things in the same unvaried tenor flow'd,
If battles from eternity were fought,
And polities in endless series plann'd,
No direful tumults swell'd th' Aonian trump
Before the war of Thebes, or siege of Troy:
Why from no higher spring historic Truth
Rolls down through ages her memorial stores:
Why Arts slow-rip'ning in the womb of Time
So late attain'd their growth: why from the East
But yesterday her orient beam display'd
Emerging Science, and with Heav'n's bright lamp
In radiant progress journey'd to the west.
Did one eternal torpor chill the brain
Of infinite successions? Unalert
Was Nature, nor yet strong enough to form
An Aristotle's all-pervading mind?

In vain your routed clan of vot'ries fly
To deluges. For where embosom'd sleeps
Sufficient mass of moisture to dissolve
The globe, and from its faded place to blot
Each faithful monument? If this exceeds
Nature's weak pow'rs, they'll cease to rouse at will
The waters from their bed, lest unawares

They conjure up an agent they disclaim.
If Nature can atchieve the feat, ye wits,
Illumin'd, say, why in a round immense
Of unbeginning years it always chanc'd
That indiscriminating floods should spare
A chosen few, to stock the desert world?
Why, when the deep its riven jaws disclos'd,
And desolation o'er the prostrate ball
Wide-wasting swept along, not all mankind
Once in the oft repeated wrecks was lost,
And your eternal race expung'd for ever?

If particles obnoxious to decay
The universal frame compose, amidst
The ceaseless ravage of unmeasur'd years
Earth on her axis had no longer mov'd
Vertiginous, long since a mould'ring heap
Of dust: the sun, so prodigal of light,
His gold urn exhausted, whence the stars
Imbibe their gleam, had spent his latest ray,
And, scatter'd in loose atoms, roam'd the void.

Thus with Sisyphian toil misguided wit
The stone reluctant up the steep high cliff
Urges: with violent recoil the mass
Rushes precipitous, and mocks their pains.
Though mountain pil'd on mountain threat'ning stand,
Confusion follows, and their Babel drops.

Philosophy 's but folly in disguise,
A glitt'ring ignorance, a fev'rish dream,
Unless from earth, the footstool of her God,
She leads, like Jacob's ladder, to His throne.

To trace the wisdom of th' All-knowing mind
In the world's ample volume to our view
In shining characters display'd, to glow,
Like seraphs, as we turn th' amazing page,
And magnify the glorious Author's name,
This, this is to be wise beyond the school
Of Epicurus, or Lyceum fam'd.

What human tongue can worthily record
The treasures of Eternal Intellect,
The fair archetypal, whence beams deriv'd
Each good delectable, each beauteous form,
That Nature's spacious theatre adorns?
How shall sublim'd imagination dart
Into th' unlimited circumfluous deep
Of chaos drear and dark, there see Heav'n's King
Borne on cherubic wings enounce the word
Omnific? Wild uproar hears, and is still,
And circumscription checks infinity!

How all-accomplish'd sapience blaz'd abroad
Conspicuous in each grand proportion'd work,
When the Divine Geometrician stretch'd

Th' immeasurable level through the void,
And to the canton system bounds ordain'd!
What hand could scoop the sea's capacious bed
But His, who grasp'd the waters in His palm?
Who could expand the curtains of the sky,
And tinge with blush of day their gorgeous skirts,
But the ineffable I AM, who reigns
In splendor unapproachable enshrin'd?
What placid smiles of sweet complacency
In the Creator's radiant aspect shone,
When He survey'd His workmanship, and saw
Utility and grace diffus'd throughout!
With admiration rapt of heav'nly skill
The Sons of Phosphor hail'd the dawning world,
With shouts triumphant; every harp was tun'd
Angelic to His praise, who order call'd
From tumult, and from nothing all educ'd.

Where'er we turn our eyes, above, below,
The Deity confronts us, and reveal'd
Flames in each bush, and sparkles in each star.
Where could the platform of this complex frame,
But in th' Eternal Mind's abyss, exist?
What but a Wise Omnipotence the plan
Illustrious could so splendidly complete?

The sun, when with a vig'rous bridegroom's heat
He sallies from the chambers of the east,

His Maker in his silent course proclaims.
Look up, vain sceptic, and derive a ray
Thence to thy darken'd soul; yon glorious orb
Perpend, the Persian's Mithras, who ascrib'd
Th' emaning good, by Providence devis'd
Omniscient, to th' unconscious instrument,
Absorpt his senses in the dazzling beam.
Thou more sagacious hence infer a God,
Who launch'd in air the planet, and prescrib'd
An orbit to His ends benign most fit.
See! at due distance from our globe dispos'd,
With warmth attemper'd to her womb, he cheers
Th' all-fruitful mother, and each birth matures.
Had he, where sluggish Saturn rolls, been plac'd,
What desolation had deform'd this scene
Now so profuse of ev'ry boon! Undeck'd
With mantling grass her lap, despoil'd her meads
Of laughing harvests, earth had stood untrod
By man or beast, an icy wilderness.
If nearer he had wheel'd his flamy car,
His torrid rays had cleft the solid rocks,
Exhal'd the lakes, and drain'd the briny deep.
The molten surface had to ashes turn'd,
Or whirl'd in eddying sands obscur'd the sky.

See! how declining from the way direct
He winds obliquely through the ecliptic road
His course unwearied. Hence the seasons rise,

And glad with sweet vicissitude the year.
Could Chance atchieve these wonders, and impress
Such constant movements, that, since Time began
His measur'd race, not once the Sire of Day
Should start forgetful from the track, and bring
Chill Winter into Summer's flow'ry reign?
Or where such counsel, such design are seen,
Must we not call an All-directing mind
To solve the knot? Th' Opificer
All-pow'rful and All-wise alone could frame
For uses multiform, an orb, without
Whose vital beams all nature would expire,
And darkness be the buryer of the dead.
He the projected motion gave: His arm,
Unshorten'd still, restricts the rapid whirl
Of planets to their centre, and with chains
Of gravity and firm cohesion binds
Each struggling atom, which would else unhing'd
Fly off, and ruin scatter through the void.

Who sees a sphere, where mimic wit displays
The site, the number, and the size of all
Yon rolling worlds, and how in figur'd dance
They glide harmonious, at first glance assents
That Reason sway'd the cunning artist's hand.
Yet when he sees the wond'rous archetype,
The heav'ns themselves, with swift rotation urg'd,
Invariably each grateful change revolve

Conducive to the welfare of the whole,
Doubts he that this by Reason is perform'd,
By Reason, all-surpassing and divine?

Though man were silent, th' azure firmament,
The moon, and all the glittering host of stars,
Fix'd and erratic, would with one accord
Blazon Almighty Wisdom, and declare
The marvels of His finger, who, for ends
Subservient to His glory and our good,
Bade their gay splendors gild the brow of night.

If to this lower planet we advert,
Seat of our birth and nurture, proofs abound
Of infinite contrivance, matchless skill.
Whether the site or figure we regard,
Or distribution of the various parts
Perfective of the system, strokes appear
Too exquisite for bungling Chance to hit
With erring implements. A mind alone,
Where models of perfection treasur'd lay
From all eternity, could call the fair
Exemplar into being when it will'd.

A form orbicular how fit to weigh
The golden gift of light and heat to all
The scatter'd districts with impartial scale!
Hence too the waters, those meand'ring veins

O'er the earth's body interspers'd, with just
Partition flow salubrious. To the winds,
Balmy refiners of the winnow'd air,
This most commodious figure yields a pass
Free, unobstructed. Had another shape
Been giv'n, impeding angles had oppos'd
The breezy currents, and mankind had droop'd
Sickly and faint from th' intercepted gale.

What made the humid particles recede
From the dry land, and wear a furrow'd bed
Capacious to their streams? Could aught but art
The blended mass so skilfully disjoin?
Thou, Thou alone, with whom enthron'd on high
Sits co-essential Wisdom, bad'st subside
The vallies, and the mountains from amidst
Th' o'erwhelming moisture heave their brow sublime.
The liquid troops, obedient to Thy voice,
Fled to th' appointed station. Thou a bound
Hast set they cannot pass; nor ever spread
Their flowing mantle o'er th' invested earth:
Thou to the sea say'st, Hitherto advance,
And here thy proud licentious waves be stay'd.
In various ducts, as thou ordain'st, dispers'd,
The globe-encircling waters draw their train,
And health and vigour as they glide impart.

Yet here rash man Thy counsels dares implead,

And blames the vast diffusion of the deep
As useless and deform. He thinks that thrift
In dealing out the treasures of th' abyss,
And a more lib'ral dole of needful land,
Had spoke a wise dispenser of his stores.
Vainly he cries, " Half th' ocean might be spar'd,
" Superfluous waste! and added to domains
" Too strait for man, who, by continual wars
" T' enlarge his frontier, seems to breathe but ill,
" As in a prison's narrow limits pent."

Blush, futile caviller, who Nature's Lord
Arraign'st, unread in Nature's mystic lore.
For know that vapours on their dusky wings
In due proportion to the surface rise
Sublim'd. Had then thy frugal scheme prevail'd,
And the shrunk ocean flow'd with lessen'd wave,
Instead of plenteous streams which now refresh
Earth's saturated womb, but few had roll'd
Their scanty fluid o'er the thirsty glebe:
Eve had not shed profuse her trickling balm,
Nor clouds dropt fatness on the labour'd field.

Thus in the nat'ral as the moral world,
The strictest scrutiny but serves t' unveil
New riches in the deep exhaustless mine
Of heav'nly wisdom: what is best, the stamp
Of Deity occurs in every work.

His providence the floating vast machine
Steers with unerring hand. Hence 'midst the flight
Of ages ne'er one jarring atom broke
The nice adjustment of conspiring parts,
Or clogg'd the motion of the smallest wheel.

Sceptic, no more the dazzling beams withstand,
Bright emanations of a sapient God,
But, taught by Nature, Nature's Lord adore:
From known effects of order and design
Rise to the self-existent Cause Supreme:
The depths of wisdom, far as human ken
Can penetrate, explore; and here attain
A foretaste of that knowledge, which perhaps,
With angels poring o'er the text abtruse,
And in extatic admiration lost,
Will in eternity's unceasing round
The intuition of thy soul absorb.

THE

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

By R. GLYNN, M. D.

1757.

THY justice, heav'nly King! and that great day,
When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
Shall raise her pensive head; and Vice, that erst
Rang'd unreprov'd and free, shall sink appall'd;
I sing advent'rous.——But what eye can pierce
The vast immeasurable realms of space,
O'er which Messiah drives His flaming car
To that bright region, where enthron'd He sits
First-born of heav'n to judge assembled worlds,
Cloath'd in cœlestial radiance! Can the Muse,
Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
Soar to that bright empyreal, where around

Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir,
Hymn hallelujahs; and in concert loud
Chaunt songs of triumph to their Maker's praise?—
Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unus'd
To tread poetic soil. What, though the wiles
Of Fancy me enchanted ne'er could lure
To rove o'er Fairy lands; to swim the streams
That through her vallies weave their mazy way;
Or climb her mountain tops; yet will I raise
My feeble voice, to tell what harmony
(Sweet as the music of the rolling spheres)
Attunes the moral world:—That Virtue still
May hope her promis'd crown; that Vice may dread
Vengeance, though late; that reas'ning Pride may own
Just, though unsearchable, the ways of Heaven.

Sceptic, whoe'er thou art, who say'st the soul,
That divine particle which God's own breath
Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest
Annihilate, 'till Duration has unroll'd
Her never-ending line; tell, if thou know'st,
Why every nation, every clime, though all
In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,
With one consent expect another world,
Where wickedness shall weep? Why Paynim bards
Fabled Elysian plains, Tartarean lakes,
Styx and Cocytus? Tell, why Hali's sons
Have feign'd a paradise of mirth and love,

Banquets, and blooming nymphs? Or rather tell,
Why, on the brink of Orellana's stream,
Where never Science rear'd her sacred torch,
Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
Behind the cloud-topt hill? Why in each breast
Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends,
Or joy on secret good? Why Conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain
Stands tott'ring on the precipice of death?
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
Of dying sinners, while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?

Look round the world! with what a partial hand
The scale of bliss and misery is sustain'd!
Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
Pale Virtue lies; no arm supports her head,
No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
Nor soft-ey'd pity drops a melting tear;
But, in their stead, contempt and rude disdain
Insult the banish'd wanderer: on she goes
Neglected and forlorn: disease, and cold,
And famine, worst of ills, her steps attend:
Yet patient, and to heav'n's just will resign'd,
She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh,

Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling bow'r,
Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth,
Sits pamper'd Vice! For him th' Arabian gale
Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's hills
For him pour nectar from the purple vine.
Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
To heav'n: of heav'n he never names the name,
Save when with imprecations dark and dire
He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom health
Sits on his rosy cheek; yet honour gilds
His high exploits; and downy-pinion'd sleep
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

See'st Thou this, Righteous Father! See'st Thou this,
And wilt Thou ne'er repay? Shall good and ill
Be carried undistinguish'd to the land
Where all things are forgot?—Ah! no; the day
Will come, when Virtue from the cloud shall burst
That long obscur'd her beams; when Sin shall fly
Back to her native hell; there sink eclips'd
In penal darkness, where nor star shall rise,
Nor ever sunshine pierce th' impervious gloom.

On that great day the solemn trump shall sound,
(That trump which once in heaven on man's revolt
Convok'd the astonish'd seraphs,) at whose voice
Th' unpeopled graves shall pour forth all their dead.

Then shall th' assembled nations of the earth
From ev'ry quarter at the judgment-seat
Unite:—Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
Parthians, and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks,
Names fam'd of old; or who of later age,
Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk,
Tenant the wide Terrene; and they who pitch
Their tents on Niger's banks; or, where the sun
Pours on Golconda's spires his early light,
Drink Ganges' sacred stream: at once shall rise
Whom distant ages to each others sight
Had long denied: before the throne shall kneel
Some great progenitor, while at his side
Stands his descendant through a thousand lines.
Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,
Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and sceptred kings,
With equal eye the God of All shall see,
And judge with equal love. What though the great
With costly pomp and aromatic sweets
Embalm'd his poor remains; or through the dome
A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
While solemn organs to his parting soul
Chaunted slow orisons; say, by what mark
Dost thou discern him from that lowly swain
Whose mouldering bones beneath the thorn-bound turf
Long lay neglected?—All at once shall rise;
But not to equal glory: for, alas!
With howlings dire and execrations loud

Some wail their fatal birth.——First among these
Behold the mighty murth'rers of mankind;
They who in sport whole kingdoms slew; or they
Who to the tott'ring pinnacle of power
Waded through seas of blood! How will they curse
The madness of ambition; how lament
Their dear-bought laurels, when the widow'd wife
And childless mother at the judgment-seat
Plead, trumpet-tongu'd, against them!—Here are they
Who sunk an aged father to the grave;
Or with unkindness hard and cold disdain
Slighted a brother's suff'rings.—Here are they
Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secur'd;
Who from the infant virgin tore her dow'r,
And eat the orphan's bread:—Who spent their stores
In selfish luxury; or o'er their gold
Prostrate and pale ador'd the useless heap.—
Here too who stain'd the chaste connubial bed;—
Who mix'd the pois'nous bowl;—or broke the ties
Of hospitable friendship:—And the wretch
Whose listless soul, sick with the cares of life,
Unsummon'd to the presence of his God,
Rush'd in with insult rude. How would they joy
Once more to visit earth; and, though oppress'd
With all that pain or famine can inflict,
Pant up the hill of life? Vain wish! the Judge
Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,
Perpetual punishment. Seek not to know

What punishment! for that th' Almighty will
Has hid from mortal eyes: And shall vain man
With curious search refin'd presume to pry
Into Thy secrets, Father! No: let him
With humble patience all Thy works adore,
And walk in all Thy paths: so shall his meed
Be great in Heav'n, so haply shall he 'scape
Th' immortal worm and never-ceasing fire.

But who are they, who bound in ten-fold chains
Stand horribly aghast? This is that crew
Who strove to pull Jehovah from His throne,
And in the place of Heav'n's eternal King
Set up the phantom Chance. For them in vain
Alternate seasons chear'd the rolling year;
In vain the sun o'er herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r
Shed genial influence, mild; and the pale moon
Repair'd her waning orb.—Next these is plac'd
The vile blasphemer, he, whose impious wit
Profan'd the sacred mysteries of faith,
And 'gainst the impenetrable walls of Heav'n
Planted his feeble battery. By these stands
The arch-apostate: He with many a wile
Exhorts them still to foul revolt. Alas!
No hope have they from black Despair, no ray
Shines through the gloom to cheer their sinking souls;
In agonies of grief they curse the hour
When first they left Religion's onward way.

These on the left are rang'd: But on the right
A chosen band appears, who fought beneath
The banner of Jehovah, and defy'd
Satan's united legions. Some, unmov'd
At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barb'rous climes
Diffus'd the Gospel's light; some, long immur'd,
(Sad servitude!) in chains and dungeons pin'd;
Or rack'd with all the agonies of pain
Breath'd out their faithful lives. Thrice happy they
Whom Heaven elected to that glorious strife!——
Here are they plac'd, whose kind munificence
Made heav'n-born Science raise her drooping head;
And on the labours of a future race
Entail'd their just reward. Thou amongst these,
Good SEATON! whose well-judg'd benevolence
Fost'ring fair Genius, bade the poet's hand
Bring annual off'rings to his Maker's shrine,
Shalt find the generous care was not in vain.——
Here is that fav'rite band, whom Mercy mild
God's best lov'd attribute adorn'd; whose gate
Stood ever open to the stranger's call;
Who fed the hungry; to the thirsty lip
Reach'd out the friendly cup; whose care benign
From the rude blast secur'd the pilgrim's side;
Who heard the widow's tender tale; and shook
The galling shackle from the prisoner's feet;
Who each endearing tye, each office knew
Of meek-ey'd heav'n-descended Charity.—

O Charity, thou nymph divinely fair!
Sweeter than those whom ancient poets bound
In amity's indissoluble chain,
The Graces! How shall I essay to paint
Thy charms, celestial maid; and in rude verse
Blazon those deeds thyself did'st ne'er reveal?
For thee nor rankling Envy can infect,
Nor Rage transport, nor high o'erweening Pride
'uff up with vain conceit: ne'er didst thou smile
o see the sinner as a verdant tree
read his luxuriant branches o'er the stream;
'hile like some blasted trunk the righteous fall,
strate, forlorn. When prophecies shall fail,
en tongues shall cease, when knowledge is no more,
this Great Day is come; thou by the throne
sit triumphant. Thither, lovely maid,
me, O bear me on thy soaring wing,
hrough the adamantine gates of Heav'n
ct my steps, safe from the fiery gulph
irk abyss where Sin and Satan reign!

an the muse, her numbers all too weak,
v that restless element of fire
ge with seas and earth intestine war,
ge all creation? Whether (so
) the comet, as through fields of air
wanders, shall rush headlong on,
g th' ecliptic where th' unconscious earth

Rolls in her wonted course; whether the sun
With force centripetal into his orb
Attract her long reluctant; or the caves,
Those dread volcanos where engend'ring lye
Sulphureous minerals, from their dark abyss
Pour streams of liquid fire; while from above,
As erst on Sodom, Heav'n's avenging hand
Rains fierce combustion.—Where are now the works
Of art, the toil of ages?—Where are now
Th' imperial cities, sepulchres and domes,
Trophies and pillars?—Where is Egypt's boast,
Those lofty pyramids which high in air
Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times
Of Memphian pride a lasting monument?—
Tell me where Athens rais'd her towers?—Where Thebes
Open'd her hundred portals?—Tell me where
Stood sea-girt Albion?—Where Imperial Rome
Propt by seven hills sat like a sceptred queen,
And aw'd the tributary world to peace?—
Shew me the rampart, which o'er many a hill,
Through many a valley stretch'd it's wide extent,
Rais'd by that mighty Monarch, to repel
The roving Tartar, when with insult rude
'Gainst Pekin's tow'rs he bent th' unerring bow.

But what is mimic Art? Even Nature's works,
Seas, meadows, pastures, the meand'ring streams,
And everlasting hills shall be no more.

No more shall Teneriff, cloud-piercing height,
O'er-hang th' Atlantic surge.—Nor that fam'd cliff,
Through which the Persian steer'd with many a sail;
Throw to the Lemnian Isle its evening shade
O'er half the wide Ægæan.—Where are now
The Alps that confin'd with unnumber'd realms,
And from the Black Sea to the Ocean stream
Stretch'd their extended arms?—Where's Ararat,
That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark
Which seven long months had voyag'd o'er its top
First rested, when the earth with all her sons,
As now by streaming cataracts of fire,
Was whelm'd by mighty waters?—All at once
Are vanish'd and dissolv'd; no trace remains,
No mark of vain distinction: Heaven itself,
That azure vault with all those radiant orbs,
Sinks in the universal ruin lost.——
No more shall planets round their central sun
Move in harmonious dance; no more the moon
Hang out her silver lamp; and those fix'd stars
Spangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
Call'd from their wond'rous height, to read their names
And magnitude, some winged minister
Shall quench; and (surest sign that all on earth
Is lost) shall rend from Heaven the mystic bow.

Such is that awful, that tremendous day,

Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
Through night's dark gloom.—Perhaps as here I sit,
And rudely carol these incondite lays,
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the mouth
That lisps the fault'ring strain.—O! may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator!

" Power supreme!
" O everlasting King! to Thee I kneel,
" To Thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
" Melt all ye elements! And thou, high Heav'n,
" Shrink like a shrivel'd scroll! But think, O Lord,
" Think on the best, the noblest of Thy works;
" Think on Thine own bright Image! Think on Him,
" Who dy'd to save us from Thy righteous wrath;
" And 'midst the wreck of worlds remember Man!"

THE

PROVIDENCE

OF THE

SUPREME BEING.

By GEORGE BALLY, M. A.

1758.

SOVEREIGN of Nature, Omnipresent King,
Essential Goodness! Thou, whose plastic word
Call'd from the womb of darkness into day
This beauteous system, which, if Thou withdraw'st
Thy staying hand, would instantly relapse
Into primeval nothing! Who shall dare
To circumscribe Thy centre, that extends
Far as Creation's amplest range; or set
Bounds to Thy Providence, that clasps at once
In its parental all-incircling arm

The tow'ring seraph, and the grov'ling worm?
Each link, that weaves the universal chain
Of order, and connects th' amazing plan,
Is fasten'd to the footstool of Thy throne.
All causes, in Thy intellect compriz'd,
Obvious as light that fills th' uncrowded eye,
Rank'd in their series stand, and wait Thy nod
To issue into action, and atchieve
Eternal councils. Wisdom infinite
Sits at the helm presiding, and directs
Each sev'ral movement to the purpos'd end.
Thou giv'st the vegetable tribe to draw
Its kindly nutriment. Th' inliv'ning sap,
Obedient to Thy laws, through fitted tubes
Ascends fermenting, and at length matur'd
Breaks forth in gems, and germinates in leaves.
By Thee each family of flow'rs is cloth'd
In one unvarying dress, and breathes the same
Transmitted essences; and, though the loom
No virgin fingers ply to swell her pride,
The lily shines more gorgeously array'd
Than monarchs, where the East with hand profuse
Show'rs on their pomp barbaric pearl and gold.
O'er all Thy works, exuberance of love,
Thy care unweary'd watches. Hence conserv'd
Each kind, each being, and each want supply'd.
To Thee the tenant of the pasture lifts
His asking eye: to Thee with suppliant voice

The shaggy tyrant of the wilderness
Roars his petition, as he roams the waste
Intent on prey. Thou, common Father, op'st
Th' exhaustless treasures of Thy bounty: All
Are fill'd, and every heart with joy rebounds.

Yet are there found of man's imperial race,
So favour'd, and by reason high advanc'd,
(That ray infus'd to light him to his God)
Who, rebels to their Maker, spurn His rule,
And impious dare in narrow space include
Infinity itself. In Heav'n, some say
Blaspheming, sits in majesty supine
Th' Eternal King, and slumb'ring on his throne,
From Earth, and all its cares alike remov'd,
A listless dull beatitude enjoys.
Conceit absurd! yet suited to the soil
Of Epicurus' garden, rank with weeds
That kill Religion's root. No busy god
His blind unguided atoms must controul,
But Chance must build his world, and govern too.
That scheme of happiness he frames for man,
Must, as he doats, to Deity extend;
Whose bliss would be impair'd, if restless thought,
And Nature's vast moliminous concerns
Should violate the sabbath of his rest.
Philosophising fool, who ne'er couldst shake
The cumbrous load of matter from thy soul,

And pierce those regions, where One Sovereign Mind,
One Pure Diffusive Energy at ease
By sole volition acts His purposes
Through the wide realms of being! He to all,
Centre without circumference, is nigh,
Is intimately present: nought eludes
His knowledge; nought impedes His mighty pow'r.

If the world floats by ev'ry casual blast
Driv'n to and fro, without a pilot-hand
To regulate its course, say, why do all
Hearken to laws appropriate to their kind?
Why never stray the devious orbs, but keep
Their stations, and with steady pace repeat
Their periodic journies? Whence to plants
Peculiar seeds allotted, and a leaf
That marks their lineage? Or how taught by turns
To flourish, and diversify the year?
Whence is each particle of matter sway'd
Or to attract its neighbour or repel?
In brutes to individuals whence assign'd
With rude precise the same organic make,
As best the functions of their kind promotes?
Why prompted all to propagate their breed,
To shun the noxious, seek the wholesome food?
This settled order through the whole diffus'd,
These laws invariably pursu'd, proclaim
As with a trumpet's sound a Pow'r unseen,

Who sits not idle on th' empyreal sphere,
Wrapt up in contemplation of Himself
Through endless ages, but who all surveys
In space, His boundless sensory, and fills
Earth with His goodness, with His glory Heaven.

And yet shall man, as shipwreck'd from the womb
On the world's bleak inhospitable coast,
As by his Maker carelessly expos'd,
Bewail his orphan lot, and cry that God
Regardless of his welfare slights his pray'rs?
Shall not a sparrow fall without his will,
Shall not a raven croak in vain; yet man,
Heir of eternity, creation's pride,
Be left to wander in the maze of life
Without a guide, a father, and a friend?
How shall he 'scape th' embattel'd ills that war
Against his soul, th' unnumber'd shafts that fly
Wing'd with destruction, if no hand unseen
Invests him with a shield, and guards his steps?

But man (ingenious to contrive his woe,
And rob himself of all that makes this vale
Of tears bloom comfort) cries, If God foresees
Our future actings, then the objects known
Must be determin'd, or the knowledge fail:
Thus liberty's destroy'd. and all we do
Or suffer, by a fatal thread is spun.

Say, fool, with too much subtilty misled,
Who reason'st but to err, does Prescience change
The property of things? Is aught thou see'st
Caus'd by thy vision, not thy vision caus'd
By forms that previously exist? To God
This mode of seeing future deeds extend,
And freedom with foreknowledge may subsist.

Nor think that ev'ry moment Nature's course
Must take a diff'rent bias to comply
With each occasion. He, to whom are known
The wants and the deportment of each being,
May such a plan original have fram'd
As all adjusted may conspire to make
One compact system; where the saint devout,
And sin-polluted infidel may find
Forecasted, in th' establishment of things,
Effects proportion'd to their varying stamp
Of moral character. Look round and see
Reward and punishment in part dispens'd
To man by Nature's gen'ral laws: see Health
Fly the luxurious glutton's rich repast,
And with the hermit at his temp'rate board
Sit a pleas'd guest: see calm unruffled Joy
With dovelike wing infold the virtuous breast,
While arm'd with harpy-talon keen Remorse
Hovers o'er Guilt, and poisons ev'ry sweet.
Lo! (to convert our vices into rods)

Passions indulg'd beyond a certain bound
Lead to a precipice, and plunge in woe
The heedless agent. Avarice o'ershoots
Its destin'd mark, and with abundance curs'd,
In wealth the ills of poverty endures.
Ambition, when the pinnacle is gain'd
With many a toilsome step, the pow'r it sought
Wants to support itself, and sighs to find
The envy'd height but aggravates the fall.
Unbridled Lust instead of Pleasure's rose
The prickly thorn oft grasps, with pangs of mind
And body now tormented, now condemn'd
To bleed a victim on the bed it stains.

Nor deem this order broke, these laws infring'd,
As oft as Vice in the warm sunny beam
Of fortune wanton basks, and Virtue droops
Forlorn, by penury's chill wint'ry blast
Assail'd. That luxury and pomp perhaps
Is but the splendid cover of distress
Rankling within; while conscience ever gay,
And placid resignation to his lot,
Cheer the poor tatter'd pilgrim, and derive
A flavour to his casual homely meal,
The rich man's labour'd dainties cannot yield.

Dar'st thou decide where mercy should distil
Its soft refreshing dews, where justice pour

The vials of its treasur'd wrath, who know'st
Man in appearance only? Oft beneath
The saintly veil the votary of sin
May lurk unseen, and to that eye alone,
Which penetrates the inmost heart, reveal'd.
And he, whom censure singles from the herd
To brand with infamy, whom envy loads
With black'ning colours, to th' Omniscient Judge
(Whom nought can bias, and whom nought deceives,)
May otherwise appear, and fitly spread
His swelling sails before the prosp'rous gale.
Besides, that opulence, thou vainly gild'st
With specious name of good, if scann'd aright,
Is heav'n's sharp visitation to the fool.
See him the giddy round of riot tread,
And madly purchase at a price immense
Want, shame, disease, and heart-corroding grief:
Or see him brooding o'er the sacred heap
Unenvy'd by the beggar whom he hates:
And then pronounce him happy if you can.
But how this equal scale upheld, thou cry'st,
When, like the rushing deep, adversity
Pours all its billows o'er the virtuous head?
Stop thy complaints. God ever in the storm,
As in the calm, presides. The man, perhaps,
Thou pity'st, draws his comforts from distress.
That mind so poiz'd, and centre'd in the good
Supreme, so kindled with devotion's flame,

Might with prosperity's inchanting cup
Inebriate have forgot th' All-giving Hand,
Might on earth's vain and transitory joys
Have built its sole felicity, nor e'er
Wing'd a desire beyond its sensual stye,
Grov'ling, impure, and level'd with the brute.

Thus by th' appointment of that Pow'r who weighs
What with our welfare, not our wish, comports,
Our bliss may be connected with our woes.
Hence graces, wither'd by too warm a beam,
May spread and flourish in the dreary shade:
And pleasure, to voluptuous guilt deny'd,
May bloom ambrosial from affliction's thorn.

Too short is Reason's line to sound the depths
Of heav'nly wisdom; rash her censure too,
When she presumes to cavil at His ways,
Who oft obliquely to th' intended goal
His steady but meand'ring course directs,
Makes opposites harmoniously combine
His grand eventful counsels to mature,
That man, by common notices unmov'd,
By admiration may be taught to fear.
He, who this complex mass of wonders call'd
From chaos, and from darkness launch'd those lights
That gild the fluid ether, oft'times bids
Midst the well-temper'd strife of jarring wills

Order from tumult break, from evil good.
He reins the fury of the waves, and bounds
The rage of man, and makes the friendly storm
Drive when He lists the vessel into port.
Abasement by His guidance shall exalt,
Disgrace ennoble, and misfortunes bless.

See base ungen'rous envy swell the breasts
Of Israel's sons: see Joseph for a dream,
Typic of future greatness, doom'd to feel
The rigours of fraternal hate. And can
Such venom'd hate in kindred bosoms dwell?
How shall defenceless innocence escape
Impendent death, when savage brethren lift
The murd'rous steel? Prevailing nature melts
Reuben's soft heart, arrests the bloody deed,
And heaven-directed Ishmaelites convey
To distant climes the purchas'd spoil, than all
Their spicy wealth more precious. Pharian realms
Receive the sacred charge, the patriarch's hope.
Vanish the clouds, the welkin brightens round,
Illusive prospect! soon new woes succeed:
A love-sick mistress smiles, and fortune frowns.
To slighted charms and womanish revenge
Th' innoxious youth falls an unpity'd prey,
And in a dungeon's gloom his pious soul
Pours to his God in pray'r, nor prays in vain,
For now the mystic web of Providence

Gradual unfolds, shades soften into light,
And on th' admiring eye coherence dawns.
The rage of brethren and th' opprobrious sale
Conspire to realize his dream: the wife
Of Potiphar unconscious weaves the meed,
And calumny to honour smooths the way.
Quick shifts the scene: the dungeon for a throne
Is chang'd. The Hebrew next to Egypt's king,
In all the pride of regal pomp array'd,
Shines through the land of Nile rever'd, and lives
To cherish Israel's drooping age, to pant
With filial transport on the patriarch's breast,
Big with tumultuous joy. His brethren round,
Sheaves of his dream, in marshal'd order stand,
And pay obeisance to his sheaf, that rears
Its head aloft, and triumphs in its height.

Great is the Lord JEHOVAH, high above
The loftiest flight of raptur'd praise; His throne
Is built on equity's broad base; His arm
(Though oft invisible to mortal ken)
Is ever stretch'd to prop the sinking good,
Or crush the wicked. Not a wheel amongst
Th' infinite orbs, which roll the fates of man
And kingdoms in their rapid whirl, but glows
Distinct with eyes, and in a measur'd course
Harmonious verges to some certain goal.

See! the fond mother takes her sad adieu,
And slow-receding casts a tearful glance
Where floats the rush-wove ark: to calm her grief,
To give her darling to her throbbing breast
The Memphian princess speeds, and (Heav'n so wills)
Nurtures in wisdom's lore the youth ordain'd
Israel to free, and humble Pharaoh's pride.

When Judah totters on the brink of fate,
And guileful Haman meditates the death
Of blameless Mordecai, what hand can ward
The threaten'd blow, and give the wiles to fall
Retorted on the machinator's head?
His hand alone, who vindicates the just,
That plucks from arrogance the boasted plume,
And plants it on meek virtue's brow. In vain
With ev'ry blandishment the Persian wooes
Sleep to his wakeful lid. The volume 's spread
Where the Jew's faithful services inroll'd
Rush on the monarch's sight. Go, Haman, now,
And glory in thy stratagems, condemn'd
To deck the triumphs of the man thy hate
Mark'd for destruction. To the regal feast
Go, short-liv'd guest. For know death goes along
A reveller, and points the hidden shaft.
Look from the palace; see fate's engine rise
Tremendous, and extend its arms for thee,
Its cruel builder, and unpity'd load.

When artful malice broods o'er dark revenge,
When stern oppression frowns, and ills surround,
Let not the good despair, but rest secure
Beneath ADONAI's shadowing wing. His eye
Beholds, His out-stretch'd arm conducts their steps
Through death's incircling horrors; and when broke
Each feeble anchor, when the tenth wave rolls
Its gather'd ruin, plucks them from the deep,
Nor let them murmur, though their way be oft
Perplext with briers, and with crags o'erhung,
But onwards press unfainting to the goal;
Where, to o'erpay their momentary toil,
Applauding angels hold th' unwith'ring wreath
Of beatific joy. From ardent lips
Let the sweet incense of melodious praise
Ascend to Him who visits all His works,
But chief the son of man.

Pow'r infinite!
Thou Giver and Preserver of my being,
Who rul'st all causes, govern'st all events,
O teach me ever to Thy will resign'd
To bear my lot with patience, and esteem
That best which Thou ordain'st. In weal or woe,
In health or sickness, let me ne'er forget
Thy mercies: ev'n in Thine afflictive rod
May I a father's tenderness adore,
Who chastens but to heal, in wrath benign!

Avert those ills that hover o'er my head,
And with Thy shield incompass all my paths.
Of earthly goods that portion Thou assign
Which with my present and my future bliss
May best accord; and grant this humble strain
May be a prelude to that nobler song,
Which by Thy grace, this dreary vale past through,
My soul, with brighter views of Providence
Illum'd, and kindling from a near access,
Shall chaunt responsive to th' Angelic Choir.

DEATH.

BY

BEILBY PORTEUS, M. A.

1759.

FRIEND to the wretch whom ev'ry friend forsakes,
I woo thee, DEATH! In Fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
The strain of empty joy.—Life and its joys
I leave to those that prize them.—At this hour,
This solemn hour, when Silence rules the world,
And wearied Nature makes a gen'ral pause!
Wrapt in Night's sable robe, through cloysters drear
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng
Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale

Of Death!—Deep in a murky cave's recess
Lav'd by Oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd
By shelving rocks and intermingled horrors
Of yew' and cypress' shade from all intrusion
Of busy noon-tide beam, the monarch sits
In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.
At his right hand, nearest himself in place
And frightfulness of form, his parent Sin
With fatal industry and cruel care
Busies herself in pointing all his stings,
And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
From her infernal store: around him rang'd
In terrible array and strange diversity
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread Ministers:
Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend; next him diseases thick,
A motley train: Fever with cheek of fire;
Consumption wan; Palsy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-cold lump; joint-torturing Gout,
And ever-gnawing Rheum; Convulsion wild;
Swoln Dropsy; panting Asthma; Apoplex
Full-gorg'd.—There too the Pestilence that walks
In darkness, and the Sickness that destroys
At broad noon-day. These and a thousand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when
By Heaven's command Death waves his ebon wand,
Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
And scatter desolation o'er the earth.

Ill-fated Man, for whom such various forms
Of misery wait, and mark their future prey!
Ah! why, All-righteous Father, didst Thou make
This creature Man? Why wake th' unconscious dust
To life and wretchedness? O better far
Still had he slept in uncreated night,
If this the lot of being!—Was it for this
Thy breath divine kindled within his breast
The vital flame? For this was Thy fair image
Stampt on his soul in godlike lineaments?
For this dominion given him absolute
O'er all Thy creatures, only that he might reign
Supreme in woe? From the blest source of Good
Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such foul ills
Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,
The impious thought! God never made a creature
But what was good. He made a living Man:
The Man of Death was made by Man himself.
Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,
Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
No fear of death, no check to his desires
Save one command. That one command (which stood
'Twixt him and ruin, the test of his obedience,)
Urg'd on by wanton curiosity
He broke.—There in one moment was undone
The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
Unbarr'd the gates of Hell, and let loose Sin

And Death and all the family of Pain
To prey upon mankind. Young Nature saw
The monstrous crew, and shook through all her frame.
Then fled her new-born lustre, then began
Heaven's chearful face to low'r, then vapours choak'd
The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds
To hide the willing sun. The earth convuls'd
With painful throes threw forth a bristly crop
Of thorns and briars: and insect, bird, and beast,
That wont before with admiration fond
To gaze at man, and fearless croud around him,
Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
Th' infection of his misery. He alone,
Who justly might, th' offended Lord of Man,
Turn'd not away His face; He full of pity
Forsook not in this uttermost distress
His best-lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd,
(That best, that greatest comfort in affliction),
The countenance of God, and through the gloom
Shot forth some kindly gleams, to chear and warm
Th' offender's sinking soul. Hope sent from Heaven
Uprais'd his drooping head, and shew'd afar
A happier scene of things; the promis'd seed
Trampling upon the serpent's humbled crest,
Death of his sting disarm'd, and the dank grave
Made pervious to the realms of endless day,
No more the limit but the gate of life.

Chear'd with the view, Man went to till the ground
From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil
As to a punishment, yet (ev'n in wrath
So merciful is Heaven) this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against Disease and Death.—Death though denounc'd
Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm
Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years
One solitary ghost went shivering down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way; Labour prepar'd
His simple fare, and Temperance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
As breath of evening zephyr and as sweet
Were all his slumbers; with the sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as he, to run
His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant strength
He stem'd the tide of Time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
And looking round saw all the vallies fill'd

With nations from his loins; full well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till full of years
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.

Such in the infancy of time was Man,
So calm was life, so impotent was Death.
O had he but preserv'd these few remains,
These shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heaven from the sad wreck
Of innocence primæval; still had he liv'd
Great ev'n in ruin; though fall'n, yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not every where beset
With Death in every shape! But he, impatient
To be compleatly wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes. 'Twas Man himself
Brought Death into the world, and Man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiplied destruction on mankind.

First Envy, eldest-born of Hell, embru'd
Her hands in blood, and taught the Sons of Men
To make a Death which Nature never made,
And God abhorr'd; with violence rude to break
The thread of life 'ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd

The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life,
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power; more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast.—One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero.—Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men,
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of Death! Still Monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin.—Blast the design,
Great God of Hosts, nor let Thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!

Yet say, should tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to roar;
Should dove-ey'd Peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive branch, and give the world repose,
Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and strength, and youth

Defy his power? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of war?—Alas!
Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which sheds
A heavenly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury: War its thousands slays,
Peace its ten thousands: In th' embattled plain
Though Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where, in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless Love,
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting
Means to be blest—But finds himself undone,

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and Fancy steers his course;
Safe glides his little bark along the shore
Where Virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond Discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep,
O sad but sure mischance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe 'midst Indian wilds
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To Freedom's holy cause; than so to fall

Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to Vice, Intemperance, and Disease.

Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye Sons of Pleasure, by th' Almighty stricken,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves the murderous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of Justice,
And be your own avengers—Hold, rash Man,
Though with anticipating speed thou'st rang'd
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days,
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face Despair,
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,
Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And 'ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge awhile, look down and see
Thy future mansion!—Why that start of horror?
From thy slack hand why drops th' uplifted steel?
Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about him,
Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd,
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back
With insolent disdain His choicest gift?

Live then, while Heaven in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to wash away

By penitential tears and deep contrition
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul, so unappall'd shalt meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His lingering stroke. Be it thy sole concern
With innocence to live, with patience wait
Th' appointed hour; too soon that hour will come,
Though Nature run her course: But Nature's God,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,
And quench the lamp of life.——O when He comes,
Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme
To Heaven ascending from some guilty land
Now ripe for vengeance; when He comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath;
Forth from His bosom plucks His lingering arm,
And on the miscreants pours destruction down!
Who can abide His coming? Who can bear
His whole displeasure? In no common form
Death then appears, but starting into size
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
Th' astonish'd earth, and from his looks throws round
Unutterable horror and dismay.
All Nature lends her aid. Each element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heaven,
The fountains of the deep their barriers break,
Above, below, the rival torrents pour
And drown creation, or in floods of fire

Descends a livid cataract, and consumes
An impious race.—Sometimes, when all seems peace,
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a youth
Floats on his watery bier, or lies unwept
On some sad desert shore:——At dead of night
In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence:
Contagion close behind taints all her steps
With poisonous dew; no smiting hand is seen,
No sound is heard; but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop: no friend, no refuge near;
All, all is false and treacherous around,
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death.

But ah! what means that ruinous roar? Why fail
These tottering feet?——Earth to its centre feels
The Godhead's power, and trembling at His touch
Through all its pillars, and in every pore,
Hurls to the ground with one convulsive heave
Precipitating domes, and towns, and towers,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of general devastation, millions find
One common grave: not ev'n a widow left
To wail her sons: the house, that should protect,
Entombs its master, and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn

Starts from beneath him.—Shield me, gracious Heaven!
O snatch me from destruction! If this globe,
This solid globe, which Thine own hand hath made
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray;
If my own mother Earth from whence I sprung
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
Where look for succour? Where, but up to Thee,
Almighty Father? Save, O save Thy suppliant
From horrors such as these!—At Thy good time
Let Death approach; I reck not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with Thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for Man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke,
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling candidate for Thy compassion)
On this world's brink, and look into the next;
When my soul starting from the dark unknown
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her 'custom'd joys
And all the lovely relatives of life,
Then shed Thy comforts o'er me; then put on
The gentlest of Thy looks. Let no dark crimes
In all their hideous forms then starting up
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd torture,
Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.

Far be the ghastly crew! and in their stead
Let chearful Memory from her purest cells
Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly balm
Of conscious innocence.——But chiefly, Thou,
Whom soft-ey'd Pity once led down from Heaven
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die,
Disdain not Thou to smooth the restless bed
Of Sickness and of Pain.——Forgive the tear
That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
'Till my rapt soul anticipating Heaven
Bursts from the thraldom of incumbering clay,
And on the wing of Extasy upborn
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life.

HEAVEN.

A

VISION.

By JAMES SCOTT, M. A.

Εγω γαρ ει μην μη ωμην ηξειν αφικομενος παρα θεους σοφους τε και αγαθους, ησυχα και παρ' ανθρωπους τελευτησειας, αμεινους των ενθαδε, ηδικουν αν, ουκ αγανακτων τω θανατω. PLATO.

1760.

I.

FULL many a tedious hour, with care opprest,
Stretcht on my weary bed, I wakeful lay,
Sad troublous thoughts, like hornets, stung my breast,
And brusht the dews of balmy sleep away,

Ah! what avails, I cry'd, with painful toil,
By Virtue's stedfast star the bark to guide,
Far from * ACRASIA's wily-wand'ring Isle,
Where Ease and Pleasure the frail heart divide,
If life's short voyage undistinguish'd tends
To darkness, and the land where all forgotten ends?

II.

Shall Worth lie hid in Sorrow's baleful shade?
And no reward shall suff'ring Goodness find,
While VICE triumphant lifts her pamper'd head,
† Nor hears the steps of Vengeance close behind?—
Then take me, Pow'r of Beauty, to thy arms,
And lull, ah lull to peace my troubled soul!
Disclose, O God of Wine, thy purple charms,
I'll drown reflection in the mantling bowl!
'Gainst wind, and tide, let Stoic dullness sail,
Be mine the calmest sea, and Pleasure's briskest gale.

III.

Pensive I mus'd, 'till rose the blushing morn,
And spread her saffron mantle o'er the skies;
When pitying MORPHEUS shook his opiate horn,
And slumbrous humours drown'd my weary'd eyes;

* *Spenser's* FAIRY QUEEN, Book II.
† *Antecedentem scelestum deseruit Pœna.* HOR.

Yet FANCY still awake, to sooth my pain,
Sweet scenes of joy in liveliest hue pourtray'd;
She call'd forth all her bright ideal train,
And pleasing truths in mystic dreams convey'd:
Oh fail me not, thou fair enchanting pow'r,
At Sorrow's grim approach, and Care's distressful hour!

IV.

Borne thro' the yielding air, methought I flew
To some more blissful clime, sequester'd far
From this frail world, that just appear'd to view,
Like the faint glimm'ring of a distant star.
Deep in the sea's encircling wave 'twas plac'd,
As gems in silver; hoary Ocean smil'd
Chear'd with the pleasing sight; and * from his breast
Sent his sweet children, breezes fresh and mild:
No clouds, nor darkness, veil'd the chearful scene,
Nor wintry blasts deform'd the ground's eternal green.

V.

Lo to the west a large and spacious plain,
Where meet in concert, wood, and hill, and dale;
Brighter than all that muse-led poets feign
Of IDA's grove, and TEMPE's hallow'd vale:

* Ἐνθὰ μάκαρων νάσαν ωκεανίδες ἄυραι φερίπνευσι. PIND.

Tho' PENEUS there revolves his † amber stream,
And suppliant DAPHNE spreads her branching arms,
Still trembling lest the Sun's prolific beam,
Too fiercely wanton, blast her virgin charms:
Would'st thou escape? Go, coy relentless maid,
Go chuse some worse retreat, some less luxurious shade.

VI.

There blooming groves, gay smiling with delight,
From her fair womb spontaneous Nature brings;
Where percht on every bough, all richly dight
With painted plumes, some ‡ harmless Siren sings:
Pleas'd with the wild notes Zephyr flits unseen,
And on his musky wings the sound conveys;
While trickling soft, each vary'd pause between,
The murm'ring riv'lets roll their silver base;
Winds, waters, birds in seemly sort agree,
And am'rous ECHO blends the liquid melody.

VII.

Nor there alone was charm'd one scanty sense:
The loaded trees ambrosial fruitage bear;
The § weeping shrubs their spicy gums dispense,
Whose fragrance fresh-imbalms the buxom air;

† Αλιχλοιτον υδωρ. CALLIM.—*Amnis purior electro.* VIRG.
‡ *Nemoris Siren, innoxia Siren.* STRADA'S NIGHTIN.
§ *Flet tamen, et tepidæ manant ex Arbore Guttæ.* OVID. MET.

Thousands of flow'rs their silken webs unfold,
Amarants, immortal amarants arise,
These beaming bright with * vegetable gold,
And these with azure, these with Tyrian dyes;
There laughing sweetly red the roses glow,
While from their breathing souls celestial odours flow.

VIII.

But hark, a voice soft-warbling strikes my ear!—
" Behold, O man, fair VIRTUE's ample meed;
" Behold these radiant plains, this star-girt sphere,
" By righteous JOVE her portion are decreed!
" Mould not, ah mould not then in idle cell,
" But strive these rapt'rous mansions to attain;
" Here all the wise, the brave, the virtuous dwell,
" Eternal ages† free from care and pain:
" Here in ELYSIAN seats, their calm abodes,
" Live in communion blest,‡ with heroes, and with gods!"

IX.

Eastward to this methought a diff'rent scene,
Of equal beauty, charm'd my raptur'd sight:
Wide spacious lawns with swelling hills between,
And groves of bliss, and gardens of delight.

* Ανθεμα δε χρυσα φλεγει. PIND.
† Αδακρυν νεμονται αιωνα. Ibid.
‡ Παρα μεν τιμιοις Θεων. Ibid.

There lotes and palms their copious branches twine,
And over-arching form delicious bow'rs;
There gush nectareous rills of dulcet wine,
And honey'd streams revolve their milky stores;
Fresh-bleeding myrrh and cassia shed perfume,
Ananas swell with sweets, and wild pomegranates bloom.

X.

Fast by a fount, whose * *spicy waters* glide
In am'rous mazes, on the velvet ground
With blushing flow'rs all goodly beautify'd,
A smiling troop of virgins dance around;
Fairer than DELIA's silver-buskin'd train,
When erst, LADONA, by thy lilied banks,
Or cool * EUROTA's laurel-fringed plain,
To breathing lutes they tript in seemly ranks;
And fairer, CYPRIS, than thy wanton quire,
That melt the soul to love, and kindle fierce desire.

XI.

Their eyes, ‡ like pearls within the shells conceal'd,
Beauteous and black; their lips with rubies vye;
On their fair cheeks, with white and red anneal'd,
What thousand dimpling smiles in ambush lie!

* Called by the *Arabic* Writers *Zenzebil*, and promised by *Mahomet* to all the Faithful.

† ——— *In Eurotæ Ripis*
Exercet Diana Choros ——— VIRG.

‡ See *Sale's Koran*, Chapter the 56th.

See, see they point to yon embow'ring shade,
Where cool gales fan their odorif'rous wings,
And FLORA's freshest, softest couch is spread;
The whiles some one this lovely ditty sings!
Thro' all my veins what thrilling transport flew
To hear the nectar'd words, dropping like honey'd dew!

XII.

"Haste, gentle youth, for lo, the way is plain!
"Haste, gentle youth, and hear the PROPHET's call!
"These are the joys that true Believers gain,
"Immortal joys, that never know to pall.
"Come then, ah come, thy weary limbs recline
"On silken beds of roses sweetly strow'd,
"Where to thy touch compliant bows the vine,
"All faint and lab'ring with the luscious load;
"Where Nymphs of Paradise their charms reveal;
"And with their am'rous spoils thy greedy eyes regale!"

XIII.

She ceas'd——And molten with excess of joy,
Voluptuous Hope was busy in my breast:
When lo, swift-darting from th' extremest sky,
With seraph-plumes, an Angel stood confest!

A pure immortal crown adorn'd her head,
Of gold inwove with jewels; in her hand
The Book of Life, and Mercy was display'd,
With ruddy drops of dying martyrs stain'd;
Her eagle-eyes were quick, and passing bright,
Yet beam'd serene, and mild, with Heav'n's celestial light.

XIV.

"And O fond foolish man," she cried, "forbear
"Idly to glote on forms so light, and vain!
"What are these jocund scenes, but empty air,
"The fleeting coinage of a phrenzy'd brain?—
"Yet ev'n in these, as * darkly thro' a glass,
"Some faint, some glimm'ring view the eye may gain
"Of those unmingled joys, that far surpass
"Whate'er of bliss the wit of man can feign;
"Those pure delights, that flow in streams divine,
"Where thy imperial tow'rs, O heav'nly SALEM, shine!

XV.

"For know, my son, that they whose worth is try'd,
"As gold by fire, by great and virtuous deeds,
"Soon as the carnal fetters are unty'd,
"That chain the soul, and stript these mortal weeds;

* 1 Corinth. chap. xiii. 12.

" Haply shall soar, in robes of glory clad,
" To heav'nly mansions, bright abodes, prepar'd
" *'Ere the foundations of the deep were laid,
" Or the firm pillars of the earth were rear'd;
" 'Ere GOD his golden compasses employ'd,
" And markt this beauteous world on Chaos dark and void.

XVI.

" There shall they live, O happy, happy spirits!
" There shall they live remov'd from all the cares
" And thousand ills that feeble flesh inherits:
" No greedy Want, nor wayward Lust, that tears
" With vip'rous rage the breast from whence it sprung,
" Their deep-embosom'd peace shall e'er torment;
" But hymning sweet, the Angel Troops among,
" Their undisturbed lays of pure content,
" The smiling hours immortal shall employ,
" In trance of holy ease, or ecstacy of joy.

XVII.

" Then shall their eyes, from cloudy films secure,
" With lightning-glance unmeasur'd space behold;
" And all the thousand stars, that pave the floor
" Of Heav'n, with orient pearl, or living gold;

* Prov. viii. 6, 24, 25, 27, &c.

" Then floating thro' the boundless deep of air,
" An azure sea, like gems of richest hue,
" Myriads of worlds thick-scatter'd shall appear,
" With all their bright inhabitants to view;
" Their active minds shall traverse, quick as thought,
" Creation's ample fields, the range 'twixt GOD and nought.

XVIII.

" And oh what streams of music sweet and clear
" Shall drown in deep delight their raptur'd souls!—
" Ay me, in vain to Man's unpurged ear
" Their heav'nly notes each tuneful planet rolls!
" Ay me, in vain with softly-thrilling voice,
" *Thro' ev'ry land they hymn their Maker's praise,
" While choirs of young-ey'd Cherubims rejoice,
" And to their golden harps mellifluous lays
" Attuning, *Holy, holy, holy,* sing,
' *O Lord, Almighty God, the Saints' eternal King!*

XIX.

" But not in vain the tuneful planets raise
" To pure etherial souls their voice divine;
" Nor yet in vain their great Creator's praise
" Do gladsome choirs of young-ey'd Cherubs join:

* Psal xix. 3, 4.

" No blessed sp'rit but hears the sacred song,
" And wakes his lyre melodious, part to bear
" In the sweet symphony; while all the throng
" Of angels, and arch-angels, nay, the ear
" Of God delighted listens to the strains.—
" In Heav'n, and heav'n-born minds, such rapt'rous concord
" reigns!

XX.

" But where, ah where can glowing tints be found
" To paint the charms of * SION's sacred place,
" †Where CHRIST the Lamb in radiance sits enthron'd,
" The lively ‡ Image of his Father's Grace?
" O Flow'r of Love! O || glorious Morning Star!
" O § Sun of Righteousness, whose healing wings
" Brought life, and peace, and mercy from afar!
" From thee the light, thou beaming fountain, springs,
" That guides poor mortals in their weary way,
" Thro' black Affliction's night, to Pleasure's endless day!

XXI.

" JESUS!—and didst thou leave thy bow'rs of joy?
" And didst thou leave thy Father's dear embrace,
" Content with agonizing pangs to die
" For man's forlorn, rebellious, sinful race?

* Heb. xii. 22. † Psal. ii. 6. ‡ Heb. i. 3. || Rev. 22. 16.
§ Mal. iv. 2.

" What bliss to hear the high mysterious story,
" By all the Prophets, all th' Apostles sung,
" And noble army' of Martyrs, crown'd with glory;
" Where blest, the six-wing'd Seraphins among,
" They drink immortal, from thy rapt'rous sight,
" Conceiveless draughts of Love's ineffable delight!

XXII.

" Hail, saints of light! who once the patient train
" Of silent sorrow, thro' the thorny road
" Of mis'ry toil'd, and unappall'd by pain
" With pilgrim-feet the long, long journey trod!
" O taught by them, thou man of earth, sustain
" With firm unweary'd arm the dang'rous fight!
" The * prize of thy high-calling dare to gain,
" †Victorious palms, and robes of spotless white;
" So in ‡ the Book of Life thy name shall shine,
" And Heav'n's eternal joys and transports all be thine."

XXIII.

Scarce had she spoke, when that || Cherubic car,
Instinct with soul, and those self-moving wheels,
That whirl'd the holy sage from CHEBAR far,
Appear'd:—my breast the rushing impulse feels!

* Phil. iii. 14. † Rev. vii. 9. ‡ Rev. iii. 5.
|| Ezek. i.

I see, I see thy glitt'ring turrets rise,
Celestial SALEM, all of * lucid gold,
Inlaid with gems of thousand, thousand dyes!
And lo, the everlasting gates unfold
Their † doors of pearl, and o'er my aching sight
Full tides of glory flow, and streams of living light!

XXIV.

Of light surpassing far thy glimm'ring ray,
(More bright, more clear, more glorious, more divine)
Tho' drest by thee, ‡ O golden Eye of Day,
In gaudy robes the sparkling diamonds shine;
Tho' yon fair Moon to thee her lustre owes,
Gilding with borrow'd light the mountain's brow;
And IRIS steals from thee each tint, that glows
In the gay forehead of the show'ry bow;
Faint is thy feeble blaze, O beauteous Sun!
Such peerless beams appear from Truth's eternal throne.

XXV.

See thro' the streets, || like liquid jasper clear,
The fount of life in mazy error flows!
Thro' the bright § crystal sands of gold appear,
And heaps of pearly grain; while blooming grows,

* Rev. xxi. 18. 19. † Rev. xxi. 21.
‡ Ω χρυσεας αμερας βλεφαρον. SOPH.
|| Rev. xxi. 11. § Ibid.

On either bank of dainty flow'rs profuse,*
The Tree of Life superior o'er the rest,
Whose teeming branches nectar'd fruits produce:
*Twelve various fruits of sweetly-vary'd taste,
From ev'ry leaf † salubrious dews exhale,
And pure elixirs breathe in ev'ry balmy gale.

XXVI.

Lo there, diffus'd along the sacred brink,
Angelic choirs, replete with love and joy,
Conceive their God, and from his presence drink
Beatitude past utt'rance!—There they lie
On flow'ring beds of balsam, cassia, nard,
And myrrh, a wilderness of rich perfumes;
Embalm'd they lie, like that Arabian bird,
'Midst od'rous shrubs, and incense-breathing gums,
Whose life springs recent from the sun-born fire,
While clouds of spicy smoke in bluish wreaths aspire.

XXVII.

But spare, O spare me, Heav'n!—my fainting soul
Sickens with bliss too great for mortal sense!
Come, o'er my limbs thy quick'ning waters roll,
Life-giving stream, and all thy balm dispense!

* Rev. xxii. 2. † Ibid.

And thou, fair Tree, the source of all our woes,
(That bloom'd so fatal erst in EDEN's glade,
Transplanted since to Heav'n) thy friendly boughs
Extend, and wrap me in thy brownest shade!
O veil me from the LAMB's too glorious sight,
From Majesty's full blaze, insufferably bright!

XXVIII.

Trembling I wak'd with sweet excess of joy,
And on the wings of Sleep, more swift than wind,
Away the fickle, fond delusions fly;
Yet leave their fairy-steps the trace behind:
Hear then, ye sainted myriads, from your spheres,
And gently beam your kindliest influence down;
Lift, lift my thoughts above life's groveling cares,
To joys sublime, and Virtue's glorious crown!
O guide my virgin-soul the high abode
To reach, the HEAV'N OF HEAV'NS, where reigns th' eternal GOD!

PURITY OF HEART.

BY

JAMES SCOTT, M. A.

Ἐνδὺς Ὄλιτε, ἐνδὺς ἡ πυγὴ τὸ ἀγλαὸν. ANTONINUS.

Sic vivendum est, tanquam in conspectu vivamus; sic cogitandum, tanquam aliquis in pectus intimum inspicere possit, et potest. SENECA.

1761.

IN that rude climate where the Alps arise,
And mountains heap'd on mountains threat the skies,
From one prolific hill their wat'ry stores
The Rhone, the Rhine, the Po, the Danube pours;
Thro' diff'rent lands their diff'rent course they bend;
Now prone in rapid cataracts descend,
Boil, foam, and roar, the trees impetuous tear,
And grate hoarse thunder on the distant ear;

Now stealing gently thro' their oozy bed,
O'er smiling plains their beauteous plenty spread,
With nect'rous dews the purple vineyards feed,
Bid olives rise, and harvests crown the mead,
Fair Commerce all her canvas wings unfold,
And fly to distant suns, and shores of gold:

Thus from the Heart, that seat of joy and woe,
In various streams our various passions flow:
Now, loud as Ætna's smouldring torrents roar,
They burst impetuous; tides of reeking gore
Whelm in promiscuous ruin heaps of slain,
And dreary desolation sweeps the plain!
Now gentler grown, with current smooth and mild,
They chear the barren, sooth the thirsty wild,
By Reason guided, checkt, impell'd, produce
In Life's fair plan all ornament and use.

This fruitful source, thus rightly understood,
Of greatest evil, or of greatest good,
Whence all their hues our tinctur'd passions draw,
O watch, preserve it pure, with sacred awe!
Can streams be clear from fountains dark and foul?
Or actions good, corrupt and base the soul?
No, Lucius, no—fair Virtue trembling flies,
Or should she stay, her boasted beauty dies;
Devotion turns to farce, and sense and spirit
Are—what?—the venal statesman's grand demerit.

When, dear to virtue, to his country dear,
Accomplisht POLLIO charm'd the public ear,
Firm as a rock 'midst wav'ring senates stood,
And boldly stem'd corruption's venal flood,
What crowds admired his wit and manly sense!
What crowds ador'd his patriot eloquence!
'Tis past, 'tis gone—and lo the wise, the brave,
The virtuous POLLIO is a titled slave.
Blush, Freedom, blush! thy fav'rite son is sold,
And love for thee submits to love for gold;
Dead to all fame, and to his parts unjust,
He makes God's gift a pander to his lust.

Not so CAMILLUS, Britain's dear delight,
Firm to his trust, inflexible from right;
Born to support his drooping country's cause,
Maintain her freedom, and secure her laws,
To guide the frail machine with ceaseless care,
Each crazy spring, and tott'ring wheel repair.
Blest statesman, that can Attic wit combine
With Roman strength, and eloquence divine;
Can Attic wit, and Roman strength employ,
To blast the foes of Heav'n-born Liberty!
In vain Ambition spreads her tinsel charms,
And Pleasure woos him with extended arms,
Drawn by no party's devious glare astray,
Those wand'ring fires, that glitter to betray,

Up Virtue's steep ascent the patriot toils,
And meets his due reward in Britain's smiles.

Say what 'twixt POLLIO's and CAMILLUS' part
The diff'rence makes? I'll tell you, friend—the Heart:
Be this the patriot's pride, with this uncrown'd
Wit is a jest, and eloquence a sound:
This too the saint's delight—unwarm'd within
Pray'r is mere babbling, sanctity is sin.

Constant at church AVARO prays so loud,
His noisy zeal confounds the gaping crowd;
With hands uprais'd, and heav'n-projected eyes,
Full thrice a day he smites his breast and sighs:
Dissembling wretch, with heart so prone to evil,
A mere machine, a stopwatch to the Devil!
Will Nature's awful GOD, so just and wise,
Whose instant glance thro' all creation flies,
Pervades each movement of our inmost souls,
Where thought impelling thought continual rolls,
Pleas'd with such off'rings view with partial eye
Thy specious form, and well-feign'd sanctity?
No—he beholds thee, wretch, tho' wrapt in pray'r
A wolf disguis'd, a painted sepulchre;
Regards no more thy cant, and godly whine,
Than yon dumb statue, on the marble shrine,
Whose hands are seen in holy rapture clos'd,
And stedfast eyes to heav'n alone dispos'd,

Pray'r's senseless image, where no soul within
Speaks thro' the form, and animates the mien.
When all the breast is pure, each warm desire
Sublim'd by holy Love's etherial fire,
On winged words our breathing thoughts may rise,
And soar to heav'n a grateful sacrifice:
Not so, my friend, when carnal passions reign,
And grosser acts of sin the heart distain;
Our souls all clotted by contagion grow,
And brood, and grovel in the dust below:
Like ling'ring ghosts, that loath, as fables say,
To leave their body, haunt their kindred clay.

But ah how few, a firm and faithful band,
Th' assaults of warring passions can withstand!
With whirlwind-force they now the heart assail,
Now with surprize, and crafty feints prevail,
Betray the fort, thro' Friendship's fair disguise,
Till half-consenting vanquish'd Virtue dies.
For ev'ry Vice to Virtue is ally'd,
And thin partitions their weak bounds divide:
To the pale miser, bent with sordid pain,
And brooding, harpye like, o'er ill-got gain,
His fav'rite Vice the garb of Virtue wears,
And drest by passion honest Thrift appears:
'Tis Nature's law, voluptuous CLODIO cries,
Steaming from stews, and brothel revelries;

Tis Nature's law, decrepid HIRCUS swears,
Love-sick, and lewd, at more than seventy years.
What, PUBLIUS, made thy gentle soul despise
The strictest bonds, and dearest charities?
Rous'd thy young blood to more than civic strife,
And arm'd thy hand against thy Sov'reign's life?
The dæmon Discord rose in CATO's form,
And blew the trump to freedom's false alarm;
He caught the sound, and, mad with patriot pride,
In faction's cursed cause the rebel dy'd.

Thus the fond heart, by some dear passion sway'd,
Frail and corrupt, is soon to sin betray'd;
Vice by degrees a firm possession gains,
And o'er the willing soul despotic reigns:
Dreadful no more the meagre hag appears,
Pursu'd by doubts, and harrow'd up with fears:
Trickt out in lavish-ornaments she smiles
A dang'rous Circe fraught with charmful wiles.
When some lone traveller, from Ontario's shore,
Hears Niagara's rushing cat'racts roar,
Appall'd he stands, with chilling horror pale,
Or flies impetuous to some distant vale,
Where prone beneath the myrtle's od'rous shade
Peaceful and calm may rest his aching head;
Not so the native hind, by custom brave,
Careless he hears the foaming surges rave,

Views the wild scene with firm and steady brow,
And cleaves in sport the madding waves below:
Thus when at first from Virtue's path we stray,
How shrinks the feeble heart with sad dismay!
More bold at length, by pow'rful habit led,
Callous and sear'd the dreary wilds we tread,
Behold the gaping gulph of sin with scorn,
And plunging deep, to endless death are borne.
O sad estate! defilement base and foul!
When Vice lethargic spreads o'er all the soul;
When Conscience, that impartial judge assign'd
By Heav'n to check, approve, condemn the mind,
Like BUFO sleeps, and leaves poor Virtue's cause
To a brib'd jury, and to tyrant laws,
To lusts corrupt and vile, that wrong to right
Prefer, and, blind with rage, call darkness light,

How blest are they, my friend, whose hearts are free
From vice, and passion's gross impurity!
Whose mental eyes ideal truths behold;
And purg'd from films and tinctures of earth's mold
Pervade with lightning-force that blest abode,
Where veil'd in brightness reigns th' eternal GOD.
So * LOWTHER lives—No taint of modish sin
Defiles the image of his God within;

* Sir WILLIAM LOWTHER, of Swillington, in Yorkshire, Bart.

Far from the spotless temple of his mind
Each base affection flies, and leaves behind
Religion, and a love for all mankind:
Of manners gentle and of truth severe,
Tho' plain not rustic, courtly yet sincere;
Benevolent like heav'n, when all around
It drops down fatness on the weary ground;
No costly dainties on his board are spread,
'Tis luxury to him the poor to feed;
Superior far to all the pomp of dress,
He cloaths the shiv'ring beggar's nakedness!
A friend to every want, and every woe,
Nor scarce to Vice when in distress a foe;
So LOWTHER lives—Oh may he long remain
The pleasing subject of my moral strain!
And when at length he quits the well trod stage,
Retire the joy and glory of his age;
As some fam'd actor from the scene withdraws,
While crouds tumultuous thunder out applause,
Or Grecian victor, when the race was done,
The crown of glory claim'd, by Virtue won.

Oh could I live like him, and thus depart,
What sober home-felt joy would swell my heart!
No love of fame should then disturb my breast,
Nor this nor that man's censures break my rest:
Malice in vain a cloud of dust should raise,
And Envy nip the tender buds of praise:

Pleas'd would I view the placid scene within
(Thro' a clear medium, undisturb'd by sin)
Where all the virtues to perfection rise,
And bear their blushing glories to the skies:
Blest in oblivion leave the world behind,
And till with care the garden of my mind.

AN

HYMN

TO

REPENTANCE.

BY

JAMES SCOTT, M. A.

Ειδὲ ευχαις λυσιν τῶν ἁμαρτημαἴων ευρισκομεν, καὶ τὸς Θεὸς θεραπευομεν, και μεταβαλλομεν, δια της ὡρὸς το Θειον επιστροφης την ημετεραν κακιαν ιωμενοι, παλιν της των Θεων αγαθοητος απολαυομεν. FRAGM. PYTH.

1762.

BASE world, begone!—Thy false delusive joys
No more shall lead my feet astray—
Hence to the young, the vain, the gay,
And proudly deck them with thy tinsel toys!

Nor flatt'ring Hope, nor slavish Fear,
* Those nails that to this mortal frame
Fix the fond soul, my breast shall tear;
No thirst for pleasure, wealth, or fame,
Tempt me to quaff thy charming cup, whose taste
Unmolds the form divine, and turns the man to beast.

Base world, begone!—Cast on a friendly shore
No more I dread thy desart deep,
Where swift the rushing tempests sweep,
And mad winds rave, and boiling billows roar:
Behold no more, with wild affright,
The rocks close-lurking for their prey,
The black clouds bursting on my sight,
While round the livid lightnings play;
O save us, save us!—Hark the doleful cry,
All mortal strength is vain, they faint, they sink, they die!

Betimes escap'd, while yet breathe summer-gales,
While yet on ocean's tranquil breast
The little halcyon builds her nest,
I shorten all my oars, and furl my sails;
O wretch profane, sure triple brass
Girds thy proud heart, O wretch profane,
To let the doubtful autumn pass,
Yet tempt the dangers of the main;

* Ο γαρ ηδονης και αλγηδονος ηλος, ος προς το σωμα την ψυχην προσηλοι. PLUT.

Careless of home the blissful port despise,
Tho' scowl the low'ring heav'ns, and storms of winter rise!

For me, I hang the votive tablet high,
And to this lone sequester'd vale,
With care and weary watches pale,
Retire, and muse upon eternity.—
Come, Goddess of the tearful eye,
With solemn step, demure, and slow,
Thy full heart heaving many a sigh,
And clouds of sadness on thy brow;
Oh come with ashes sprent, in sackcloth drest,
And wring thy piteous hands, and beat thy plaintive breast.

Such was thy form, O heav'n-descended maid,
When at her dearest Saviour's feet,
Bedew'd with tears, and odours sweet,
Poor Magdalene repentant wept, and pray'd:
She wept, and swiftly to the sky
The steam like hallow'd incense rose;
When lo, her sins of scarlet dye
Grew white as wool or mountain-snows:
The morning stars with joy triumphant rang,
And all the sons of God their loud hosannas sang!

Come then, my Magdalene, thy aid impart,
O'er all my soul thy balm diffuse,
And soften with the fleecy dews
Of penitential tears my stubborn heart;

Teach me to search with honest skill
The wounds that rankle in my breast,
To curb my lusts, correct my will,
And chuse and cleave to what is best;
Teach me to urge, with never-ceasing care,
The force of holy vows, and violence of pray'r.

Oh come, my Magdalene, but leave behind,
Leave far behind thy frightful train;
Grim Penance, with an iron chain
Wont his gall'd legs at stated hours to bind:
A barefoot monk the fiend appears,
With scourge in hand, and beads, and book;
His cheeks are furrow-worn with tears,
Sunk are his eyes, and lean his look:
O wretched fools, beguiling and beguil'd,
Can God be pleas'd to see his image thus defil'd?——

Drive too away that wild distracted sprite
Enthusiasm, and that foul fiend
Remorse, that loves his heart to rend,
And sting himself to death with scorpion spite:
But chief that tyrant of the soul,
That cursed man of hell, Despair;
See, see his livid eye-balls roll!
What canker'd teeth, what grisly hair!
Anguish, and trembling Fear his conscience quail,
And all Hell's damned ghosts the shrieking wretch assail!

O fly with such terrific forms as these,
And seek the weary wakeful bed,
Where the pale murderer is laid
A ghastly prey to horror and disease!
Or where th' oppressor voids his breath,
Deaf to the widow's bleeding cries;
Or from a bosom black as death,
The plunderer of his country sighs;
Where libertines expire, and atheists lie
Harrow'd with doubts and fears, and curse their God, and die!

See, worn with pain, LORENZO, once so gay!
The pow'rs of Nature are at strife,
And the dim wasted lamp of life
Just feebly lifts an intermittent ray.
Oh mad, oh worse than mad, to leave
To the short mercies of an hour
Eternal joys!—What would he give,
What thousand worlds, if in his pow'r,
For time mis-spent, to watch, to fast, to pray,
And wash with contrite tears his shameful sins away?—

Poor wretch, in vain!—Before his frantic eyes
Th' inexorable tyrant stands;
And arm'd with scorpions in their hands,
The fury-terrors of his conscience rise!

What agonizing pangs he feels!
What tortures!—What convulsive throes!
O fall, ye mountains, fall, ye hills,
Preserve and hide him from his woes!
Have mercy, Heav'n!—Thy succours, Jesu, bring,
Retriumph o'er the grave, and draw death's poignant sting.

Save me, what shrieks!—And is there no faint ray,
No glimm'ring from that light serene,
That gilds death's melancholy scene,
And guides the soul on her eternal way?
Hark, the last pang! He faints!—He dies!
His spirit bursts forth, and shiv'ring pale
To some black horrible mansion flies,
There to despond, and howl, and wail,
Till Nature's wreck, till from the shrivel'd skies
The last dread trump shall call, "Ye dead, awake, arise!"

O come betimes, sweet Penitential Pow'r,
And from such soul-distracting care,
Such chilling horrors of despair,
Preserve me, shield me, at death's trying hour!
From guilt of black enormous dye
My breast is free; I ne'er betray'd
A virgin's easy faith; no murd'rous lie
In secret whispers have convey'd,
Nor with the muse's everliving store
Embalm'd the carrion corpse of wealth, or pride, or pow'r.

From Truth's straight path, and Virtue's thorny way,
Have wand'ring meteors false and vain,
The glare of honour or of gain,
Thro' dirt, and danger drawn my steps astray?
Have I rejected Reason's aid,
And giv'n to headlong Lusts the rein?
Or prone beneath the myrtle shade
Of Indolence and Pleasure lain?
Have I the tribute of a tear deny'd,
When want unheard hath wept, and injur'd orphans cry'd?

Good Heav'n forbid!——Yet still within my soul
Some leprous spots of guilt remain:
Oh could I cleanse each grosser stain
In Jordan's tide, or Siloa's healing pool!
Fond thought!——More salutary pow'rs
In Sorrow's swelling stream reside,
Than Siloa's pool at stated hours
Could boast, or Jordan's cleansing tide:
This from the soul sharp humours can repel,
Cure ev'ry fest'ring wound, and Death's dread torments quell.

Here many a beauteous pearl of costly price,
And many a gem of purer ray
Than all Golconda's mines display,
Lie hid in darkness far from vulgar eyes:

For these the cloister'd virgin pines,
Torn from each pleasing tender care;
For these her placid breast resigns
To midnight grief, and midnight pray'r;
Poor, hapless maid!—May Heav'n her vows regard,
And all her wakeful pains with endless bliss reward!...

Go fly, ye silken sons of Pleasure, fly,
And barter for fantastic joys,
Spurn'd by the great, the good, the wise,
What Asia's monarchs have not worth to buy!
Chace ev'ry cloudy thought away,
Whose serious gloom o'ercasts the soul;
To rapture give life's little day,
And bid full tides of pleasure roll;
Go where the loose-rob'd forms of wild desire
Expand their wanton charms, and press the buxom choir!

'Tis madness all!—Be mine, unknown to sin,
And passions base, some lone retreat,
Some hoary hermit's moss-grown seat,
Far from the guilty world's tumultuous din.
Whether in HAGLEY's sacred shades,
Where inspiration breathes around,
And by the much-lov'd Thespian maids
Their LUCY's plaintive bard is crown'd;
Or HACKFALL's bow'rs and woodland walks invite,
Where Nature's various charms, all rude of art, delight.

O lawns!—O hills!—And O thou pleasant vale,
Where URE's meand'ring waters roll!
What pensive pleasures soothe my soul,
What tender melancholy thoughts prevail
At thy approach!—While am'rous Jove
On Flora's bosom deigns to play,
Still let me haunt thy blissful grove,
Where all the rural Graces stray;
There bid the folly-fetter'd world adieu,
And Wisdom's silent steps with holy zeal pursue.

There Contemplation dwells, that hoary sire,
And points the way that leadeth right
To those most glorious mansions, bright
With burning stars, and everliving fire:
There, on her silver anchor staid,
Sweet Hope to Heav'n directs her eyes;
While Faith, that eagle-sighted maid,
Her far foreseeing tube applies,
Whose mighty pow'r reveals the blest abode,
In beatific trance, where saints enjoy their God.

THE

REDEMPTION.

By JOHN HEY, M. A.

1763.

CONTENTS.

IN order to form a well-grounded judgment concerning any mysterious doctrine which is said to have been revealed by God, the first natural step seems to be, to examine whether the Body of Laws and Doctrines of which it is a part, is really of divine original, or only of human invention; if the concurrence of external and internal testimony makes it more probable that it is the former than the latter, the next step is to examine, with all possible caution and candour, what is clearly said in the books so revealed concerning such doctrine. This being done, the only necessary enquiry which now remains is, whether any objections can be offered of such strength as to invalidate the former testimony: if not, the whole is to be received for truth. This then is the general plan of the following exercise; and in pursuance of it, the author, after hinting at the modesty, plainness, moderation, and openness to conviction with which subjects of this nature ought to be contemplated and discussed, (line 20—29,) by way of introduction, first points out the external evidence of Revelation, (20,)

then the internal, (43,) *with the improbability of its coming only from intelligent creatures superior to man,* (85.) *The prejudice from its appearing strange is next shewn to be a groundless one,* (97;) *and the consistency of the whole story both with itself and the known circumstances of mankind, a presumption in its favour,* (105.)

The rest of the contents are as follow:—The History of the Fall, (115,)—*its consequences; natural evil,* (180,) *moral,* (200,)—*the reasonable fears consequent upon the latter,* (213,)—*the gradual preparation of the world for the coming of the Messiah,* (224,)—*his life, sufferings, exaltation, with the benefits of them to men,* (235,)—*the assistance of the Holy Spirit,* (310.)

Reflections naturally following from the perusal of this history of mankind—gratitude and obedience due to God, (326—347.)—*Indifference whether men look for happiness in consequence of the Redemption or not, presumptuous* (343) *and dangerous,* (353;) *new relations cannot be revealed without imposing new obligations,* (361.)—*Repentance and care subsequent to an offence insufficient to take away its guilt or punishment,* (372;) *two instances,* (377.)—*Our* ignorance *concerning the method* how *the sufferings of Christ redeem us from our sins, no objection to the divine original of the Gospel History,* (386;) *on the contrary, such ignorance rather to be expected.*—1. *Because our knowing* how *they effected that end does not seem likely to answer any purpose to beings in a state of trial, or to open any new practical duties,* (390.)—2. *Because there are other general laws of Providence besides those by which our Redemption is effected, which we are ignorant of; and which at the same time it is more likely we should understand than those,* (399.)—3. *Because our Redemption is a* System; *and therefore, as we see it only in part, we can see none of it completely,* (417;) *two instances,* (429.)—*In systems we can judge of the connexion between* means *and* end *only by experience; an instance,* (446.)—*The universal prevalence of sacrifices over the world a presumption in favour of the propriety and efficacy of the Christian sacrifice,* (464.)—*The way to lessen the ignorance complained of is to study the scriptures; the*

probability of this ignorance continuing till we come to know more of the misery which we escape by the death of Christ, and of the happiness which we are to obtain, (475.)——*1st objection, concerning the* prevention *of the Fall, of no force to prove the History of the Redemption an human contrivance,* (488.)——*2d objection, concerning the length of time taken up in effecting the Redemption, and the number of instruments employed, equally weak,* (535:) *as also the 3d and last objection, concerning the injustice of the innocent suffering for the guilty,* (556.)

Conclusion. At the day of judgment all irregularities will be corrected, and moreover will appear to be so to every one concerned, (598.)

WHOM shall the bard that dares of themes to sing
Such as th' Angelic choir in wonder mute
Vainly * revolve, whom shall the bard invoke?
He trembles while he dares. Eternal Spirit!
Whom shall he call but Thee? Thou think'st not scorn
To make thyself a lowly habitant
In the mean cottage of the human breast,
When purity has been thy harbinger:
Come then, and lead the virtues in Thy train;
Allot to each her office; ceaseless guard
Still let them hold around this earth-born heart,
And watch with closest glance its languid pulse,

* 1st Pet. i. 12.

And purge the bursting humors as they flow,
Lest vice or ignorance should prompt a lay
To stain with foul disgrace the ways of heav'n.
But above all do thou, Humility,
Come from thy chosen place remote; thine eye
Downcast advance, quicken thy loit'ring step,
And mystic dew of caution sprinkle round:
The empty word mysterious erase;
The curious pride that rushes with bold step
Into the awful counsels of Heav'n's King,
Check; nor allow the gairish paint of art.
O may the strains glide even, uniform,
Far diff'rent course from fancy's light cascade;
Unruffled by the storms of cruelty
Gender'd in persecution's gloomy cave:
Free may they flow, transparent, uncongeal'd
By th' icy breeze of Infidelity.

Heard ye that voice? Sure 'twas the voice of heav'n;
In mild, majestic strains it pierc'd my ear,
While Nature trembled at th' exalted sound
Ev'n from her inmost frame; what ailed thee
That thou didst tremble? That ev'n thou, proud sea,
Retiredst back with flight precipitate,
Heap'd into monstrous mountains chaos-like?
Why from the thirsty breast of flinty rock
Gush'd the refreshing stream? Why, fell Disease,
Thy dreary habitations didst thou quit?

And thou, O Grave! ope thy voracious jaw,
Yielding thy firm-seiz'd prey (unwonted gift)
At the dread sound?—'Twas sure the voice of heav'n.

And now on adamantine tablet see
Engrav'd in characters indelible
Th' important embassy: ye learned, read,
And tell us—did the vast, stupendous chain,
Deliver'd by the great Creator erst
Into the hands of Nature, and since held
By her with grasp unshaken, burst its hold
Obedient to some noxious spirit of air,
(If true, how passing strange!) only to cast
Still thicker darkness round our filmy eyes?
Or is the message of a kindlier sort?
Displays it scenes such as from human eye
Malice would hide for ever? Say, ye learn'd,
Its laws how fram'd? Steal they with wily art,
Fair-promising, into th' unwary breast,
And there diffuse their pois'nous juices round,
First pleasing, then destroying? Or proclaim they
First trial, then reward? Tend they to bless
The brutal appetite, or purer mind?
Whom do they claim their author? Him who made
And will'd us happy? Speak, O ye that gaze
Intent upon the dazzling adamant!—
Behold, they smile propitious! and lo, now
With nod benign they prompt our timid steps

To join their labours, and with studious eye,
Trace out the treasures of the sacred page.

Here may I stand infix'd! in rapt'rous awe
Collecting the bright rays of truth that beam
From ev'ry point resistless: narrow orb!
O that thou didst avail thyself t' expand,
And catch the blaze of each illustrious beam!
That thy refracting powers could quench this glare,
And give to ev'ry image that thou form'st
Grace of distinctness! But it may not be.—
Yet much is clear: yes, num'rous are the rays
That dart instruction on this weakly sight,
And mark the truths to man of chief import,
And light him on to *human* happiness.—
Here may I stand infix'd! until this mind
Is satiate with pure wisdom from above;
And till this heart imbibes the gen'rous warmth
That brooks no limits of benevolence,

'Tis heav'nly all! no spirit of *human* mould, 85
Gross and impure, could dare such lofty flights
Ev'n on Imagination's waxen wings.
Come then such tidings from the spirits of *air?*
Vain thought! the *good* obey their Maker's will;
Far diff'rent task from spreading to the eye
Of wand'ring mortals, meteors of deceit;
And never did *malignant* dæmon joy

To shew all worlds the fount of human bliss,
And wave the ensigns of his own defeat.
Ah no! 'tis heav'nly all!

Here read we then the story of our race:
Strange—wond'rous tale!—yet is it therefore false?
Surmise of narrow mind! ev'n truth is strange
If now it first appear to human view,
Or if 'tis but illumin'd partially,
Here bright and there obscure; did now this hand
First move, the sun first rise, that plant first grow,
Would not all view them with astonishment?—
But is the signet of Heav'n's gracious King
Impress'd on error? Truth and falsehood's dregs
Can they incorporate in one friendly mass?
Ah no! scarce e'er can falsehood with itself
Form a consistence; and 'twixt that and truth
There is a strong repulsive faculty,
That spurns th' attempt of mixture so impure.—
Here read we then the story of our race:
But read with cautious fear; lest falsehood sly
Cloath'd in conjecture's captivating guise,
Win us unwary to her foul embrace.

Form'd from the dust, the parent of mankind
Possess'd each faculty by heav'n decreed
For use or ornament of *man:* no want
He knew; no imperfection he perceiv'd;

Save what all things endued with conscious sense
Must ever feel—dependence on their Lord,
The first eternal Being!—Wholesome food
Was his repast; not chos'n, as by his sons,
After experiment where danger lurks
And frequent death; but vegetating free
Within that space where his unarmed foot
Trod with security the harmless turf,
And gather'd as the voice of heav'n enjoin'd.
Far, sure, must be disease from this blest scene,
And weariness and wan infirmity:
Yet was the human body moulded erst
Of matter still divisible; whose parts,
Knowing nor sense nor self-connecting pow'rs,
Time soon had moulder'd into native dust,
Had not the word of the Creator bid
That tree arise, whose salutary fruit
Convey'd refreshment with perfection big,
Preserving pow'rs obnoxious to decay
In the full vigour of immortal youth.
Diff'rence of good and ill for man to know
Was needless sure, while with the fearless eye
Of an obedient son, he might look up
To the Almighty Father of his race,
And claim His guidance; to that heav'nly friend
He might appeal, whose all-perceiving ken
Distance deceiv'd not, number ne'er confus'd,
Who saw all qualities of all things: Whence

To man so favour'd, cou'd there e'er arise
Temptation to do evil? Whence a cause
Why one sensation he should e'er conceal,
Why caution or protection he shou'd use?
No; 'twas in naked purity he rov'd,
Needing nor art's concealment nor defence.
Led by the silken cords of heav'nly love,
He trod the paths of safety; yet not bound
In iron chain of dire necessity;
For conscious liberty still smil'd within,
And rais'd the heart-felt glow of self-applause
At each obedient act: 'twas liberty,
Not as of late time, harrassing the soul
With everlasting doubt; impelling oft
In various paths; paths terminating all
In thickest clouds of drear obscurity;
But to one only doubt 'twas all confin'd;—
Whether the rank of mortals new-create
To God their guide shou'd constantly appeal,
Or man himself shou'd be the guide of man.
O fatal curiosity and pride,
(Fatal tho' rais'd by such bewitching arts
That Candour pities, while stern Justice blames,)
Ye made the hazardous th' important choice!
Yet had the ear of man imbib'd this threat
In unsuspected force: (for knows the heart
Suspicion, unexperienc'd in deceit?)
" The fruit of life shall ne'er bedew thy lips

" If such thy choice"—'twas mercy, gracious heav'n,
Pronounc'd this sentence 'gainst man's first revolt:
Mild was the law that will'd but to recall
A voluntary gift; no other ill
Ensuing, save what from the choice itself
Flow'd of necessity.—Yet, O just God!
In what o'erwhelming torrents does it flow!
The beams of heav'nly light strike not his eye;
He wanders lost in danger's thickest maze,
His only guide a faint and glimmering lamp;
At ev'ry turn see mischief sudden start,
While oft her remedy in deepest shade
Shuns ev'n th' exploring eye of diligence.
How frequent are his falls! th' unnotic'd step
Scarce ever safe; th' experience ev'n of age
Of weak avail, to tread the maze unhurt.
Now see this lord of earth protect his head
From elements created for his good;
And now the impulse of his nature check,
Till time informs him, whether, on the whole,
It tends to mis'ry or to happiness.
Behold him, or envelop'd in distrust,
Or running into ever-present ill,
Productive soon of endless diffidence.

But the grand source of mis'ry still remains
Unnotic'd:—When the All-creative Pow'r
Into existence called the race of man,

Relations beautiful were form'd 'twixt him
And certain modes of action; proper, meet
To make him happy, and to be the test
Of his obedience; consonant to these
He still had acted under God his guide;
But since Ambition snatch'd the dang'rous rein,
Eager to drive o'er arduous paths unknown,
What sun has seen these laws inviolate?
What man can strike the pure unconscious breast?

And yet, presumptuous reas'ner, wilt thou say 213
No ill shall follow? Wherefore then these laws?
Or can that ill be adequately paid
To men yet subject to perpetual falls;
Incredible! Hence see a length of woe
To which no bounds appear; stretch e'er so far
The aking eye of Fancy, still there frowns
The threat'ning storm of misery beyond;
Its gloom still heighten'd by the awful truth,
Th' indisputable truth, that *God is just.*
—But read again the story of our race.—

Scarce had this revolution of our fate 224
Left us in horror of the thickest night,
When Mercy 'gan to dart a twilight beam,
And gave to man a faint and distant hope,
That the bright Sun of Righteousness would rise,
And dissipate this gloom of black despair.

—And now the rays of consolation glance
With growing lustre through th' illumin'd air;
Till ev'ry eye, caught by the orient beams,
Expectant turns towards the resplendent east,
To view the glorious brightness of his rising.

The Son of God is born; in form of man
He passes through the changes of our life,
And spotless, bears th' infirmities of guilt;
Republishes that ancient law of Heav'n
Which man was first ordained to obey;
And though disguis'd, impair'd, disfigur'd, clog'd,
Displays it in its genuine purity,
And all its native comeliness of form.
His steps are prompted by benevolence,
His glare of greatness soften'd by the shade
Of mild deportment; from his modest lips
Expires th' incense bland of heav'nly truth.
—But, O great Lord of all! what piercing scenes
Now snatch my eye impetuous o'er the page!
Mis'ry at ev'ry glance! O quicker far
Than cold expression's pace it darts along:
O treachery! ingratitude! blind scorn!
What havock do ye make!—Blest innocence!
How dost thou groan beneath those dreadful pangs
Which guilt that only caus'd, should only feel!
—But soft! ev'n mis'ry, so eventful, wills
To be recorded, nay, and ponder'd o'er

With thought deliberate. Shall astonishment,
Or gratitude or pity sway the breast,
While we again peruse the tragic tale?

The Son of God, a voluntary victim,
Spotless himself, to buy devoted man,
To reinstate him in his lost domain,
To give for present, future pow'r o'er Death,
To ope the friendly portal of Repentance,
And guide the tott'ring step of Piety
Through her long pilgrimage, to certain bliss,
—Dies!—In confusion shrink each tow'ring thought,
Each lustful appetite, each wild desire!
Affliction, thou may'st raise thy drooping head,
Thou, Mis'ry, smile! unmoving is your moan
While Man's Redeemer hangs upon the cross.

But let not grief, though from the tender heart
It burst resistless, stop th' important task;
Peruse we still the story of our race.
—Such are the virtues of this victim slain:
Yet virtues not promiscuously bestow'd;
On those alone deriv'd in full extent
Whose steady trust can spurn the present good,
And wait the meed of dim futurity;
Whose humble mind, careless of self-desert,
On him can fix its persevering hopes:
Hopes, not vain Fancy's fabric, light as air,

Bursting, like bubbles, on a near approach;
But founded on firm Reason's solid rock:
For lo, the Son of Man from the cold grave
Triumphant rises;—hast thou now a doubt
Whether this great, stupendous sacrifice
Avails to draw the pois'nous sting of death?
He rises; not to drag a tedious life
'Midst mortal frailties, but 'ere long to spring
From this gross earth, and claim a purer air:
At the right hand of Majesty on high
To sit, with never-fading glory crown'd;
His name, throughout Creation's ample range,
Far above ev'ry other name extoll'd,
Of being that exists on Earth's domain,
Or through the fathomless abyss of Heav'n.
Touch'd with a feeling of infirmities,
Such as deprav'd Humanity laments,
With ceaseless intercession there he pleads;
Perfects our wretched sacrifice of pray'r
And frail obedience; 'fore the throne of God
Off'ring them up with the accepted claim
Of his prevailing merits: gives our tears
The wond'rous efficacy to blot out
The stains of guilt, indelible before;
And waits the round of time to judge the world,
And introduce the honest penitent
Into the ceaseless glory of his Lord.

" But sure in Eden's grove God was the guide
" Of wand'ring man; and shall th' anointed Son
" Only in part restore the charter lost
" By disobedient choice of our first sire?"

To strike thee dumb, read here—the Spirit of God
From Heav'n descending, dwells in dome of clay;
In mode far passing human thought, he guides,
Impels, instructs: intense pursuit of good
And cautious flight of evil he suggests,
But in such gentle murmurs, that to know
His heav'nly voice, we must have done his will:
Such dictates only *Liberty* obeys;
Th' *undoubted* voice of Heav'n a guide unapt
For beings now experienc'd in ill,
And doom'd to walk the wild perplexing paths
Of constant trial and uncertainty.

Such is the wond'rous story of our race:
—Prostrate thyself, O man! With lowly heart
And wonder-closed lips—pause—think—revolve!
Think what thou art, and that the great Supreme
Has deign'd to visit thine infirmities.
Think of that tie which binds thy nature's laws;
What sacred magic must pervade each link,
When all the pow'rs of Heav'n and Earth are mov'd
At its disunion! O with horror think
Of each rebellious action or intent:

For now thou knows't how evil unforeseen,
May flow in changeless tenor, e'vn from laws
Promulg'd by wisdom and benevolence.
—But thanks be to the Father of mankind,
Who op'd this avenue to real bliss,
Remov'd each gloomy shade of nat'ral fear,
And on a solid base establish'd Hope,
Pointing the way to Immortality!
Is there the man, who hesitates to join
This song of gratitude? Exists there one,
Blindly presumptuous, who dares to claim
From Justice his *deserved* happiness?
Is there, that with a senseless disregard
Casts the cold eye of indolence along
This sacred tablet, careless if he draw
The living water from this purer source,
Or from the troubled wells of his forefathers?
If thou, my friend, art such, O hear the voice
That shouts to wake thee from thy fatal dream:
Think with what cries the partner of thy soul
Would rend the air, if on the narrow brink
Of yon tremendous rock, he saw thee dance
With heedless mirth: O think thou hear'st them now!
Would it restore thy shatter'd limbs to plead
Thy disregard of danger?—But from whence
This careless ease? Does the great Lord of Heav'n
Reveal the nice relations of thy state,
Regardless of the duties which ensue?

Are thy Redeemer and thy Heav'nly Guide
Made known, to be neglected or despis'd?
Sooner shall sophistry pervert my mind
To think that harden'd wretch of Heav'n approv'd,
Who leaves his parent, aged and infirm,
To crawl through life in unsupported woe;
Or yields the helpless orphan, or the poor,
To the oppressor's unrelenting fangs.
—Thou say'st that sorrow will draw down the eye
Of mercy from above: that future care
Will soon extenuate the past offence:
But from what region do the magic pow'rs
Of fancy conjure up this airy hope?
Go to the sensual; do his bitterest tears
Avail to bring back plenty to his board?
Or can they from his wasting limbs remove
The pestilential gnawing of disease?
Go to the dread tribunal of the law,
And hear the murd'rer plead the num'rous suns
That saw no repetition of his crime:
Say, does he thus ward off the blow?
Justice is deaf to the unmeaning plea.

But still methinks the frown of discontent
Sits low'ring on thy brow: thou would'st be taught,
" What virtue is in voluntary death
" To reconcile offenders to their judge."
But say, should silence give thy needless doubts

To spend themselves in air; dar'st thou conclude
The voice we heard was not the voice of Heav'n?
What province in the guidance of the world
Dost thou uphold, that all the secret springs
Of government must be display'd to thee?
Presumptuous reptile! it is thine to know
What it is thine to practise: all the rest,
To thee obscure, to God is clear as day.
—Remember too—" the Universal Cause
" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws:"
Remember that of these, tho' some thou see'st,
Myriads are hid from thine all-curious eye;
While Nature's prodigies before thee move,
Convincing thee of ignorance profound.
Tell me the law whereby the earthquake's rage
Instant o'erwhelms in ruin unforeseen
The boasted monuments of human pride:
Why the volcano pours his liquid fire;
Why pestilence and famine stalk the earth,
And ravage uncontroll'd: th' unnumber'd laws
Unfold to which thou giv'st one empty name
Of chance. Shall these, vain man! elude thy search,
Enacted for the ordinary course
Of Nature's operations; and shalt thou
Murmur at the obscurity of those
Deriv'd from exigency's latent springs?

Once more that adamantine tablet view;

The grand Redemption of degen'rate man
Is not a single, independent act,
But one great system; that perchance involv'd
In the one only greater, God's high law
Pervading and supporting ev'ry part
Of the stupendous universe: to thee
Dark are this system's limits; nay, the whole
To thee unknown, save some minuter spots
Display'd to shew the part thou hast to act
In the alarming scene. But know that he
Who of a system sees but part, sees none.
Behold yon stately edifice; where Art
And Nature lavish all their richest stores,
To charm thine eye with majesty and grace:
—Let all, save that small fragment, now be veil'd:—
Say, do its beauties strike without impair?
Where is the symmetry that smil'd around,
The greatness that so dazzled? Where the use
That warm'd the judgment into admiration?
Alas, the veil was drawn, and they are fled.
—Think'st thou the Indian, tho' before the sun
He bend the knee of worship, can conceive
Aught of those glories which ev'n thou conceiv'st,
Who see'st him roll around his ponderous mass,
Enliv'ning ev'ry planet in his train;
And in their rapid courses while they sing,
With godlike firmness curbing their bold flight,
And poizing them in heav'nly harmony?

He who on systems oft with serious care 446
Has fix'd attention's eye, must oft have seen
The tendency of parts to work their ends,
Diff'ring from his opinion preconceiv'd.
Who of ye all, that murmur at the means
By the Supreme for Man's Redemption chose,
(Forgetting all that sage *experience* taught,)
Shall see yon peasant hide within the ground,
Far from his anxious view, the precious grain,
His great support and friend, in stedfast hope
Soon to behold it yield a glad increase;
And shall not strait put forth the friendly hand
To check the progress of his wild design?
—Ask we, in short, where 'tis ye find the chain,
Which here ye want, connecting *means* with *end?*
Shall ye not say, "*Experience* is our guide?"
Where then your guide is blind, how weak the hope
To find the latent object of your search!

But tell me, can thy mem'ry range thro' time, 464
Ev'n from the first creation of our race,
And see the scatter'd tribes of varying men
Recurring to the feeble victim's aid
To expiate the guilt of past offence;
Both where the light of revelation shone,
And where dim reason shed a fainter ray;
Canst thou such uniformity behold,
Nor yet presume there is a Law of God,

Whereby the sacrifice of His dread Son
Avails to purchase immortality?
If still impatience or suspicion haunt
Thy mind, where knowledge will not deign to dwell;
Ponder that holy tablet's precious lore;
Perchance, to recompence thy modest search,
New light may beam from the great Fount of Light,
And pathways, hitherto untrod, appear.
But sure we may with confidence unblam'd
Dare to pronounce, that while the low'ring mists
Of human ignorance so deep involve
The mis'ry we escape, and bliss we gain;
No eye so clearly shall perceive the means
Of gaining or escaping, as to judge,
With Reason's suffrage, *how* they work their end.

" Ign'rance the narrow mind of man may brook;
" But shall Insensibility's cold hand
" Allay all ferment betwixt right and wrong,
" Wise and unwise? That were to leave no praise
" Due ev'n to God. Persist we then to say,
" That to *prevent* more suits the good and wise,
" Than to *permit*, what must anon be heal'd."

Be not deceiv'd: we seek not *here* to find
A self-existent Being good and wise;
Or such thou own'st, or groundless all debate
Of the unfolding His mysterious will:

This would we know; whether the same great Lord,
Who over Nature's powers sublime presides,
Did doubtless utter this alarming voice,
And bid this holy tablet be engrav'd.

Arise then, thou that wou'dst *prevent* our fall,
Arise, and let us see thee rule the world
After thy darling principle: from thence
Judge we, if to the same one point converge
Thy schemes, and the decrees of Nature's God.—
Behold yon circle of domestic friends,
Each to his nightly couch serene retire,
Unconscious of the fatal spark which, shed
From Indiscretion's brandish'd torch, now pants
And labours to diffuse its baleful pow'rs.
Heav'ns! with what horror do the bursting flames
Dissolve the seal of sleep! Amazement starts,
And wild confusion bounds with frantic step
Throughout the tott'ring mansion; how to fly,
The first, great care. O desperate resource!
Behold that tender youth spring from on high,
And trust himself to air: alas! too sure
Some feeble limb is shatter'd by the fall:
But see Compassion's friendly hand stretch'd out
To mitigate the anguish of his *soul;*
And med'cine's balm soothing the *body's* pain,
Able, 'ere long, health's firmness to restore.

Had thy superior wisdom govern'd here

This scene had been *prevented*; then what need
To clog the mind with dull Discretion's bonds,
Or goad it with Compassion's pungent spur,
Or give to nat'ral bodies healing pow'rs?—
Thy scheme no doubt is wise: but yet methinks
Boasts not a freedom from these slight defects;—
Man, first of human nature, it despoils;
Then bids the Lord of Heav'n reverse that plan
His wisdom form'd before the birth of time.

" Be then this ill permitted; and its cure
" Reserv'd in Mercy's inexhausted stores.
" But can that remedy proceed from heav'n
" Which wills us to conceive th' Almighty Pow'r
" Lab'ring thro' years, with cumb'rous instruments,
" Imploring too a Mediator's aid,
" 'Ere he His gracious purpose can effect?—
" Better befits His pow'r to speak the word,
" And heal." But say, dost thou expect a change
Sudden and self-effected to arise
From the great God of Nature? Shew us then
Some upstart being perfect at its birth,
Or instant perishing without decay.
Shew us the hand of Providence unarm'd
With instrument, or senseless, or inform'd:
How did thy mind, thy body, all thy pow'rs
Attain that fulness of maturity?
And whence the good and evil of thy state,

But from the creatures of thy Sov'reign Lord?
His scourge the tyrant, His reward the friend,
His gift the fruits of earth, His messengers
The winds, His minister the flaming fire.

" Grant then that thus to remedy is wise; 556
" Yet does the God of Justice disregard
" If guilt or innocence be doom'd to pain?"
Hence with the impious thought! But dost thou deem
That voice was not the voice of Nature's God,
Because it publish'd our deliv'rance wrought
By suff'rance meek of voluntary woe?
Alas! full little dost thou mark the scenes
Of Providence, which flit before thine eye.
How oft in them is wretchedness of guilt
Alleviated by suff'ring innocence!—
Mark that impetuous youth: the fev'rish fire
Of passion seizes all his nobler pow'rs;
The phantom pleasure trips with airy swim
Before his dazzled eye: mark the pursuit
How eager, how intense!—and now he hopes
To grasp her in his arms—and now she flies—
Ever at distance, seeming ever near.
At length behold her vanish from his view,
When lo, a grisly band of pallid fiends,
The meager train of want, surround and seize
Him languid with pursuit; now see him bound
In squalid fetters by profusion knit,

Stranger to liberty and the pure breath
Of wholesome air. Despair mean while aloof,
Hovers expectant of her destin'd prey.
But whence that hoary sage who enters there,
The meek tears stealing down his furrow'd cheeks,
And Virtue's footsteps printed on his brow?
His staff a weak support for age and grief!—
Sure 'tis paternal love: mark with what care
He gazes on the guilty youth! how mild
Are his reproaches, and his soul how bent
To rescue him from slavery and woe,
Regardless of the ill himself must bear!
Can'st thou see this, nor own thy nature's law
Decrees such friendly interchange of pain,
While we are passing thro' this vale of tears?—
And from whence is it, that the Son of God
Shall not, if such his gracious will, assist
In the grand progress tow'rds eternal bliss,
And suffer for the guilty race of men?

But let contention cease: wait we the hour 598
When all things shall arrive to that one point
Whereto they have converg'd 'ere since the world
Was first awak'd from chaos into life.
When all the parts of this unfinish'd scheme
Shall be compacted in one perfect whole;
And what was deem'd unfit, shall strike the eye
With all its genuine symmetry and grace;

Then shall the justice and benevolence
Of our Eternal Lord unclouded shine;
Seen by reflection's broken rays no more;
Themselves the naked objects of our view:
Then shall the great Redeemer of Mankind,
Nay ev'ry meaner sufferer, receive
The meed, tho' long reserv'd, of ten-fold bliss:
And Mercy hide in her maternal breast
The shame of him, who trembles to look up
To the tribunal of the Righteous Judge.

THE

CONVERSION of St. PAUL.

BY

JOHN LETTICE, M. A.

1764.

" YES, gentle shade, (heav'n on thy bounty smile!)
" The lib'ral purpose of thy glowing heart
" Breathes nought save peace, religion, and the love
" Of sacred verse. Thou woo'st the mystic pow'rs
" That frame sweet numbers to the golden lyre,
" To fly those turbid regions, where, contemn'd
" The chaster honours of poetic lore,
" Lost all the dignity of ancient song,
" Long have they chanted to the frantic voice
" Of civil discord and fraternal rage
" Responsive. May thy gen'rous urgent call

" Allure the wand'rers to CAM's hallow'd groves,
" Once more to fill these much-neglected shades
" With sweetest minstrelsy of magic sounds."

Such answer from the voice of fancy flow'd,
As late, methought, some vision's airy charm
Call'd to my view the venerable shade
Of SEATON, much lamenting that the muse
Regardless of th' exalted province, erst
Asserted with such jealous care, should yield
Her lyre divine, her high-enchanting strains,
To spleen, revenge, and unrelenting hate,
The baleful offspring of disastrous times.

Come then, sweet Chantress of celestial Airs!
Inspire thy suppliant vot'ry, whilst he sings
The Man of Tarsus, from Gamaliel's feet
Rais'd to the converse of the living God.

How thick that cloud! that darkness how profound!
Which o'er the mental sight blind prejudice
Suspends, impervious to the brightest rays
Of moral evidence. Ah, zealous Saint!
Had heav'n to thee vouchsaf'd no stronger light
To guide thy devious footsteps thro' the gloom
Of error's maze, long as the vital stream
Had warm'd thy dauntless heart, the swelling pride
That Nature gave, th' unconquerable rage

Of Jewish bigotry, the callous sense
Deaf to the charmer Reason's call, so long
Had chain'd to earth thy captivated soul.
But—gracious Pow'rs! what burst of blazing light!
Lo! where th' effulgent streams of purer day,
Surpassing far the radiance of the morn
First rising o'er the bow'rs of paradise,
Spring from heav'n's azure canopy! And hark!
Some voice tremendous, like the fearful roar
Of rushing cataracts, pervades the air:—
" Saul! Saul! what madness lifts thine impious arm
" To brave th' Omnipotence of Heav'n? Forbear,
" Rash mortal! check thine unavailing rage;
" Nor longer with eternal adamant*
" Wage fruitless war. What! can an insect's sting
" Rift the firm oak? Or shall the lion fall
" A recreant victim to the timid lamb?—
" With rev'rence wait the high behests of heav'n;
" And know, proud reptile! 'tis that Sov'reign Pow'r,
" Th' immortal God, thy fury braves, whose voice
" Arrests thine ear." Soon as the first alarm,
That lock'd each sense in dumb astonishment,
Had ceas'd, the prostrate seer, with trembling tongue,
The heav'nly vision fearfully address'd—

* Ἀδάμαντα πάσσειν—carried with it, appears same proverbial import as—πρὸς τὸ κέντρον λακτίζειν

" O, Source Divine of Love and Goodness! lost
" In the wild transports of th' impassion'd soul,
" Terror, remorse, hope, gratitude, and joy
" By turns triumphant o'er each captive thought,
" What shall I speak, or how be silent? Deign,
" Eternal Spirit! to declare Thy will:
" Say, why vouchsaf'd Thy presence, why display'd
" Thy glories to a reptile of the dust?"
He ceas'd.—The voice celestial thus reply'd:—
" Arise! to fair Damascus' walls pursue
" Thy destin'd course; there shall the deep decrees
" Of heav'n, 'ere long, to thine illumin'd sense
" Unclouded shine." Obedient rose the seer
Of God high-favour'd; but behold! his eyes
Plung'd in the torrent of th' empyreal blaze
To dreary night consign'd. Th' obsequious train,
The partners of his fell vindictive zeal,
Speechless with horror, guide his painful steps
To the fam'd city. Three long tedious days
An exile from the chearful sun, no food,
No draught refreshing to his wants supply'd,
There did he ponder, in his chearless breast,
The mazes of th' Almighty's will. Three days
Expir'd, by heav'n's propitious guidance led,
Arriv'd the Minister of Light. He spoke
The magic word of faith; and instant fell
The veil of darkness from the zealot's eye.
Once more the vivid splendor of the sun

He saw, and thus pour'd forth th' extatic joy:
" Hail, blessed orb! ætherial brightness, hail!
" Welcome! the genial luxury of light;
" Thrice welcome it's return! But oh! what words
" Shall hail the day-spring of immortal truth!
" What words can paint the radiance of her beams
" First darting on the soul! Purg'd the thick film
" Of Jewish ignorance from reason's eye,
" Now stand reveal'd the wise, the wond'rous schemes
" Of Providence. I see, confess, adore
" The miracle of mercy, grace and love,
" Vouchsaf'd man's guilty race, vouchsaf'd e'en me!

Th' enraptur'd convert ceas'd. The sacred lymph,
Mysterious prelude of regenerate life!
Confirm'd th' auspicious change. Faith, fortitude,
Light-winged hope, and the cherubic throng,
That with the ductile spirit of the soul
Congenial, still attend on virtue's paths,
Hov'ring around Heav'n's fav'rite proselyte,
Fix on his breast their adamantine seal.

Each holy rite perform'd, the zealous saint
Pour'd from his tongue spontaneous the stream
Of eloquence and inspiration. Lo!
The gazing synagogue, in wonder wrapt,
Devour his pregnant speech. Th' instructive sage
With simple stile, deliberate address

And nervous argument, now vindicates
The great Messiah. Now with words that live,
With thoughts that burn, the last tremendous day,
Expiring nature and the doom of man,
He thunders on the soul. Sin's ghastly front,
Her shape deform'd, the poison of her touch,
Behind her Vengeance with eternal fire,
He next describes. Affrighted conscience 'wakes;
The murd'rer starts aghast! th' oppressor groans;
Th' adulterer trembles, and the harlot weeps.
What heart so pure, so innocent of vice,
But shudder'd there!—Now with mellifluous tongue,
He sooths the scorpion-sting of conscious guilt.
Behold! each faded countenance relum'd
With hope and gladness, whilst the chosen saint
Unfolds the myst'ries of redeeming love,
Of grace and mercy infinite, displays
The high rewards of penitence and life
Reform'd, the freedom of the christian yoke
Avers, and testifies th' eternal league
'Twixt happiness and virtue. Now to crown
The preacher's task, with sweet persuasive phrase,
He wins th' enchanted auditors to peace,
Long-suff'ring, gentleness and social love,
The godlike spirit of his master's laws!

Was this the hot vindictive pharisee?
O strange conversion! This th' impetuous Saul,

That late dire menaces and slaughter breath'd?
Was this, sage * priest, the minister of wrath
Fix'd by the dreaded sanction of thy power
To hurl perdition on the rising church?
What! Were those hands, now lifted up to Heav'n
To bless man's great Redeemer, once imbrued †
In the pure blood of his devoted saints,
And consecrated martyrs? Wondrous change!
But what can check that All-controuling Power,
Who turns the course of Nature at His will;
Whose word was med'cine to the sick, whose call
Awoke the grave's cold tenants, whose firm step
Trod the soft surface of the ocean, whilst
His potent voice bade the curl'd waves subside,
And hush'd the wind's wild uproar into peace?

Behold! th' illustrious convert now invades
The reign of Gentile darkness. See! appall'd
Black superstition, with her baleful throng
Of self-bred fears, and unembodied forms
That haunt despair; the foul unholy train
Of molten idols and fantastic gods
Shrink at his presence, like the fleeting shades
Of sullen night, when first Hyperion's orb
Scatters its purple radiance o'er the skies.

* The High Priest of *Jerusalem*.

† Ὃς ταύτην τὴν ὁδὸν ἐδίωξα ἄχρι θανάτου, &c. Acts xxii. v. 4.

Nor long the majesty of Jove supreme
Withstood the thunder of the preacher's tongue.
Totter'd his throne, his golden sceptre fell;
Nor more Olympus trembled at his nod.
No longer smoak'd his odoriferous shrines
With frankincense and myrrh, the fragrant breath
Of Araby; nor bleeding hecatomb
Distain'd his blushing altars. Solemn praise
And pray'rs devoutly breath'd, the tears, the sighs
Of penitential grief, the broken heart,
Now form'd the Gentile's purer sacrifice
To the true God.—The philosophic lore
Of learned Athens sunk 'ere long, eclips'd
By truth's resistless blaze. The vain parade
Of empty jargon and unmeaning forms
No longer won the prostituted praise
Of wond'ring Greece. The Stoic's fond pretence
Was urg'd no more; the boasted apathist
Confess'd the strength of Nature, own'd the power,
The use of passion, deign'd to feel himself,
And sympathize the miseries of man.
Nor long the dictates of thy sensual mind
Allur'd th' unwary step of youth to sin,
Lascivious * sophist! Thy disciple erst
That quaff'd the luscious sweets of Circe's cup,
Hung on the siren's fascinating tongue,

* Epicurus.

And thrill'd with transport at the harlot's smile,
Now sighs for pleasures which no eye hath seen,
No ear hath heard, nor mortal heart conceiv'd.
No more he babbles of thy foolish dreams
Of self-concurring atoms, and blind chance
Omnipotent: where'er he turns his eyes,
Amaz'd he traces, thro' each wondrous scene,
The hand of Providence. Each attribute
That points th' Almighty Parent of the World
To man's conceptions, legibly pourtray'd
On Nature's page, th' enlighten'd convert sees;
And as he views, his elevated breast,
With inextinguishable ardor, burns
For truth, for life and immortality.
Where'er the preacher roll'd the powerful tide
Of inspiration, from each fabled haunt
Foul error fled, whether the Roman school,
Or Attic portico her presence held;
Or the dark inmate of the Pagan shrine,
She heap'd vain incense to some idol-god.
O! may those living oracles of light,
That boast the sanction of thine hallow'd pen,
Illustrious convert! o'er each gloomy land,
Where still pale fear and superstitition reign,
Spread the rich treasures of immortal truth!
May the lewd prophet's brothel-paradise,
Base hope of wretched ignorance and lust,
Allure no more the pilgrim's weary step

To Mecca's walls: no longer FOHI's name
Usurp the prostrate adoration, due
To God alone: nor more th' unconscious sun
Provoke the trembling Indian's fruitless vow:
But may one mind, one faith, one hope, one God
Unite the scatter'd progeny of man!

THE

CRUCIFIXION.

BY

THOMAS ZOUCH, M. A.

1765.

ENOUGH has fiction's fairy scene deceiv'd
My dreaming hours of youth: with pensive step
Musing along the cloyster's silent gloom
Thee, holy truth, I woo: thy graceful charms,
Far lovelier than the damask rose that glows
On beauty's cheek, the poet's moral strain
Excite.—Ye fabled songs, adieu! adieu,
Imagination, to the dazzled eye
Shooting thy gorgeous phantoms! hence, ye dreams
Of sublunary glare, the gem of wealth,
The plume of honour! To her awful shrine

Devotion wafts me, where the white-rob'd priest
With heart-felt transport on the wing of prayer
Extatic rises, or with waving hand
And all the decent elegance of ease
Mysterious truth unfolds, whilst on his tongue
Attention hangs enraptur'd. At that altar
Peace sheds her balmy influence, far from Guilt
And all his hideous offspring: Envy wan
With jaundic'd eye: Ambition's blustering voice
Brawling for titles: hollow-hearted smile
Of cringing Adulation: dog-ey'd Lust
Rifling the bosom of chaste innocence.

For say, can fancy, fond to weave the tale
Of bliss ideal, feign more genuine joy
Than thine, PHILANDER, when the Man of God
Gives to thy hand the consecrated cup,
Blessed memorial of a Saviour's love!
Glowing with zeal the humble penitent
Approacheth: Faith her fostering radiance points
Full on his contrite heart: Hope cheers his steps,
And Charity, the fairest in the train
Of christian virtues, swells his heaving breast
With love unbounded. Feast of bliss supreme
To eat the bread of life, to drink the cup
Of benediction!—Memory bids the scene,
Th' important scene, arise, when dread dismay
Alarm'd the nations. Melt, thou heart of brass;

Death triumph'd o'er its victor. Wild amaze
Seiz'd all the host of heaven, moaning their God
In agony transfixt, his every sense
A window to affliction: sorrow fill'd
Their tide of tragic woe, and chang'd the note
From fervent rapture to the gloomy strain
Of deepest lamentation. O how pure
Th' effulgence of his bounty, that completes
Redemption's mighty work, the source of joy!

Hail, heavenly love, that with eternal sway
Pervades creation's amplest bounds! 'Twas love
That bade existence spring to life: the sun,
Inspher'd in radiancy, began his course,
And vegetation from the earth's warm lap
Call'd forth her genial powers. 'Twas love that form'd
Redemption's glorious plan. Ye white-wing'd hosts,
Cherubs and seraphs, that enrob'd in light
Drink the pure stream of ever-during day,
In hallelujahs chaunt the grateful hymn
Of adoration: from your sapphire seats
Hail the glad tidings, that to man is giv'n
A Saviour merciful. But chiefly ye,
Daughters and sons of Adam, raise the song
Of gratulation meet.—Ye young, ye gay,
Listen with patient ear the strains of truth:
Ye who in dissipation waste your days,
From pleasure's giddy train O steal an hour;

With sage reflexion nor disdain to gaze
The solemn scene on CALV'RY's guilty mount,
Where frighted nature shakes her trembling frame,
And shudders at the complicated crime
Of deicide.—The thorn-encircled head
All pale and languid on the bleeding cross,
The nail-empierced hand, the mangled feet,
The perforated side, the heaving sigh
Of gushing anguish, the deep groan of death,
The day of darkness, terror and distress:
Ah! shall not these awake one serious thought!

Sin, I detest thee: murd'rous child of night,
Hence to thy native hell! in Eden's vale
Rov'd our first parents, bosom'd in content,
Gay as the spring, and innocent as gay.
Thou dash'd their draught of bliss, their sweets of joy
Mingling with gall. Misfortune's haggard crew
Hence o'er the wide creation ruthless prowl'd,
And rioted on man. Can aught arrest
Th' Almighty's anger?—Yes: the victim bleeds,
His own dear Son, from bondage to exalt
A ransom'd world, to blast the damning power
Of Satan, Sin, and Death. How chang'd from him,
Whose Majesty in native lustre shone
Sevenfold, when on th' eternal throne he smil'd,
Long 'ere yon planets in their measur'd orbs
Revolv'd: or walking on the whirl-wind's wing

He rais'd his arm, and drove the rebel brood
Down to their black abyss: beneath his feet
The flames flash'd horrible: before him fled
The ghastly train of pestilence and woe.

On revelation's sacred page intent
The eye of faith surveys the mighty deed
Shadow'd in mystic type, when Abram, urg'd
By heaven's all-wise behest, with eager zeal
Snatch'd from a mother's weeping care * the child
Of laughter, on Moriah's secret top
Binding the spotless hands of innocence.

How vain the breath, how empty all the boast
Of popular applause! To day we soar
The sons of fortune, favour'd by the croud,
Their idol and their God. The morrow blights
Our bud of fame. The rabble change their notes
From hoarsest acclamation to the hiss
Of harsh contempt: the many-headed beast
Hark how he shouts for blood and impious carnage!
See Israel's humble King, mild as the lamb
Beneath the murdering knife, amidst the sneer,
The taunt of mad reproach, led to the cross,
To shame and bitter death. Him late they rais'd
To fame's bright summit, when they sung his name

* יִצְחָק Isaac a risu dictus est. Gen. xxi. 3. Buxtorf.

With loud hosannas, or with silent ardor
Dwelt on his tongue, list'ning the happy lore
Of evangelic joy. Ye ruffian tribe,
Ah! check the ruthless rage, that drowns the voice,
The faithful voice of reason, to your God
Prefers sedition's son, whom foul with crimes
Ripe vengeance waits, and awful justice calls.

Ye men of Judah, let one languid spark
Of soft compassion melt your iron hearts!
O stay the cruel stroke, the blood-stain'd scourge
Forbear: O spare, for pity spare that wound:
Support his falt'ring steps: he faints, he dies:
Your King, your meek Messiah faints: he sinks
Beneath th' oppressive load; up the steep mount
He toils panting, and harrass'd with fatigue.

But shall oblivion's raven wing o'ershade
The ever-blooming fame of Salem's daughters?
Then weep, ye fair, and with prophetic tears
Swell the full stream of grief, sincere as erst
When Herod's vengeful arm in infant blood
Drench'd his wide-wasting sword: with rueful shriek
The childless parent wander'd Rama's streets.
Your gentler breasts to sympathetic sighs
Indulgent nature melts. Remorseless man
With heart of roughest mould sheds not one tear,
Nor wails a Saviour's death. To you the muse

Shall twine her wreath of praise: ye felt his pangs,
Ye moan'd his agonizing grief of soul.

How calm the Sufferer! not one rageful word
Of wild impatience: no resentment shakes
His harrow'd breast. Cheerful and mild he meets
The savage king of terrors. Lo! to Heaven
On mental wing his zealous prayer ascends.
But ah! for whom?—For you, ye sons of pride,
That led him to th' accursed tree of shame.
"Father, forgive them."—Hence, far hence the fury
Of wrath and vengeful hatred! Christian love,
With universal charity inspire
My breast: extinguish every latent spark
Of low revenge. Give me to breathe the flame
Of tenderest affection, to sustain
Unruffled and serene the mean attacks
Of enmity and slander. Thus to tread
A Master's heavenly steps, like him to bear
With patient mind insult and rash abuse,
Be this my boasted glory, this my pride!

Great God of Truth, shall equal terrors fall
On innocence and guilt? The noon-tide ray
Mix with the midnight gloom? The Son of Man,
The great High Priest, harmless and undefil'd,
With impious ruffians numb'red, dies the death
Of unrelenting justice. Fierce as Hell

Yon harden'd murd'rer breathes out his angry soul
In blasphemous defiance. Foul reproach
Flows from his venom tongue: avenging death
With tenfold darkness brooding, opes to view
Scenes of eternal pangs, where penal wrath
With unextinguishable fury burns.
Some cheerful beam of hope, some gleam of Heaven
Bursts on the brother of his crimes. He weeps:
Repentance darts into his convict heart
A ray of peace. The rising arm of wrath
Drops the impending thunder: mercy smiles
Benign. E'en tho' the blaze of guilt outglare
The scarlet's crimson hue, fair mercy sheds
Her hoard of joy, and whitens every stain.

Come then, Repentance, with thy piercing ken
The dark recesses of my heart pervade:
Fill me with real sorrow: nought avails
The sable sackcloth, or the vain grimace
Of hypocritic pomp. When ghastly death
Hovers around my couch, it nought avails
To break the curtain'd slumber of the night
Counting the figur'd beads, to wear the hour
With repetition's empty hymn, to grasp
The gilded crucifix.—Fantastic rites
Of papal ignorance!—All wrapt in grief,
Whilst youth with manhood's vigor nerves my limbs,
The young blood circling in its channel'd path,

I bend the suppliant knee:—" Father of Heaven,
" Father of mercies, snatch from ruin's gulph,
" Snatch me from sin."—Temptation spreads her lure
With meretricious art. Wanton desire,
Fierce as the waken'd fury of the deep,
Riots: O for a faithful friendly hand
With pious art to guide the light-wing'd skiff,
And waft it from the tempest's boist'rous rage!

See 'midst the croud, that thronging round the hill
With mad discordant roar of barb'rous joy
Gape on the cross, a self-convicted wretch
Shivering. Damp horror fills his guilty breast
With pungent throes. On his wide-rolling eye
Distraction frantic sits and black despair.
Accursed lust of gain, that steels the heart
'Gainst pity's soft emotions, breaks the tye
Of dear affection, plunges all the soul
In sin and woe! What for so poor a price,
Th' assassin's hireling wages, to betray
A Saviour and a God! and with the kiss
Of friendship too!—Thou specious man of blood,
Fly from thyself, thy bitterest deadliest foe.
Conscience with never-dying worm corrodes
Thy tortur'd bosom.—'Tis the Lamb of God,
The blessed Jesus, whom thy treach'rous hand
Consigns to death: Heard'st thou that sigh of grief
That shook earth's tottering base? Saw'st thou those limbs

Writhed with pain? 'Twas he that taught the word
Of peace and love, that stopp'd the horrid rage
Of dire disease, and from their gloomy cell
Call'd out the silent dead. Th' expiring sigh
Again he heaves. Heard'st thou that cutting pang,
Iscariot! Go, whilst dumb amazement holds
The frozen multitude: cavern thy pelf,
Perfidious traitor. Vengeance, clad in blood,
Burning with rage, unsheaths her wasteful sword,
Pursues thy steps, and hunts thee down to death.

Whilst ruin bursts the temple's inmost veil,
And 'midst surrounding scenes of horror roam
The grisly spectres, as at midnight hour;
Far from the pomp and pageantry of pride
Pilate sequester'd sits, the venal judge,
Corruption's slave, that gloated on the spoils
Of innocence oppressed. What avails
Or trophy'd blaze of power or gloss of wealth
To sooth the fever'd phrenzy of his soul?
He burns, as with a raging calenture,
Tortur'd by jarring passions.—Why that look?
Those broken accents? Thou dark, dusky man,
Say can his spotted skin the leopard change?
In vain thou seek'st the pillow of repose.
The noon-tide sun, velop'd in darkness dim,
His golden glory shrouds: But ah! what night
With darkness dim shall shroud thee from the eye,

The piercing eye of guilt? With impious hand
Profane not thus the limpid stream: not all
The ocean's wave can wash off that foul spot
Of murder. Heaven's vindictive justice reigns
Unbrib'd by wealth. E'en now thy anxious mind
Anticipates its fate. Destruction waits
Thy steps: the tyrant of imperial Rome
Drives thee to exile: in the desart isle
Breathe to the taunting air thy doleful plaints.
Engender'd erst on pride and coward shame,
The monster Suicide his influence dire
Sheds o'er thy melancholy-tinctur'd soul
Baleful. Go dash thee down the rocky steep,
Or plunge into thy breast the thirsty sword
That pants for blood.—But lo! a different scene!
What tho' th' autumnal sickness stalks around,
What tho' the rage of noon-day pestilence
Slays her ten thousands; yet beneath the shade
Of Providence the good man smiles secure
And undismay'd. As resolution firm
The lov'd disciple stands, in manly grief
Silent.—Illustrious saint! endear'd to him
Who knows the hidden secret thoughts of man,
Friendship on thee her choicest treasures pour'd.
What heavenly transport to mix soul with soul
In liberal converse; to imbibe the words
Of blessed truth, from Wisdom's mouth to catch
Instruction's sweetest lessons!—See thy King,

Thy friend, from his triumphant infamy
Looks down with condescension; deigns to crown
Thy holy fortitude. With filial care
His tender pledges guard: when age with snow
Shall sow thy temples, then shall visions bless
Thy nights; nor shall the envied wreath thy brow
Entwine, 'ere ruin raze these haughty walls;
'Ere the proud Roman eagle clap her wing
Hovering o'er Salem's desolated towers.

What pencil's glowing colours know to paint
A mother's deep distress? Fast by the cross
With eyes and hands uplifted, wrap'd in woe,
All motionless and mute, she views her son,
Her God, beneath the weight of others sins
Bow his afflicted head. Thus Eve, absorpt
In sorrow's trance, her darling offspring ey'd
Welt'ring in blood: expressive silence spoke
Her pangs of agony: the big-swoln tear
Burst down her cheek: around her beauteous form
The golden tresses flow'd in rude disorder,
Whilst Adam at her side in vain assay'd
Bland consolation. Secret grief o'erwhelms
MARIA's throbbing breast. Now langour wan
Unnerves each sense: tender remembrance soon
Wakes in her soften'd heart the fond, fond scenes,
When sweet domestic peace confirm'd her bliss,
Shelter'd beneath a husband's faithful arm

From humbling infamy. Thrice happy pair!
They gently trod the flowery path of life:
They ate the bread of temperance, round their board
Contentment laugh'd, blithe as a blooming bride.
Lull'd on her lap the infant God-head oft
Repos'd him weary. Tho' no trumpet's sound,
No host of cherubim his praise attun'd,
Maternal rapture on his lovely name
With fondness dwelt: ponder'd each pleasing sign
Of future splendor.—Oh! what an awful change!
The rude wind tempests the bright dawn of hope.
Mute is the tongue of eloquence that aw'd
A list'ning multitude: languid the lips
That smil'd complacence round, and every grace
Gently diffus'd. Dim in its ghastly orb
The beaming eye of Majesty is sunk.

But tho' with adverse wind the gray storm lours,
Shall sullen discontent awake the voice
Of querulous despair? Thou second Eve,
O stop the falling tear: the sigh restrain.
And ye, selected flock, that scatter'd late
Fled from your shepherd, from despondence raise
Your drooping hearts: resume the smile of joy.
Burst are the gates of death: blunted the sting
Of sin: Messiah mounts th' exalted car
Of triumph. As Elijah rapt of old

To heaven, victorious o'er the murky grave,
He rises to the realms of endless day.

Thus when the infant moon her circling sphere
Wheels o'er the sun's broad disk, her shadow falls
On earth's fair bosom: darkness chills the fields,
And dreary night invests the face of heaven.
Reflected from the lake full many a star
Glimmers with feeble languor. India's sons
Affrighted in wild tumult rend the air.
Before his idol god with barb'rous shriek
The Brachman falls: when soon the eye of day
Darts his all-cheering radiance, from the gloom
Emerging. Joy invades the wondering croud,
And acclamation rushes from the tongue
Of thousands that around their blazing pile
Riot in antic dance and dissonant song.

Far from this earthly ball th' advent'rous muse
Uplifted, dares to soar her aëry way
To where in immortality enthron'd
The great Redeemer sits at God's right hand.
No fond illusion cheats me; from this shell
Of clay, the soul to brighter climes aspires,
Nor seeks imagination's waxen wings
To speed her course. Almighty, infinite
The filial Godhead reigns: old Ocean flies

Affrighted at his awful nod, whilst heaven
Bows trembling. Mercy's gentle attribute
Tempers His justice: He protects the poor
In needful hour of dearth, and from the dust
Raises the weeping penitent: His wrath
The blood of goats averts not, or the fat
Of costly hecatombs, or altar wreath'd
With clouds of incense, tho' in Phrygian mood
The laurel-nurtur'd priests their Pythic hymn
Attemper to the virgin choir, that chant
Their Doric harmony. Nor deigns He not
With pity's eye the contrite heart to view
And troubled spirit: purest sacrifice,
By Him accepted. O emblazon wide
His name, ye creatures that in heaven, in earth,
Or in the wide sea breathe.

" Dread Judge of all!
" Anointed King! Saviour of fallen man!
" All praise to Thee be given: 'ere time began
" Thou art, in thy unfathom'd essence veil'd
" Immense. But still Perfection deign'd to bear
" Th' infirmities of man: th' Eternal died,
" Th' Almighty suffer'd woe. All heaven beheld,
" And hymn'd in admiration's loudest notes
" Thee crucify'd. Can aught of mortal song
" Equal Thy glory whilst on earth? What tongue
" The congregated wonders of Thy life

" Can speak? To Thee shall wisdom yield her palm
" Of fame: in vain she boasts the letter'd art,
" And all the mazy folly of the schools,
" Socratic knowledge, or the Stag'rite's pomp,
" Of idle speculation. King of kings!
" O let Thy bright example rouse the soul
" To meek humility: great Intercessor!
" Pour on Thy meanest supplicant the boon
" Of pardon and remission. Wean his mind
" From earth-bred care. When the grim hand of death
" Shall snatch me weary to the darksome grave,
" When the last trumpet's sound shall shake this globe,
" And desolation urn yon disorb'd worlds,
" Oh smile forgiveness. At that awful hour
" Propitious chase away the fears that fright
" The fluttering soul, nor let Thy blood in vain
" Drop from the cross! The while may reason guide
" My every wish! may true religion strew
" Life's varied path! 'Tis her's to wipe the tear
" From sorrow's eye, to light the lamp of hope,
" From Revelation's copious fount to pour
" The streams of comfort, peace, and holy love."

THE

GIFT OF TONGUES.

BY

CHARLES JENNER, M. A.

1767.

GOD's wond'rous pow'r, on that great day reveal'd,
When from on high the Sacred Influence fell,
Knowledge and light surpassing human lore
Diffusing in its course, vent'rous I sing.
O for one transient gleam from that pure fount
Of light celestial, whose all-pow'rful rays
Instant dispell'd the mists of ignorance,
Inform'd the mind, and urg'd the willing tongue!
O for one spark of that transcendant fire
Which shed its rapid influence thro' the soul,
Kindling at once in the astonish'd mind

The sacred flame of heav'n-directed zeal,
In strains pour'd forth of wisdom heaven-taught,
Which in conception to perfection sprang,
Mocking the tedious steps of human wit!
Too vain that wish.—But thou, O Spirit pure!
Who deign'st to guide the wayward heart of man,
When conscious weakness claims Thy aid benign,
Thou from whose eyes the palpable obscure
Nought hides, who mark'st my inmost soul,
And check'st with care paternal every ill,
Suggesting kindly pure and holy thoughts,
Frame thou my mind; dispose my humble heart
To feel thy goodness and adore thy might;
Grant me, with faith to read thy wond'rous works,
To hear with joy, to tell with gratitude;
Grant me, at humble distance, to revere
Those acts of pow'r I know not how to scan;
Grant me, with scorn to view the sceptic's pride,
Who dares to tread the dark, meand'ring maze,
And strive with mortal ken (how short! how dim!)
To trace the steps of dread Omnipotence;
Grant me, with humble yet exulting mind,
In all thy wond'rous works to mark the end,
Nor rashly strive to comprehend the means;
To view, with rev'rent awe, the mighty cause,
And feel with gratitude the blest effect;
Grant me, in this meek, sober frame of mind,
To view Thy goodness, and to sing Thy praise;

So shall my lays, tho' rude, attention claim,
Nor useless sink in cold oblivion's wave;
Warm from the heart they bear intrinsic worth,
And conscience shall bear witness to their truth.

'Twas on that day, that memorable day,
When erst the prophet of the favour'd seed
From Israel sprung, high-honour'd Moses held,
With trembling awe, converse with God himself;
'Twas on that day, when round the sacred mount
The rapid lightnings shot their livid glance,
Flashing a larger and a larger curve,
Whilst the dread thunder, mutt'ring from afar,
With sullen murmur deep'ning in its course,
Burst rattl'ing all around in discord wild,
When, 'midst the horror of the awful scene,
The holy prophet learn'd those high behests
By which to lead his sacred flock, and shew
Types of a purer plan in days to come;
On that same day, the still more sacred flock
Of Christ, who only mourn'd his recent loss,
Stol'n from the clamours of the impious croud
In thought pursu'd his steps to heav'n, and cheer'd
Each other's griefs with thoughts of bliss to come.

Not hopeless did they grieve; for o'er the soul
His last bequest had shed a gleam of joy;
"A comforter to come" restrain'd their tears,

A stedfast faith suppress'd the rising sigh,
And expectation rais'd their downcast eyes.
Nor vain their hope; for now with sudden burst
A rushing noise through all the sacred band
Silence profound and fix'd attention claim'd,
A chilling terror crept through ev'ry heart,
Mute was each tongue, and pale was ev'ry face:
The rough roar ceas'd; when, borne on fiery wings,
The dazzling emanation from above
In brightest vision round each sacred head
Diffus'd its vivid beams; mysterious light!
That rush'd impetuous through th' awaking mind,
Whilst new ideas fill'd the passive soul,
Fast crouding in with sweetest violence.
'Twas then amaz'd they caught the glorious flame,
Spontaneous flow'd their all-persuasive words,
Warm from the heart, and to the heart address'd,
Deep sunk their force in ev'ry captiv'd ear.

O see the crowd, pressing with eager steps
To catch the flowing periods as they fall;
See how, with wond'ring rapture, they devour
The pleasing accents of their native tongue;
See how, with eyes uplifted, they advance,
With out-stretch'd hands and smiles of social love,
To greet the partners of their native soil.
O catch the varying transports in their looks,
In awful wonder see each passion lost,

When ev'ry nation urg'd an equal claim.
Fond men, forbear; and know the voice of truth,
By weak restraints of language unconfin'd,
Flows, independent, from that radiant shrine
From whence the day-spring draws her glitt'ring store
To shine on all with undistinguish'd ray,
And scatter dazzling light on ev'ry clime.

Immortal Truth! by inspiration taught,
Thou spurn'st the servile chains of human art;
In native majesty array'd, thou shed'st
Thy radiant beams through all this vale below;
Thy piercing voice resounds through distant climes,
By all distinguish'd, and by all ador'd.
Thou sat'st enthron'd above yon azure vault,
And mock'dst the tedious toil of human wit,
What time at Babel's hapless tow'r they strove
To rescue meaning from the load of sounds,
And give precision to the voice confus'd,
Restoring heav'n's most pleasing gift to man.

Thee neither wind nor wave can circumscribe.
Wide o'er where ocean spreads his ample bed
Thou fliest at large, to visit ev'ry shore,
And pour thy sacred voice in ev'ry heart
In language universal. What avail
To thy all-piercing eye and tongue heav'n-taught
The nice distinctions of the critic art,

The foolish pride of letter'd pedantry,
Rising, by slow degrees and labour'd care,
From the first lisp, which on the infant tongue
Hangs with uncertain cadence, to the height
Of learning's utmost pow'r? With scorn thou view'st
The erring paths of science, falsely call'd;
Tracing her slow steps from her eastern home,
Whence first, in clouded majesty, she beam'd
A transient glance, and tempted the pursuit,
Thou mark'st her progress from the rapid Nile,
Where Thebes receiv'd her at her hundred gates,
And see'st her roll her ever-wand'ring way
To milder climes, when Greece with open arms
Receiv'd her credulous; old Orpheus then
And Linus sung their fabled lays, and spread
A lengthen'd train of philosophic lies.
Mocking thou view'st the pride of human wit,
Whilst Athens self, fair science' fav'rite seat,
And Rome imperial, vers'd in ev'ry lore,
Successless toil to bring thee forth to view.
Thou see'st unnumber'd systems rise and fall,
And ev'ry learned age bring new deceits;
Whilst tow'ring pride still lifts her ready hand
To crush the fond delusion of the day,
And instant rear a stronger in its place.
But O! this blindness may not ever be,
And vague opinion, with usurping hand,
Bright wisdom's sceptre may not ever wield;

Thou speak'st, immortal Truth! beneath each pole
The trembling earth acknowledges thy voice;
Pride catches quick the mortifying sound,
Far, far aloof flies ev'ry golden dream,
And all is blindfold error and distress.
O! 'twas that potent voice, whose magic pow'r
Burst through the organs of the sacred band,
What time, O Salem, midst thy hallow'd walls
The mingled crowd from many a distant realm
In fix'd attention hung upon their words,
Which, with conviction fraught, flow'd unrestrain'd,
Though, skill'd alone in virtue's sacred lore,
They never had employ'd life's precious hours
In learning's paths; without proud science wise.

By weakest ministers th' Almighty thus
Makes known His sacred will, and shews His pow'r:
By Him inspir'd they speak with urgent tongue
Authoritative, whilst th' illumin'd breast
Heaves with unwonted strength; high as their theme
Their great conceptions rise in rapt'rous flow,
As quick the ready organs catch the thought,
And, in such strains as science could not teach,
Bear it, in all its radiance, to the heart;
The list'ning throng there feel its bless'd effect,
And deep conviction glows in ev'ry breast.

See ev'ry crime which stains the human mind
At their strong bidding takes its rapid flight:

Delusion's dreams no more infect the soul,
High-boasting pride, fierce wrath, impetuous lust,
And avarice swelling with hydropic thirst,
Fade, like unwholesome dews before the sun:
They fade to rise no more; for see a band
Of radiant virtues seize their late abode,
And stamp the mansion with the seal of truth.
There heav'nly knowledge shines in glitt'ring pride,
And patience sits, with meek submissive smile
Disarming stern oppression; justice there
Erects her rigid test of right and wrong;
And there, with God's own armour all-begirt,
Stands fortitude, erect in christian strength;
There temp'rance stands, with ever-watchful eye,
To curb the passions with a steady rein;
And candour there her golden rule displays
To act by others as thy heart must wish
They, in like circumstance, should act by thee;
But chiefly there, in ever-fixed seat,
Sits heav'n-born charity; her eagle eye
Thrown o'er the wide expanse of Nature's works,
Where, nobly scorning ev'ry meaner tie,
She deems all human ills her own, and sighs
If aught of mis'ry dwell beneath the sun.
With such bright guests the christian mind is stor'd,
Pledges of truest knowledge, joy, and peace:
These to make known became the sacred task
By heav'n impos'd upon the chosen band;
Thrice happy they to such high office call'd,

The blessed ministers of God's high will!
For them the fulness of His might is shewn,
O'erleaping the strong bounds of nature's law;
Grim death for them contracts his hasty stride,
And checks his dart ev'n in the act to strike;
His horrid messengers, disease and pain,
Loose their remorseless grasp unwillingly,
And leave their prey to ease and thankfulness;
For them bright wisdom opens all her stores,
Her golden treasures spreading to their view,
Whilst inspiration's all-enliv'ning light
Hangs hov'ring o'er their heads in glitt'ring blaze;
Warm'd by the ray they pour the sacred strain
In eloquence seraphic; truths divine,
For ever register'd in heav'n's high page,
Flow from their lips, and glow within their breasts;
Amaz'd they feel the sacred extacy,
With heav'nly rapture thrill in ev'ry nerve;
Whilst in their flowing words, with wisdom fraught
Celestial, shines the heav'nly Spirit pure.
This is no fancy'd power, no idle dream,
No flatt'ring scheme by heated fancy form'd,
The genuine influence fills each raptur'd soul,
And beams in ev'ry eye conspicuous.

Far other flame the vain enthusiast feels
When, reason by delusive fancy led
In sad captivity, the thoughts confus'd
Rush on his mind in dark and doubtful sense,

His mind a chaos of blind zeal, that spurns
Th' unerring clue which mild discretion lends.
Perchance the clashing images strike out
Some languid ray of casual light; how soon
The weak and momentary glance is lost
Beneath a load of wild obscurity!
Much does he labour with some weighty thought,
Of faith, of grace, of heav'n, perchance of hell,
But all in vain he draws the thread confus'd
To tedious length, the end eludes his search,
And leaves him wrapt in wild perplexity
Recoiling still on the same beaten track.
Thus wayward fancy with her vagrant blaze
Misleads the eye of ignorance; mean while
In vain the steady lamp of reason burns,
The sure and sober guide to truth's retreat.
But ah! consider well, ye self-inspir'd,
'Ere fancy, drooping on the bed of death,
Leaves ye forlorn to seek for reason's aid;
Consider well, are these the genuine marks
Of heav'nly inspiration? Was it thus
In wild extatic rants and dubious phrase,
In doctrines intricate and terms perplex'd,
The simple messengers of Jesus spake?
O search and see, were not their doctrines pure,
And in such plain and modest phrase express'd
As best befits instruction's wholesome plan?
Mighty to save, they sought no other pow'r,
No meed, but that which conscious virtue feels

When she conducts some hapless wand'rer back
To paths, without her aid, for ever lost.
If such your heav'nly aim, your lives unblam'd
Will give, like theirs, an earnest of your truth;
If, daily train'd to ev'ry virtuous act,
You tread the steps the blessed Jesus trod,
Through the streight path, the way of holiness,
Than may ye lead your flocks to his abode;
But, O beware! think not the heav'nly guest
Can fix his residence with aught impure;
Think not the heart which pride or int'rest guides
Can ever be the seat of heav'nly grace;
If yet the holy Spirit deigns to dwell
In earthly domes, 'tis not in those defil'd
With pride, with fraud, with rapine, or with lust;
'Midst the rough foliage of the thorny brake
The clust'ring grape not blushes, and the fig
Decks not the prickly thistle's barren stalk;
Ev'n thus shall all be measur'd by their fruits;
So spake the living Oracle of Truth:
O never, never lose this sacred guide,
By ev'ry blast of doctrine borne away,
But gazing ever on the Gospel light,
That endless source of evidence and truth,
Prove ev'ry doctrine by that golden rule,
And "try the Spirits if they be of God."

THE

DESTRUCTION OF NINEVEH.

BY

CHARLES JENNER, M. A.

1768.

GOD's mercy long abus'd, and heav'nly wrath
Succeeding slow with firm and dreadful step
And arm uplifted high, be now my theme.
Horror! be thou my muse.—And list, ye proud,
Ye rich, ye vain, for 'tis to you I sing,
List from your downy beds of Tyrian dye
Where, sunk in careless ease and worthless sloth,
In dreams of pleasures past or joys to come,
Batt'ning ye lie; list from your marble halls,
Whence, drowning ev'ry wise and serious thought
The wanton voice of luxury resounds,

Whilst mirth, uncheck'd by fair discretion's law,
Pours from the golden goblet's ample round
The luscious poison of misused wine;
And, hid beneath the garb of happiness,
Steals to your easy hearts with pleasing guile,
With sweet, but certain death. O turn awile
The eye, too long on pleasure's smiles intent,
On your own breasts turn once its wand'ring sight:
See ye God's image there? O rather say,
See ye not there, what erst the poets feign'd
The dire effect of Circe's mad'ning draught,
God's holy image all defac'd, and chang'd
To the loath'd form of filthy goats or swine,
The vital spark from heav'n extinct, and sunk
By base contagion to the abject state
Of that blind instinct which informs the brute;
Whilst ye, so perfect in your misery,
Feel not the mortifying change, but boast
Your manly sense and reason unimpair'd.

True, ye are rich and great: the orient sun
Which gilds your stately turrets with his rays
Sees not a clime but whence your riches speed;
No wind that blows but o'er the oozy flood
Wafts your rich bark from some far distant shore:
True, ye have rule o'er all the sea-girt isles
Which people the vast bosom of the deep,
Whilst at your nod their tributary lords

Wield but your sceptres and dispense your laws:
In strength well tried that mocks the pow'r of war,
Aloft in threat'ning pride your city stands,
Scoffing the boasted works of Memphian kings
When Egypt with the proud Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury; far off 'tis known
By many a tow'ring structure high, which lifts
Its proud head to the sky, glitt'ring with gold;
Within ease, pomp, and luxury contend
Throughout each spacious street for mastery,
Whilst midnight revels and gay noontide feasts
Speak joy and mirth and full security.
Are ye so safe? Such once was Nineveh!
As yours her pow'r and wealth, as yours her crimes:
Where lies she now? Go send your wise men forth,
And let them search where rapid Tigris rolls,
If there her place be found; or let them try
If chance the banks by fair Euphrates * wash'd
Boast not the poor remains of so much pride;
They faulter long, nor fix the truth at length.
She who in thraldom led God's chosen flock,
And wav'd her banners o'er the subject east,
She who for ages fix'd her stately height
In such proud sort as brav'd the frowns of fate,

* Though most authors are of opinion that Nineveh was situated on the river Tigris, yet no less persons than Ctesias and Diodorus Siculus represent it as situated on the Euphrates. Vide note ‡, p. 222.

Shone but a meteor for a moment's gaze,
To fall at once nor leave one spark behind,
Not one faint glimpse to say 'twas here, 'twas there,
Hear then her doom, and tremble for your own.—

Now had th' Almighty Judge of heav'n and earth,
Within whose hand the proud Assyria serv'd
But as a scourge to punish Israel's sin,
With indignation view'd the victor's pride,
Who, flush'd with conquest and debauch'd by wealth,
Spurn'd at high heav'n, and 'midst their gorgeous feasts
Gave honour to themselves, nor thought on God,
Save to blaspheme His name; who impious trod
Beneath irrev'rent feet His high behests,
Indulging ev'ry sense; th' impetuous youth
Following with eager steps and dauntless front
Wherever passion or lewd rapine call'd,
Whilst aged sires, on tott'ring crutches prop'd,
Look'd smiling on, and with a guilty sigh
Envied their sons the joys they could not share.

He saw, and turn'd Him loth to His revenge;
Nor struck at once, but with a parent's care
Whose arms are ever open to receive
The humbled prodigal who turns, though late,
To seek his face, sent forth His holy word
Of His most just though most severe intent
Warning to give. The word to Jonah came

Who all unus'd to bear such high commands
Save to God's own elect,* with doubtful mind
Paus'd wond'ring. Ill, full ill such pause became
Him who 'ere then had heard that mighty voice,
Who knew that sound to those who disobey
Terrific as the thunder's crash, but mild
As the soft wind which fann'd Eve's roseate bow'r
'Ere Sin had footing there, to those who hear
And fly with duteous heart to execute.
Why did he pause? Ah why! unless to shew
To after times that he whose fault'ring mind
But one short moment wavers in suspence
When duty calls, gives the arch-tempter time
To gain firm footing in his soul, and urge
Some well-devised plea to stop his course.
Why did he hesitate, why inly shew
Reluctance against God, or by a thought
Distrust His firmness, or suspect His truth!
Swift to betray and ever on the watch,
The subtle tempter that short moment seiz'd
To raise a mist before the prophet's sight,
Which shew'd it possible to flee from God.

O where was that all-sacred spirit flown

* Jonas *ne fut pas seulement* appellé comme les autres Prophetes, à reprende les dix tribus de leur Idolatries, Dieu lui donna *aussi* la commission d' aller denoncer aux Ninevites la ruine de leur Ville et leur perte total . L'Histoire de la Bible par Martin, pag. 254.

Which erst had glow'd within his fervent breast,
That fire prophetic, fitted and impell'd
To noblest purposes by God's own hand,
Which unappall'd by guilt, uncheck'd by fear,
Should scatter terror through an impious world,
And tell the dreadful tale of wrath to come!
'Twas gone, and in its place wild frantic fear
And base distrust and impious doubt sprang up
Sinking the prophet in the man. He flies,
O miserable change! the victim now,
No longer the dread harbinger alone
Of heav'nly wrath: he flies, nor turns to think
'Till scenes of horror strike his conscious heart,
And quick destruction thunders to his soul.
Wide o'er the raging billows of the deep
Wild horror stalks with aspect terrible,
Whilst plunging deep full many a fathom down
He learns by sad experience to declare
How heavy 'tis to feel the wrath of Heav'n,
And bear the vengeance of an angry God.
Nor yet untried he tells the happier tale
Of mercy, when with pitying hand outstretch'd
To rescue from the very grasp of death,
That Pow'r supreme by whom the storm is rais'd,
Provides unhop'd-for safety in the deep.
In vain the lightnings shoot their ghastly gleam,
Wild thunders roar, and ocean groaning deep
Lifts its o'erwhelming billows to the sky,

Unhurt he issues from his living tomb,
His glad eye op'ning on the light of heav'n,
And wrapt in wonder, joy and gratitude,
With eager step pursues his destin'd way,
Type of that plan supreme not yet fulfill'd*,
Which reconcil'd the vengeance due to guilt
With "that dear might" which loos'd the bands of death.

'Twas morn, and o'er the glitt'ring tow'rs the sun
Shed wide his kindling beams; illum'd with gold
Aloft the spiry turrets shone, and wav'd
Their silken banners streaming in the wind
With gay display; bedeck'd with martial spoils,
From hapless Israel won, rich trophies rose,
And frequent grac'd the walls. With conscious pride
His wide domain the victor monarch view'd
Whilst, sitting high amid a gaudy herd
Of sycophants, he gave a loose to joy,
Rais'd a whole nation's voice in festive songs,
And taught his ready slaves, too prone to learn,
That luxury alone is happiness.

Slow and unnotic'd through the spacious streets
The holy prophet walk'd and mark'd their pride.
He mark'd their pow'r, he mark'd their wealth, and now

* There shall no sign be given it but the sign of the prophet Jonas. S, Matt. xvi. 4.

A heaving sigh he stole, whilst all around
The growing multitudes he view'd, who throng'd
Thick as the insect race which quiv'ring float
With hum incessant on the evening breeze.
Sorrowing he mark'd the jocund air which shone
In ev'ry face and brighten'd ev'ry eye,
Whilst all was joy and mirth and careless ease;
Sad contrast to the prospect in his soul!
He sigh'd, and one mild look of pity cast,
" Just Heav'n—but forty days!—thy will be done!"
Then op'ning slow the book of Fate, he turn'd
And " O" he cried " Vain, heedless race attend,
" Ye who with giant pride a course full long
" Of old, unfeeling vice have run, and ye
" Whom Luxury with soft seducing smile
" Allures, and binds in silken chains, attend;
" Leave, leave, for ever leave your gay delights,
" Your wonted triumphs and your ceaseless mirth,
" For, O sad change! a long long train of woes,
" Like a swart storm which gathers in the wind,
" Hangs hov'ring o'er your destin'd heads, and waits
" But the scant hour appointed 'ere it bursts:
" And crumbles you to dust. Unhappy state!
" Quick quick the moment comes when all thy strength
" Which triumph'd far and wide with greedy pow'r
" Shall sink to less than woman's weakness, fall'n
" Beneath the hopeless abject state of those
" Who felt the keen edge of thy tyranny.

" I see thy strong tow'rs nod, thy bulwarks rock,
" Thy stately fabrics from their center heave,
" Whilst desolation like a whirlwind flies
" In one sad ruin overwhelming all.
" Go seek your King amidst his pageant state,
" Nor tremble at his look, but bid him fear;
" And boldly tell him one unwelcome truth,
" That now, ev'n now the hand of Heav'n is rear'd,
" Or 'ere the fortieth sun shall rise and set,
" To blast the blooming laurels on his brow,
" And hurl him from his car of triumph down,
" No more to rise, but with his meanest slaves
" To lie confounded in one gen'ral doom."

All pow'rful is the voice of truth: Aghast
The trembling people stand, nor doubt his words,
Whilst coward conscience whispers to their soul
How less than nothing is the aid which wealth
Or pow'r can lend against the wrath of Heav'n.
By sense of danger rous'd, they bow the knee
And prostrate turn to God, remember'd scarce
Nor ever sought in moments happier deem'd:
Themselves sufficient to themselves, they scorn'd
To court His smile, but dar'd not brave His frown,
Fear taught them first to kneel and first to pray,
Whilst memory officious to their view
Held the black register of their misdeeds.
Despair first taught their harden'd hearts to melt,

And turn'd the flint-stone to a springing-well,
Whence flow'd in copious streams those contrite tears
Which fail not in the eye of Heav'n to purge
The soul from guilt, and wash out ev'ry stain.

Nor vain their pray'rs, their tears; for Heav'n who form'd
Knows well the frailty of the sons of earth,
Nor seeks perfection there, but kindly deigns
To raise the humble sinner from the dust,
And give to penitence the promis'd meed
Of virtue undefil'd. A nation's tears
Absolv'd a nation's guilt; and gracious Heav'n
With mild relenting eye and arm restrain'd
Receiv'd their proffer'd vows.—But ah! how vain,
How weak is man! how frail his best resolves!
But frailest those which owe their hasty birth
To fear; how short, how transient is their life.
Hardly obtain'd, they shine but like the sparks
Struck from the flint, which scarce outlive the blow.
Ev'n thus, or 'ere the fortieth sun had sat,
The dreaded sentence seem'd an idle dream,
And the full tide of sin, awhile restrain'd,
Rush'd madly forward with redoubled force,
Precluding ev'ry hope of future grace.
That Heav'n should find it easier to forgive
Than wayward man alas to be forgiv'n!
But O unhappy state! O desperate race!

A sterner prophet, ISRAEL'S COMFORTER*,
Hath dipp'd his pen in blood to write thy doom.
Too deep the reeking sword shall strike, too near
To trifle with its edge; again 'tis drawn,
And never never shall be sheath'd, 'till wide
It spreads destruction o'er thy plains, nor leaves
A hand to bury or an eye to weep.

Hark where the conqu'ring Mede with furious voice
Calls loud for help; Stern Babylon replies†;
Together roll their rattling chariots on,
Their blended armies gather as they run,
And brandishing their eager falchions high
Impetuous rush like lions on their prey.
They come, they come, lo where thy weak hosts fly,
Nor fly in safety; see they sink, they fall,
Fall like ripe fruit, or yellow autumn leaves,
And strew the victor's path. Lost in amaze
Thy hardy vet'rans stand to see such feats
As turn their bloodiest wars to childish frays;

* Naum qui interpretatur Consolator. Jam enim decem tribus ab Assyriis deductæ fuerant in captivitatem sub Ezechia Rege Juda, sub quo etiam nunc in consolationem populi transmigrati, adversum Nineven visio cernitur. Hieron. in Naum.

† This point, I think, is generally agreed upon, That Nineveh was taken and destroyed by the Medes and Babylonians; these two rebelling and uniting together, subverted the Assyrian empire. Bp. Newton on the Prophecies, vol. III. pag. 261.

And ever and anon with anguish pierc'd
" Stand, stand," they faintly cry, but none regards*;
" Turn, dastard slaves," but no one will look back.
Frantic with fear they lose the pow'r to raise
One warding shield to break the victor's stroke:
Th' ensanguin'd field alone with carnage strew'd
Awhile impedes their eager way: But now,
Through scenes of horror bursting, at thy walls
A thousand banners wave, and purple spears
Unnumber'd press; vainly thy ports are barr'd,
Thy strong tow'rs man'd with many a hardy chief,
Vain thy strong holds, vain all thy ancient might,
For lo the rapid flood impetuous swells†,
And Desolation borne upon its waves
In dreadful pomp, invades thy tott'ring wall,
And rides in horrid triumph through the breach.
Remembrance now calls forth the flatt'ring tale
Prophetic, which thy sage forefathers told‡;
Your wise men sighing shake their hoary heads,

* Nahum ii. 8. † Nahum i. 8.

‡ This alludes to the following passage in Diodorus Siculus. Ἦν δ' αὐτῶ λογιον, &c. Atqui vaticinium a majoribus traditum habebat, a nullo capi Ninum posse nisi fluvius urbi prius hostis evaderet. Tertio demum anno accidit, ut *Euphrates* continuis imbrium gravissimorum tempestatibus excrescens, urbis partem inundaret et murum ad stadia viginti dejiceret. Tum vero finem habere oraculum, amnemque manifeste urbi hostem esse Rex judicans, spem salutis abjecit. Diodorus Siculus, lib. 2.

Foreboding now th' unlook'd-for time is come
When the proud stream shall lift her rebel waves
Against those sacred walls which grace her shore.

And now thy bulwarks nod, they bow, they fall,
Low, low on earth thy prostrate glory lies.
Now rooted from their base the sculptur'd dome,
The stately column and the storied arch,
In awful ruin lie: whilst ruthless war,
The keen scythe snatching from the hand of Time
With speedier rage to deal destruction round,
Levels the work of ages at a blow;
Nor one proud track of ancient glory leaves,
Save what the rolls of mem'ry may supply
Uncertain, or the eye inquisitive
Trace from the mould'ring heaps of scatter'd pride,
As through thy grass-grown streets with fearful tread
The trav'ler strays, casting a wary look,
Lest basking in the sculptur'd cornice lurk
The slimy adder or the mottled snake,
And starting hears the horrid night-bird's scream
From off the gilded chapiter resound
With lonely echo through the moss-grown walls.

Thus blasted in its very noon of pride
Falls the weak state whose tott'ring base is laid
Unstable in the sand of human pow'r.
And mark her fall, ye gen'rous band, who claim

The honour'd name of patriot, mark it well,
And let it grave this lesson on your heart,
" They raise a nation's strength alone, who raise
" A nation's virtue;" think how weak, how vain
Proves every state which boasts not her support:
Like the mysterious gourd, beneath whose shade
The prophet sat, it blossoms for a day;
But deep within its canker'd root conceal'd
The worm of sin with ever rankling tooth
Preys on its vital part: unmark'd, unseen
The inbred venom works, 'till drooping fast,
Its blushing honours sinking to the dust,
It fades forgot, nor leaves to after times
The precious odour of a good report.

THE

DEDICATION

OF THE

TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.

By WILLIAM HODSON, M. A.

1770.

THE pious act of Israel's peaceful king,
Whose praise re-echo'd by the trump of fame
Beyond the confines of remotest lands,
From Sheba, and from Araby the blest,
From Afric's deserts, and the Eastern shores
Where rapid Indus rolls his golden waves,
To Solyma allur'd unnumber'd crowds,
To hear the wisdom falling from his tongue,
And catch the honey'd accents of his mouth,
I sing.—From that resplendent throne, where rob'd
In majesty ineffable thou sitt'st,
Descend, celestial Muse! Urania! Thee

I call; descend, and breathe into my verse
Thy solemn sounds, thy soul-commanding pow'r,
Until it pours its thund'ring tide along,
In numbers equal to its swelling theme.

Fell Discord now, her robes besmear'd with blood,
Her breath more fatal than the deadly plague,
Whose humid wings, surcharg'd with foul disease,
Destroy the blushes of the rosy spring,
And blast fair nature's pride; no more laid waste
The verdant beauty of Judea's plains.
No more the trumpet's shrill-ton'd clangor pierc'd
The wide-extended vault of heav'n, and call'd
The warrior forth, where louder than the burst,
When mingled thunders shake the lab'ring pole,
The din of battle roar'd. The matron now
And hoary sire, no more, their cheeks bedew'd
With tears, their hands uplifted to the throne
Of heav'n, besought their fathers' God to close
Their aged eyes, and give their sorrows rest.
For war's destroying sword had ceas'd to spread
Its horrors thro' the land, and meek-ey'd peace,
With plenty in her train, from her full lap
Shower'd down rich blessings on the famish'd earth,
'Till hill and valley smil'd, and every scene
Was chang'd from woe to extasy and joy.

Thrice happy nation! favorites of Heaven!

Selected from the kingdoms of the earth
To be His chosen race, ordain'd to spread
His glory thro' remotest realms, and teach
The gentile world Jehovah's awful name.
Oh had ye known the blessings ye enjoy'd!
Ye could not have indulg'd that impious rage,
Which scrupled not to leave your God, and bow
The knee to Moloch, horrid king! which dar'd
Defile His holy place, with impious carnage,
And fear'd not to insult His majesty,
Whose awful word could crumble into dust
Your idol gods and you. At whose command
Th' affrighted waves retir'd, and stood on heaps
As tho' an adamantine mound had stopt
Their rapid course, and to the sun—(a sight,
Whate'er the bards of old fabling relate,
Unknown before)—the chambers of the deep
Disclos'd. But when His chosen race had pass'd,
At His dread call with mighty noise they rush'd,
More furious than the rolling blast of night,
Which instant from its knotted centre tears
The mountain oak, whose tow'ring head, unmov'd,
For ages brav'd the winds of heaven; or than
The horrid burst which shakes the cavern'd earth,
When Ætna vomits forth her livid fires;
And 'mid the swelling torrent overwhelm'd,
The haughty tyrant and his wretched crew,
Who durst presume to tread that path which God

Had made for Israel alone. Oh more
Than mortal blindness! to reject His kind
Paternal care, whose bounteous hand, amid
The barren wilderness for forty years
Had fed your fathers with the bread of heaven:
Who made you ride upon the vanquish'd necks
Of mighty kings, and rais'd you up a prince
To bless Judea's happy land; a prince
With ev'ry gift adorn'd, and fram'd alike
To dare the horrors of the tented field
While battle roll'd against his side, or grace
The gentle arts of peace. But who, great king!
Can worthily express thy praise? Thy lyre,
Thy living lyre alone, whose dulcet sounds
In gentlest murmurs floating on the air,
Could calm the fury of the woe-struck king,
And soothe the agony which pierc'd his heart;
Or when thou swept'st the master strings, and roll'dst
The deep impetuous tide along with more
Than mortal sound, could'st raise his raptur'd soul
To extasy; or from the tortur'd strings
Harsh discord shaking, sink him in the gulph
Of dire despair, while horror chill'd his blood,
And from each pore the agonizing sweat
Distill'd; that deep-ton'd lyre alone can sing
Thy fervent piety, thy glowing zeal,
Whose righteous soul, aggriev'd to see the ark,
That holy sanctuary which contain'd

The sacred transcript of the will of God,
From place to place, by hands prophane conducted,
And oft, oh sacrilege! become the prey
Of impious Philistines, resolv'd to build
An holy temple to the God of Hosts,
An habitation to contain this pledge
Of heav'nly love, those laws, which from Mount Sinai
Jehovah cloath'd with terrors, while thick clouds
And darkness wrapt him round, pronounc'd in sounds
Which chill'd the hearts of those who heard, and froze
Their vital blood. Beneath whose awful feet
Earth trembled, and the lofty mountain shook,
Hoarse thunder growl'd, and livid lightnings flash'd,
While sounds of horror and distress amid
The howling wilderness were heard.—Approach,
Ye boasted sages of proud Greece! and Rome!
Approach this sacred scene! and blush. Attend,
Oh vain Philosophy! thou wand'ring light,
Which hast so oft misled our steps, attend!
And prostrate at this heav'nly shrine, lament
Thy blindness, and forego thy pride; here cast
Thy trophies down, undeck thyself of all
Thy borrow'd plumes, and own the fountain whence
Thy hoary sons receiv'd the living fire,
Which animates the glowing page they penn'd!

Oh happy David! whose exalted soul
Such heav'nly ardour breath'd; thrice happy thou

To frame the bless'd design, altho' deny'd
The full completion of thy fervent wish.
That holy care the God of Peace reserv'd
For thy lov'd son, whose hands the bloody sword
Of ruthless war had ne'er defil'd, whom Heav'n
Had crown'd with every gift his heart could frame,
His fond ideas paint——Yes, favour'd prince!
That envied happiness was thine; 'twas thee
Th' Almighty chose among the sons of men,
To dedicate a temple to His name,
Where He, whose awful presence fills the vast
Immensity of space, who makes the clouds
His chariot, rides sublime the whirlwind's wing,
And guides the raging storm, would deign to dwell,
And make His presence known.—Th' exalted task
Thy princely wisdom worthily perform'd;
The pride of every region, every clime,
Thy pious care selected for the work,
And brought to Solyma; whose magazines
Th' united produce of the world contain'd.
Here might be seen the treasures of the East,
The boasted wealth of Taprobana's * shores,
With varied splendour struck the dazzled eye,
And sham'd thy radiant light, oh sun!—Beneath
Thy fost'ring hand, the glorious structure rose,
Whose haughty front on massy pillars built,

* Bochart's Chanaan, B. I. Ch. 46.

Contemn'd the earth, and menaced the stars.
Whose roofs, and walls, for which old Lebanon
Gave up the pride of years, with precious gems,
And gold were overlaid; whose lofty gates
On golden hinges hung, unfolding wide
With solemn sound, which thro' the fretted vaults
In pealing echoes ran, display'd the vast
Magnificence which struck th' astonish'd view,
Where every grace and beauty, art could frame,
Or human skill invent, blaz'd on the sight.—
But chief the inner house, the holy seat
Design'd to guard the blessed covenant
Which Heav'n with man had made, employ'd thy care.
The em'rald's vivid hue, the diamond's glow,
Whose lucid rays the absence of the sun
Supplied, compos'd its sacred walls. Here stood
The consecrated vessels, highly wrought
Of bright Parvaïm gold, where branching palms,
And Cherubs mystic forms, the sculptor's pow'r
And wondrous art display'd. Here too was plac'd
The holy altar, where the great High Priest
Each year presented to the throne of Heav'n
The blood of victims, and invok'd the God
Of sacrifice, to hear a nation's pray'r.
Two lofty Cherubins with wings of gold,
Of gold from Ophir brought, extended wide
The entrance kept, and spread a solemn shade.
And lest unhallow'd hands should dare defile

The sacred utensils, or curious pry
Into the holy mysteries, a veil
Conceal'd them from the view, through which the priest
Alone presum'd to pass.—But stop, my muse!
Where is the adamantine pen, whose course
Unwearied as the sun, has strength to paint
Those endless wonders, where the ravish'd eye
From beauty, rang'd to beauty, without end?
Oh glorious temple! worthy of the God
Whose splendid shrine thou wast! what can compare
With thee?—Ye wonders of the Heathen world!
Ye boasted wonders! where is now your pride?
Ye pyramids! whose tow'ring heads arose
Into the sky, and darken'd Egypt's land;
Ye walls of Babylon! the far-fam'd work
Of her, who with a woman's form possess'd
The noble firmness of a manly soul;
Where is your grandeur now?—Your honour 's lost,
Your glory is eclips'd.—Ye works of vanity!
Unworthy incense to the pride of man!
Ye trophies of destroying Time! Your fame
One day shall fail without a vestige left
To shew you once have been.—Not so shalt thou,
Thrice hallow'd pile! whose Heav'n-inspir'd design
Seraphic love, and pious ardour breath'd.
For tho' an impious tyrant's daring hand,
Shall cast thy bulwarks to the ground, and tread
Thy glory in the dust, thy memory
Shall last, pure as th' unsullied light of Heav'n,

Recorded in that hallow'd page, whose truths,
Whose sacred truths shall live, when years shall roll
No more, and every period which has mark'd
The furrow'd cheek of Time, amid the vast,
Unfathom'd ocean of Eternity
Be lost.—
*The golden season of the year
Now hasten'd on, when yellow-haired Autumn,
His head with swelling sheaves, and purple fruits
Encircled, pours his choicest treasures forth.
Fair Nature's glowing pencil, dipt amid
The blushing tints which deck the bow of Heav'n,
With ripen'd beauty paints the waving scene.
The sun now darts no more that burning rage,
Whose fierce effulgence drives the fainting world
To seek the cooling stream or shady bow'r;
His sweetest beams he sheds, attemper'd soft
Thro' fleecy clouds, whose animating warmth
With wild luxuriance strews the lap of earth,
And crowns the smiling fields with generous plenty.—
'Twas then Judea's pious King, beneath
Whose fost'ring care the costly edifice,
The labour'd work of many a year, receiv'd
That solemn grandeur which became the pride
And wonder of succeeding times, proclaim'd
A solemn feast, and call'd to Salem's tow'rs
The Sons of Judah, scatter'd wide around
Her distant hills, from Hermon to the mount
Of Horeb, down whose rock-encumber'd side,

* It was in the month Ethanim that the people were assembled.

In plenteous torrents roll'd the chrystal stream,
Struck by that potent rod, which once stretch'd forth
Upon the sedgy waters of old Nile,
To putrid gore his circling waves congeal'd.—
As when the fountains of the roaring deep,
No longer bursting o'er their cavern'd bed,
Had ceas'd to pour their swelling billows forth,
Nor one unbounded sea this earthly ball
O'erwhelm'd; th' unnumber'd species who escap'd
The wild uproar, and universal wreck,
Descended from the cloud-envellop'd top
Of Ararat, to plant the desart waste,
And animate the lifeless globe;—so rush'd
The num'rous race of Jacob, to behold
The sacred pomp, and join the general joy.
Scarce could her ample palaces contain
The countless host, which crowded to her gates.
No clouded brow was seen, but pleasure fill'd
Each bounding heart, and sparkled in each eye.
Pale Melancholy, with her murky train,
And Envy's haggard cheek, accursed brood
Of Sin and Death, far from the happy scene
Where decent mirth and pious gladness bless'd
The circling hours, amid the dreary realms
Of sable-hooded night, their native clime,
Where black-brow'd darkness flaps his raven wings,
Their horrid shapes, and squallid looks conceal'd.
The bounteous King each care supply'd, and grac'd
The festive board, where joyous plenty smil'd,

And generous goblets crown'd the rich repast.——
At length the morn which brought the hallow'd day,
Design'd to solemnize the mysteries,
And consecrate to Heav'n's eternal King
The glorious fabric to His honour rais'd,
With rosy steps advanc'd, purpling the east.
Soon as the flaming car of light had left
Old Ocean's bed, and bounding up Heav'n's vault
Upon the gloomy world had pour'd the flood
Of day; the trumpet's lofty sound the rites
Proclaim'd, and to the royal palace call'd
The priests, the elders, and th' unnumber'd crowd,
Which fill'd the walls of Solyma. The grand
Procession thence began.—First march'd the guards
In burnish'd arms resplendent to the sun.
The victims next, more num'rous than the flocks,
And lowing herds, upon a thousand hills,
An offering of peace approach'd.—To these
The great High Priest, in sacred vestments rob'd,
Succeeded, holding in his aged hands
The knife of sacrifice. His silver locks
A mitre, rich inlaid with pearls, adorn'd,
Upon whose front these characters were grav'd
In words of gold, HOLINESS TO THE LORD.
Around his trembling limbs, which bent beneath
The weight, was wrapt a purple ephod deck'd
With costly gems and gold; and on his breast
The mystic Urim and the Thummim shone.
Behind were seen the Priests and Levites, cloath'd

In linen garments white as mountain snow,
Bearing the holy ark, with reverence
And awe. Around in order march'd the singers,
Hymning Jehovah's name in songs of praise.
With every strain the silver trumpets breath'd
Their swelling notes, and pierc'd the ambient air;
At which th' attendant throng enraptur'd join'd
The num'rous choir in shouts of heart-felt joy,
And sang Hosannahs to the King of Kings,
Who was, and is, and is to come, 'till Heav'n's
Capacious dome re-echo'd to the sound.
Next came the King array'd in crimson robes,
And seated on a car of solid gold.
Around him walk'd the nobles of his court,
In purple cloath'd of richest hue, the work
Of Tyre, for skill and cunning fam'd.—Behind
Appear'd the guards, who clos'd the pompous scene;
Which round the city's wide-stretch'd circuit march'd
With slow and solemn pace, until they reach'd
The temple's lofty gates, whose ample round
The num'rous train admitted; where arriv'd,
Within the sanctuary's hallow'd space
They plac'd the ark, and while the great High Priest
With due lustrations sanctify'd the courts,
And solemniz'd the mysteries, again
They struck the chorded shell, and caroll'd sweet
The impassion'd hymn of praise.—The destin'd victims
Upon the altar bound, he now approach'd,
To plunge into their breasts the sacred knife,

When Solomon descending from his seat,
Where underneath a canopy of gold
Sublime he sat, and bending low, address'd
The throne of Heav'n.—No more the choral song
Was heard, their golden lyres no more breath'd forth
The melting rapture, every voice was hush'd,
A death-like silence reign'd around, and mute
Attention dwelt upon each tongue.—Oh Thou
Who erst didst open Zacharias' lips,
Eternal Spirit! searcher of all hearts!
Breathe thro' my inmost soul that light divine,
Whose pure unclouded fountains once inspir'd
Thy prophets' mystic pens; that I may catch
Th' extatic fervour which inflam'd his breast,
While raptur'd at the altar's hallow'd foot
These sacred accents glow'd upon his tongue:

" FATHER omnipotent! Eternal God!
" Thrice holy! self-existent! Pow'r supreme!
" Whose mighty word yon massy spheres attun'd,
" And call'd the wonders of creation forth.
" Thou whom the sun in his eternal course,
" And morning stars inspher'd, together quire;
" Jehovah, incommunicable name!
" Before whose awful presence, angels veil'd,
" With mighty seraphim, incessant hymn
" Their God, in extacy of ceaseless praise.
" Shalt Thou, unchangeable, eternal King!
" Before whose ever burning throne, in chains

" Of adamant, Eternity and Fate
" Lie bound: Who with the lightning's beam, in words
" Of fire, engrav'st Thy everlasting laws,
" Upon the front of Heav'n's unbounded sphere:
" Beneath whose mighty nod, when Thou art wroth,
" The solid mountain from its center shakes,
" And Earth's ingulph'd foundations stand reveal'd;
" While Vengeance rising from his bed of woe,
" To crush a guilty world, his crested snakes
" Erects, and lances from his red right arm
" The flaming thunderbolt.——Shalt Thou reside
" In houses hands have fashioned? No; beyond
" Creation's ample circuit, where the car
" Of day, pure fount of empyreal light!
" Ne'er shed his all-enliv'ning beam, Thy pow'r
" Pervades, and fills th' unfathomable void
" Of chaos, and of night.——Yet deign t' accept
" This temple sacred to thy holy name,
" And tho' thou dwell'st on high, receive our pray'rs.
" Forgive our past backslidings; may we grieve
" No more that holy spirit, which has work'd
" Unnumber'd miracles for Israel's sons.
" Protect thy chosen race from murd'rous snares
" Of proud deceitful men, who hunt for blood,
" As roams the famish'd lion for his prey.
" Arise, oh King of Kings! and disappoint
" Their malice, who unmindful of their God,
" Thy awful majesty, Thy pow'r defy,
" And bow the knee to Dagon. Who amid

" Their nightly orgies, chaunt in mad'ning choirs
" His might divine, and give to sculptur'd stones
" Thy glory and Thy name. Turn from these walls
" Their sacrilegious hands, whose impious rage
" Burns to defile these hallow'd instruments,
" These vessels to Thy service consecrate.
" Oh let no blood to idols offer'd stain
" This holy altar, nor within these roofs,
" To other Gods than Thee, let incense smoke.
" Descend celestial spirits! Ye who wait
" Around the throne of God! descend, and guard
" This heav'n-devoted shrine. Come, holy Love!
" Meek angel! daughter mild of Innocence
" And Truth! leave, leave thy bright enthron'd abode
" On high, and with Religion, sainted maid!
" Propitious guide amid life's darksome vale
" Our wand'ring steps. Oh send Thy cherub, Hope,
" To chase from every contrite heart, the fiend
" Despair; and let Thy mercy's gentlest ray,
" Refreshing as the silver dew of heav'n
" Upon the drooping flow'rs, descend to sooth
" The weeping penitent. Breathe thro' our souls
" Thy heav'nly ardour, teach us to implore
" His tender mercies, whose paternal love
" Forgave our disobedience. May our hearts
" In duty firm, obsequious to His will
" His laws obey, and to His name alone
" Our adorations give, 'till wrapt beyond
" That starry canopy, where seraphs sweep

" Their living lyres, and sing in notes divine
" The endless wonders of creative pow'r,
" We join th' immortal choir, and tune our harps
" To endless raptures, and eternal praise."——

He ceas'd. When lo! a mighty noise was heard
Of rushing winds, and fire from heav'n consum'd
The sacrifice. Upon the holy seat
The Shechinah descended, and illum'd
The temple's spacious walls with radiant glory.
A burning cloud it seem'd, like that which erst
Attended Judah's sons, when to avoid
The galling load of Pharaoh's iron sway,
From Egypt's land they fled. The unnumber'd host
Amazed at the sight, with holy awe
Their faces veil'd, and prostrate on the ground
In hallelujahs hymn'd Jehovah's name,
To Him alone ascribing majesty
And pow'r. Jehovah's name the vaulted roofs
Rebound; their acclamations pierce the skies,
And with the smoke of sacrifice ascend
A grateful incense to the throne of God.

CONSCIENCE.

BY

WILLIAM GIBSON, M. A.

1772.

SILENCE, to thee, best nurse of serious thought!
From courts, from camps, and busy faction's din,
From trade's throng'd walks, and pleasure's gay parade
Thy vot'rist gladly turns.——O! thither lead,
Where far sequester'd from the frequent haunts
Of men, thou lov'st in secret cell to live
With Solitude thy sister: there with you,
All absent else, along the pathless wood
Oft let me devious range; or by the brink
Of some lone fountain laid, from morn to eve,
In meditation pass the peaceful day—
In meditation, such as to the mind

Opes her own stores exhaustless; and unfolds
Pow'rs so distinct, so wonderful, and vast,
As loudly speak her origin divine.
But chiefly on thy mystic properties,
CONSCIENCE! in solemn musing let me sit,
'Till the flame kindle in my raptur'd breast,
And from my tongue unwonted numbers glide.

Nor in such hour, thou watchful sentinel!
Unseen of mortal eye, that stand'st aloof
List'ning the busy mind, attentive still
To all her various workings, and on leaves
Firmer than flint, with silent stroke and deep,
Graving each secret thought: Nor in such hour,
With the dread outcry of remember'd ill,
Disturb the flowing strain, for thee which flows
In artless measures, haply such as these.——

Past was the reign of chaos, and of night;
The groves of Eden bloom'd; and man arose
Lord of the rich domain——of form erect,
Comely, majestic; and with passions fraught
Warning to shun, or prompting to pursue
The painful, or the pleasing. High o'er these,
A band rebellious, Reason sat supreme,
Skill'd to collect, arrange, compare, combine
Ideas, as they rise; and thence infer
The fitness, or the turpitude of things.

Yet lest too pow'rful passions should propel
Headlong to acts immoral, nor allow
Time for slow reason to deduce a rule
To curb their mad career; CONSCIENCE kind Heav'n
Appointed her assistant; CONSCIENCE quick
To heed the call of duty, to discern
'Twixt right and wrong, and bias to the best.

On man, to such a monitor consign'd,
How first advanced iniquity? how first
Stole in corruption? slept the sentry then,
To whom his God had left him? Ah! not so
She fail'd her mighty trust; but wide awake,
And thrill'd with horror for an act, might plunge
Each unborn age in everlasting woe,
Ev'n when his trembling hand was stretch'd to take
The fair forbidden fruit, 'Desist, she cried,
Desist, and sin not! speechless he and pale
Awhile stood falt'ring, 'till by Eve beguil'd,
Rebel to CONSCIENCE he did take and eat.

There perish'd Innocence; an injury there
CONSCIENCE sustain'd of dire event to man!
Weaken'd she rose, and, feebler from her fall,
With feebler efforts from the human heart
Repell'd insurgent vice; 'till by degrees
Her voice was scarcely heard; 'till Abel's blood
Cried from the ground, and God condemn'd the world.

Since when, with seeming unconcern, she oft
Sees her prime laws infring'd; and oft observes
Reason's frail bark by boist'rous passions driv'n
Far from its course, nor bids the storm be still.

Ye! who abstracted from such common cares
As catch the vulgar: Ye! who leave alike
Folly's fantastic train, and Comus' crew
Unwisely mirthful, to their midnight glees,
By the pale lamp to ply your studious toil
In some lone chamber, 'till the shrilling cock
Warn of approaching day: ye best can tell,
Vers'd in the hoary registers of time,
Each ancient ill invading hence the world.
Not Israel's race, the chosen charge of heav'n;
Nor Aaron's self, their leader and their priest;
Not Jesse's son, whom God approv'd, and took
From tending on the waste the teeming ewes
To rule His own elect, untainted 'scap'd.

If, CONSCIENCE! quickly from thy ruins rose
Evils like these, o'er-shadowing ev'ry plant
Pleasing to heav'n, or good for mortal man;
And in an age too when the will divine
By prophets oft, and oft by signs was shewn:
Less wonder if, such warnings heard no more,
Succeeding ages deeper sunk in sin;
Less wonder, if Philosophy in vain

Essay'd with friendly, tho' with feeble hand,
To raise fall'n virtue, and restore thy sway.

O! what a list might ancient Greece, or Rome,
Ev'n when refinement threw her brightest rays
Around their rival states; and Wisdom's voice
Oft by their favour'd sons along the banks
Of cool Ilissus, and the green retreats
Of Tusculum was heard, afford of names
Odious to virtue still——but why recur
To periods flown, or wake remembrance up
Of long-forgotten guilt, when modern times
By Heav'n's own light illum'd, and taught to aim
At nobler ends than ancient ages knew,
Teem with surpassing crimes; when ev'ry ill
Which hell gave birth to, and the bad adopt,
Thrives in our streets, and taints the passing gale.
Lo! where, regardless of her plighted vows,
Her husband's peace, her hoary parent's pang,
Her infant's future fame, in the broad sun
The bold adultress hastes to meet her shame.
Leagu'd with injustice, lo! where av'rice bursts
Through ev'ry moral tie, and grasping still
At treasures not her own, from pole to pole
Braves the hoarse billow, and defies the storm——
Not Afric's fatal heats, nor scorpion brood,
Nor howling desarts can protect her sons
From rapine.—See! on Guinea's glowing coasts

She pours her greedy legions; to their woods,
Their rocks, their caves the frighted Ethiops flee
Swift, but in vain—thence struggling torn, behold!
Far from their friends, their babes, their frantic wives,
From ev'ry fond connexion of the soul,
To dwell with darkness in the central mine,
And bear the iron stripes of men more fell
Than all the monsters of their native wilds,
She drags them——some disdainful of her chains
Rush resolute on death; less desp'rate some,
Not less determin'd, scorn the proffer'd food,
In tears dissolve, and sigh their souls away.
See! too, the fiend, o'er Asia's wasted plains,
Array'd in terrors, hideous stalks along——
From Ganges' hallow'd stream with hasty stride
Turns the scared pilgrim, he whose pious care
Hither his fainting dying sire had borne
To heave his last breath on its sacred side,
And in its waves be wash'd of ev'ry stain——
Whence are his fears? see! where the reeking flood,
In crystal eddies curling once along,
Now glows with human blood, the blood of those,
His kindred haply, who to save the land
From lawless spoilers bravely fighting fell.
Still as he flies he casts a ling'ring look
To Plassey's purple field, and sobbing cries—
'Ye sons of Albion! madly who exchange
'Cool temp'rate airs for India's sultry gales

'In search of gold, may ev'ry ill, which gold
'Genders so plenteous, vex your sordid isle—
'Fast by your sea-beat shores may matrons sit,
'Watching those sails they ne'er shall see again;
'While thronging widows, to your chalky cliffs
'Lament their absent lords, on yonder plain
'Who glut the vulture, and manure the soil—
'May luxury unnerve, and discord tear
'Your weaken'd state, and faction threat the throne,
'Till, no more patient of increasing crimes,
'Heav'n from your hands resume the regal rod,
'And bid some distant colony be Queen.'
Nor were his vows in vain, the pow'r who saw
His bleeding heart, with pity saw, and said,
'None but thy last petition be delay'd.'

These, CONSCIENCE! are the crimes, and more than these,
Which from thy fall o'er all the peopled earth,
Flow far and wide as o'er the Belgic plains,
Its bound'ries broken, flows the ocean's tide.

Yet dread, ye guilty! dread the coming hour,
When like a lion with his noon-tide sleep
Refresh'd, and rushing furious from his lair,
CONSCIENCE shall rouse her; when no more content
Silent to sit within, or whisper low
Her dictates, through the soul her stern rebukes

Loud she shall thunder, terrible, and fierce.
Yes! as the plund'rer with his prey returns,
The ewe-lamb ravish'd from the poor man's breast,
The orphan's portion, and the widow's mite,
Thou on the way shalt meet him—meet him then,
When least expected, and when welcome least——
From thy upbraidings to convivial crowds,
To dulcet measures, and enliv'ning draughts
Of gen'rous nectar 'tis in vain he flies;
Still shalt thou haunt him at the genial board,
Still like the night-bird scream amid the song,
And dash thy bitt'rest poisons in his bowl.
Nor shalt thou fail when darkness o'er the world
Draws her dun robe; and not a sound is heard,
Save of the beating show'r, or hollow gust,
That groans around the roof, then pausing sinks,
And groans again anon; or the due beat
Of some slow-sweeping pendulum, which marks
The momentary march of death on man;
Nor shalt thou fail with sudden flash to fling
The ruffian's curtains back——appall'd he starts,
And glares upon the gloom; 'till as the moon
Gleams through the silver crevice of a cloud,
A thousand haggard forms, at fancy's call,
Rise round his bed, and sweep along the floor,
And shew their yawning wounds, and yell their wrongs.

But chiefly then, when sickness plants her thorns

Beneath his pillow, and in tossings wild
From side to side he seeks repose in vain;
When the world's boasted pleasures to his view
Grow less, and less, and less, and the tir'd soul
Forth-peering from her crumbling cottage spies
Another shore of being after death:
Then chiefly shalt thou spring to due revenge;
Arm'd with the mem'ry of each practis'd crime,
Or ev'n in thought-projected, then alarm
The slumb'ring legions of remorse, urge on
Despair's fell band, and harrow up his soul.

Then too to vengeance horrible arous'd,
And clad in tenfold fierceness shalt thou stand
Beside the atheist's bed; by his who oft
With wit profane, and poignant blasphemy,
And specious show of argument hath scoff'd
Each awful truth, and ridicul'd his God.——
Not the pale trav'ller on the fleeting sands
Of Araby, who marks the sullen shades
Of night descend, and hears the whirlwind howl,
And all the famish'd forest roar around,
Feels what he feels; no, nor Prometheus' self
Raving and shiv'ring on the frosty ridge
Of Caucasus, as fabling bards have sung,
While vengeful furies shake their scorpion whips
Shrieking aloud, and gory vultures tear
His bleeding entrails, growing to be torn.

Nor gently, CONSCIENCE! shall thy chidings fall,
When of omitted duties to the mind
Thy list lies spread—in burning characters
Where first shall stand such charitable deeds
As never were perform'd——the hours, the days,
The months, the years, for noblest use design'd,
In dull inaction lost—the talents, given
Alike to bless their owner and mankind,
Left unemploy'd, useless alike to both.

Timely be wise then, ye who careless drive
With passion's rapid stream, or fondly seek
Felicity by other paths than those
Prescrib'd by CONSCIENCE, timely then be wise!
Still as alluring prospects win you on
To faults from errors, and from faults to crimes,
Heed well your steps, and hear her whisper'd laws—
So ever and anon around your hearts
Such joys serene shall spring, and pleasures play,
As for the gold and glist'ring gems of Ind,
Grandeur's rich robe, the unfading wreath of fame,
Or boundless empire, were unwisely sold—
So through a world, where many a net is spread
For virtue's foot, and harlot vice awaits
To tempt the unwary passenger astray,
Still shall ye safely pass——so unappall'd,
And smiling at the dart of death, descend,
By hope attended, to the silent grave.

CHARITY.

BY

CHARLES PETER LAYARD, M. A.

Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.

1773.

OF slaughter'd hosts, of triumphs bought with blood,
The thund'ring chariot, or the foaming steed,
No more; such themes demand the venal strain
Of pompous adulation, such demand
The callous heart, which meanly can descend
Below the gen'rous pride of conscious virtue,
To sooth the mighty murd'rers of mankind.
Shall men like these, whom angry heav'n design'd
The ministers of wrath, shall such receive
The tribute of the lay? and shall the muse
With impious hand th' ensanguin'd laurel twine

About their frowning brows? forbid it Heav'n!
Forbid it justice! rather, let the voice
Of babbling fame be mute, nor idly vaunt
The cruelties of war, the hero's rage,
While rapine, violence, and death conspire
To raise his name, and consecrate his crimes;
While proudly looking from his airy height,
He spurns his prostrate foes, defies the force
Of chance or fate, and thinks himself a God.
Vain boast of senseless pride! 'tis not the sword
Avenging, or the tyranny of pow'r
Insulting o'er distress, which from the earth
Can lift aspiring man; his lowly state
To various change expos'd, far other views,
Far other thoughts prescribes; 'tis his to smooth
The bed of sickness, his to feel for all
Who groan beneath misfortune, and to all,
Far as allow his scanty pow'rs, extend
Unwearied charity, unfeigned love.

O CHARITY! of social virtues chief!
Offspring of love celestial! at thy name
All nature smiles, and ev'ry grateful voice
Joins in one gen'ral song in praise of thee!
Nor shall my simple muse refrain her lay,
Albeit, unus'd to theme sublime, she sing
A wild and artless carol, such as flows
Rude and unpolish'd from the rustic pipe

Of shepherd, when at eve returning late
He swells the note of gratitude to Heav'n.
Nor, to inspire her song, will she invoke
The aid of fabled deity, of old
On sacred mount, or near prophetic stream,
Or in the deep recess of dusky grove
Feign'd to reside; thy potent name alone
Breathes inspiration, with resistless pow'r
Calls fancy forth, while, through the heart diffus'd,
Each bright affection, rising into thought,
Attunes the lyre and animates the song.

When man from bliss through disobedience fell,
Within his mind degenerate was born
The fiend suspicion, child of conscious guilt
And trembling fear; she taught him to perceive,
As if reflected back, in other minds
The num'rous ills he nourish'd in his own,
And with the jaundic'd eye of jealousy
To scan another's deeds; contracting close
Each inlet to the heart, checking the springs
Of brotherly affection, social love,
The ornament and happiness of man;
Beneath the mask of prudence she diffus'd
Her deadly venom, and in studied phrase
Of feign'd attachment dealt her precepts forth,
'Till the deluded wretch, to ev'ry sense
Of gen'rous feeling callous, dragg'd a life

Of sad uncertainty and endless pain:
Hence ev'ry virtue its due honour lost,
Or seem'd to shine as shines some baleful star
Presaging swift destruction: Such mischance
Mark'd the sad fall to wretchedness and sin!

As poison from the dagger's tainted point
Steels through the veins, and with the wholesome blood
And gen'rous juices mixing, through each pass,
Each labyrinth of circulation flows
Pursuing life, relentless, 'till it reach
The citadel of health, where deep enshrin'd,
Ethereal essence! dwells the sov'reign soul,
And thence with violence resistless drives
The bright inhabitant; so through the mind
Her potent bane the fiend suspicion spreads.
What now avails the sense of conscious worth?
The blush of chastity? the down-cast eye
Of modest meekness ever gleaning praise,
While, seeking to avoid the dazzling glare
Of popular applause, she shuns the ken
Of admiration? What avails the youth
That noble fire, which, glowing from his heart,
By virtue nourish'd and from virtue sprung,
With gen'rous feelings animates his soul,
To gen'rous actions prompts his willing hand,
Exalting and refining ev'ry thought?
They all are vain, suspicion evil-ey'd

Withers their bloom, and to hypocrisy
Ascribes their birth: Where then shall virtue find
A friend, a guardian, whose impartial hand
Shall from her clouded beauties lift the veil,
And to th' approving eyes of all display
Their genuine lustre?
That task, O smiling CHARITY! is thine:
At thy approach suspicion fades away,
And all the hideous phantoms she had rais'd
Vanish like ghosts before the morning beam;
For thou art just, beneficent, and kind,
Long-suff'ring, swift to love, and slow to wrath;
To thee that flaming zeal is all unknown,
Which to the yoke of superstition bends
Indignant reason, such as erst inflam'd
The turban'd caliph, while with fire and sword,
From Asia's utmost bounds o'er prostrate lands
He spread the terrors of his impious faith;
Arabia, mother of the pious fraud,
Falsely call'd happy! Egypt fam'd of old
For sapience, now in tenfold darkness wrapt
Of dullest ignorance; where seven-mouth'd Nile
Laments his fate revers'd, his shores where once
The Grecian sages sought bright wisdom's haunt,
Now by the foot of fell barbarian trod.
Nor thou, more luckless land, shalt be forgot,
Where first the genuine beams of truth shone forth
Welcome to all mankind, but least to thee

Blind to thy own advantage! deaf to all
The calls of Heaven indulgent.
Hence through thy borders ruin proudly stalks
And desolation: Where is now the pride
Of ancient cities? where the tow'ring state
Of temples fam'd of old? all fall'n and lost,
In one confusion wrapt, sad monuments
Of the just vengeance of offended Heav'n.

But other mis'ries call us nearer home,
Where e'en the law of CHRIST, the law of love
Is made the source of violence and woe.
Deep in yon dungeon's melancholy gloom
Behold the prostrate wretch; one feeble hand
Supports his head, the other to his breast
Prest hard declares the pangs which burst his heart:
No cheering sun for seven long tedious years,
No wife's embrace, no children's artless smile,
No ray of hope, no friendly intercourse
Have varied his sad hours! but hark the grate
On hinge discordant turns! is it relief?
Ah! no, the ministers of torment come!
They come to wring the life-blood from his heart,
Drop following drop in slow-consuming pain.
What hath he done? hath he betray'd the state?
Hath he imbru'd his hands in parents' blood?
Hath he blasphem'd the Majesty of Heav'n?
None, none of these! A citizen esteem'd,

A pious son, religion's firmest friend
He long had liv'd, and still had liv'd in peace,
Had not his fate to Lusitania's shore
Borne him reluctant, where with iron fang
Oppression, under bright religion's mask,
To false opinions immolates alike
The parent, brother, citizen and friend.

Blest land! where persecution draws no more
The slaught'ring sword, where liberty resides
Fair guardian of thy peace, where justice hold
An equal balance, where religion smile
In all her own simplicity array'd:
Not in the tawdry trappings which conceal
Beneath the glitt'ring pageantry of dress
The tyranny of pow'r; but rules benign,
As Heav'n's high will demands, thy happy sons.
Long may they know their happiness, long feel
How vast, how infinite a debt they owe
Of gratitude to Heav'n; as much surpass
In worth as in felicity mankind:
With them, as the green tree near fertile streams,
May ev'ry virtue flourish, ev'ry vice
Fade as the grass upon the mountain's top,
Which withers and its place is known no more.
But chief, O sweetly smiling CHARITY!
Deign from the blest abodes still to look down
On this thy fav'rite isle, still to inspire

Those upright sentiments, that genuine love,
Stranger to persecution, which adorns
Thy vot'ries, who by thee are taught to bear
With those infirmities they cannot heal,
Whate'er is worthy praise to hope of all,
All good of all men gladly to believe,
And in the light of brethren to esteem
Each race, each sect, and ev'ry child of man.

Nor yet to speculative thought confin'd,
Deep in the mind conceiv'd, are the rich gifts
Of CHARITY, but, like the gen'rous fire
Which erst the bards of ancient time inflam'd,
Burst forth in words of import vast and high,
Apt to express with energy divine
The noble feelings of the heav'n-born soul:
Hence flow the streams of wisdom and of truth,
Friendly advice, and social intercourse;
Hence candor, friend to injur'd innocence,
Robs scandal of its prey, and lifts the shield
Of justice, proof against the fiery darts
Of envy or of malice, foes declar'd
To virtue, and the vot'ries at her shrine.

To errors prone, and eager to pursue
The gaudy phantoms of a summer's day,
Bursting the galling fetters of restraint,
The youth through pleasure's fascinating path

Ranges at will, impatient of the frown
Of reverend reproof; him unforeseen
Malice assaults, and from her secret place
Where, from the light of Heav'n remov'd, she dwells
Bloated with venom, with unerring aim
Wounds unsuspicious: blush ye sons of men;
In human minds shall there exist such rage,
Such cruelty as e'en the desart-brutes
Disdain to own? when through the gloomy night
The murd'ring wolf ranges, keen hunger drives
The robber from his den, no wanton lust
Of blood; but ye, ye sons of malice, say,
What passion prompts, what appetite commands,
What pleasure tempts you, that with ruthless fang
Ye sacrifice the innocent?
Quit then the horrid trade, and learn to feel;
Learn that superior excellence of man,
To imitate the messengers of Heav'n,
And warn the unthinking of the gath'ring storm;
To guide his footsteps, from the flow'ry path
Of vice, to virtue, happiness and peace;
Not to depress the soul already fall'n,
Much less unveil to the world's searching eye
The weakness of a brother, but resist
The tyranny of malice, and stand forth
The champion of the injur'd and oppress'd.
These arts are worthy man, these arts exalt
His nature; and as all-pervading fire

Refines the silver from its earthly dross,
From sin and sorrow purify his soul,
A candidate for happiness and Heav'n.

Nor, though provok'd by injury and ill,
Shall the sad curse from the unhallow'd lip
Fall unreprov'd, nor shall the voice bestow'd
On man to sing the great Creator's praise,
Be us'd to ban his creatures, or call down
The stroke of vengeance on the hostile head.
What though the tyrant, with terrific frown,
Doom thee to death, with all its horrid train
Of terrors, ling'ring pangs, and dire disgrace!
Think how the holy Saviour of Mankind
Endur'd whate'er or cruelty, or rage,
Of torment could invent;—behold him now
Suspended on the cross! on his pale brow
Hang the cold drops of death; through ev'ry limb
The piercing torture rages; ev'ry nerve,
Stretch'd with excess of pain, trembles convuls'd.
Now look beneath, and view the senseless crowd,
How they deride his suff'rings, how they shake
Their heads contemptuous, while the bitter taunt,
More bitter than the gall they gave, insults
The agonies of him on whom they gaze.
But hark, he speaks! and the still-hov'ring breath
Wafts his last pray'r to all-approving Heav'n:
" Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Ye, who extol the joys of social love,
Say, can the various history of man,
Throughout its long-drawn roll, produce one act
To be compar'd with this? can friendship boast
A parallel? That friend for friend should die,
How rare! how wonderful! superior love
Man hath not known: beyond this lofty height,
Not all the discipline of ancient schools,
Had taught to soar; to brave the stroke of death,
Or, numb'd in apathy, to banish pain,
Or, when the common good prescrib'd, to die,
Was their's to teach; but to survive disgrace,
Or to behold the triumph of a foe,
They could not learn; not Cato's self endur'd
The galling thought, but, wrapt in sullen gloom
Of disappointment and despair, forsook
The cause he could not save; to conquer hate,
And in its place to cherish love unfeign'd,
Forgiveness and forgetfulness of wrongs,
No precepts but the perfect law of CHRIST,
No teacher but the blessed SON of GOD,
Could e'er instruct mankind; wherefore to Him,
Eternal Saviour, universal King,
In Heav'n and Earth, by angels and by men,
Be glory, honour, majesty, and praise.

Thy salutary influence o'er the mind,
Whether in lofty thought, or word display'd,

The muse, unequal to the arduous task,
Too boldly hath attempted to describe;
And yet thy noble deeds remain unsung,
O CHARITY! nor shall the theme dismay.
The Lord of Heav'n, who from his throne above
Governs the universe, yet deigns to hear
The praise which from the mouths of sucklings flows,
And from the lisping babe ordaineth strength.

When the last awful trumpet shall proclaim
The day of justice and of judgment come,
And from the teeming earth and frighted sea,
Shall call each trembling spirit to his fate;
Then, as the stars which deck the vault of Heav'n,
The righteous shall shine forth, while dire dismay,
And inly-wounding guilt, and endless shame
Await the sons of wretchedness and sin;
These, from the just divided, shall attend
Their angry sentence, while their angry God
Pronounces their irrevocable doom:
Depart ye cursed, 'midst eternal flames,
For Satan and his rebel host prepar'd,
In darkness, chains and wretchedness to groan;
For when I hunger'd ye deny'd me meat,
When I was thirsty ye refus'd the cup,
Against my misery ye shut your door,
When on the bed of sickness I was cast,
When in the bonds of tyranny I lay,

To the loud cries of sorrow ye were deaf;
From my distress ye turn'd away your eyes;
For that relief ye impiously deny'd
Your suff'ring brethren, ye refus'd to me.

What tongue of man or angel can express
Those pangs; which on the sons of sin and woe
This judgment must inflict? or what that joy,
Which, like the morning's brightness, shall spring up
To them, who in the paths of righteousness,
Throughout this toilsome pilgrimage of life,
Have, like the sun through his fixt path in Heav'n,
Pursu'd their steady way? they only set
To rise again more glorious, to begin
A course which nor the stroke of death, nor time
Shall end or interrupt; those precious seeds
Of charity and love, which here on earth
Were sown in sorrow, shall produce their fruit,
An endless harvest of eternal joy.
'Mid these shall shine, he, at whose fost'ring hand
The orphan and the widow have receiv'd
Th' assistance they implor'd, and he, to whom
The feeble cry of sickness was a plea
Too strong to be resisted; ev'ry act
Which shun'd the trifling plaudit of mankind,
Shall here to wond'ring millions be display'd,
A monument of grace; no alms so small,
Not ev'n the cup of water, if bestow'd

With charity, shall lose its just reward.
What weight of endless glory then shall crown
Those who from ignorance and error's thrall
Have freed their brethren; they to distant times
And ages yet unborn, and climes remote,
Where yet the sun of science never rose,
Extended their benevolence; to them
The tongues of thousands shall ascribe that praise
They nobly earn'd on earth; while at the shrine
Of truth they offer'd fortune's vaunted gifts,
Gifts truly valued only in their use.
With these, reliev'd from labour and from care,
Those who through purest channels taught to flow
The streams of that benevolence, shall shine;
For without them those streams had flow'd in vain,
Nor own'd the glorious source from whence they sprung.

Such are the high rewards with which thy sons,
O CHARITY! hereafter shall be crown'd:
For without thee what is the boasted height
To which humanity affects to soar?
Knowledge is but an empty, useless sound,
Science a jargon; ev'n the glorious gift
Of prophecy, its myst'ries to unfold,
Yea, ev'n that pow'r which chang'd fair nature's plan,
And bad the sun stand still, if not from thee
It rise, to thee return, is void and vain.

What though to poverty's imploring voice
I give my earthly goods; though to the pile
I yield my body; if thy genuine love
Inspire not, this alike is void and vain.
Thou, mild and gentle nature! art estrang'd
From envy, hatred, insolence or pride;
Thou seekest not thy own, but others' weal,
Slow to reprove, but studious to applaud,
And from the eyes of malice to conceal
The weakness thou lamentest to behold:
For thou of each believ'st and hop'st the best,
Forbearing and forgiving ev'ry ill.
The time shall come when prophecy itself,
And all the knowledge which exalts mankind,
Shall lose their use; these, while the state of man
In imperfection lies, by Heav'n are made
To compass ends sublime; but when that state
Imperfect for perfection shall be chang'd,
Shall fade away, and boast that use no more.
Thus in the dawn of life, faint is the ray
Of reason, which in manhood brighter shines
A guide unerring; while this nether world
Detains us, all the knowledge we can boast
Is but a faint resemblance of that pure,
That all-perceiving wisdom, which adorns
Those spirits superior, to whose ravish'd eyes
The perfect scheme of providence appears

In brightness inconceivable display'd.
But subject to no change, through endless time
Shall faith, and hope, and charity endure;
And thou, O CHARITY! of these the chief,
In high preëminence shalt ever reign.

DUELLING.

By CHARLES PETER LAYARD, M. A.

Eheu, cicatricum et sceleris pudet,
Fratrumque. Hor. Lib. I. Od. 35

1775.*

WHAT plaintive voice invokes?—the silent muse,
From distant scenes, where fancy still supplies
New beauties as the varying prospect fades,
Recalls th' attention of her wand'ring thought.
Sure 'tis the orphan's cry; the widow's shriek:
Forbear, ye mourners! to your earnest pray'r
Heav'n lends a willing ear; nor shall the bard,
While warm affections glow within his breast,
While pity claims a sigh, distress a tear,

* There being no prize adjudged in 1774, two were given in 1775.

Be deaf to your complaint. Ah! what avails
The boast of pride, the rancour of revenge,
Delight of villains! what the bloody palm,
Which honor on her brutal sons bestows,
If these, sad victims to her stern decree,
Of each soft joy bereft, of each bright hope
Depriv'd, must wander thro' a vale of tears,
Estrang'd from happiness, allied to woe?

Talk not of fame! What fame enjoy'd that wretch
That slew his brother? he, who cou'd not brook
Rejection from his God, with anger fir'd,
With envy stung, the ties of nature burst,
And sacrific'd the guiltless to revenge.—
But mark the punishment! the record stands
First outcast and assassin of mankind.
Did honor prompt the adverse pair who fell
Each by the sword of his antagonist?
When gallant Mohun, and fiercer Douglas ran
To sharp encounter, in the horrid strife
Disdaining little rules of art, they fought
Like savage fiends, for nought but human blood.
Did glory or revenge inflame their breasts
Resolv'd on giving or receiving death?

Away with custom! 'tis the plea of fools,
Where crimes enormous that debase the man
Rise in their own defence, the long drawn roll

Where the ascent, and fall of states or men
Stand variously pourtray'd, what is it else
But a sad series of collective guilt,
Whence custom for each wantonness of ill
May draw the shameful precedent? In vain
Reason illumes the mind, if man from truth
Strays, like a sheep which thro' the trackless waste
Pursues the wand'ring of the bleating flock.

Talk not of courage! in the good man's breast
Justice and piety with valour reign;
He, tho' the fabric* of the shaken world
Shou'd burst in thund'ring ruin o'er his head,
Calm and unaw'd wou'd view the crushing wreck,
Nor shudder at destruction; but to brave
The wrath of Heav'n, or rashly to intrude
Spotted with guilt into his Maker's sight;
Or lift for mercy a rebellious hand
Dy'd with a brother's gore, he justly fears;
Yet, in himself collected, will defy
The taunt of malice, or that groundless right
The weakest, lightest of mankind assume
To brand with infamy his injur'd name,
And scorn the coward daring to forgive.

* Hor. Carm. Lib. III. Od. 3.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Speak not of vengeance! 'tis the right of God.
" Vengeance is His." Who shall usurp the bolt
And launch it for omnipotence? shall man
Assume the right of judgment, or prescribe
How far the line of mercy shall extend,
Or punishment shall stretch its iron rod?
In thine own cause to judge who gave thee right,
Presumptuous worm! canst thou, frail man, correct
Thy partial mind, which (as the needle errs
Robb'd of it's virtue by the lightning's stroke)
To self-approving vanity attends,
Nor heeds the justice of an adverse plea?
Hast thou created man, or canst thou make
Allowance for infirmity? canst thou
Against his reason weigh his passions' force,
And thence pronounce his doom? by what base crime
Can he thy equal, lose a nat'ral right,
That thou shoul'dst rise so high above his state,
And as a judge consign him to destruction?

But, in contempt of Him whose word call'd forth
Creation's range, diffusing every joy
Which gilds life's transient day: dispensing hope
That comforts, and each virtue that exalts;
Who with His image stamp'd imperial man
Made heir of happiness; whose high regard
Taught him the path of life, whose voice pronounc'd,

*Be happy, humble, merciful, and just;
Thou, foe to peace, apostate from thy God!
Worship'st an idol which in borrow'd robes
The mockery of majesty, deckt forth,
It's servile suppliants impiously adore!
Yet, to awake thee from th' insidious dream,
Lest, like the fly which flutters round the blaze,
Thou court thy own destruction, shall the muse
From thy vain idol pluck the treacherous mask:
What tho' the dazzling splendor of its beam,
Afflict the weakness of thy mortal sight;
Let but the glorious sun of truth break forth,
That purer light which strengthens where it shines,
As meaner stars hide their diminish'd heads,
Asham'd it shall avoid the flood of day.

High on a rock stands honor's glittering fane
Whose lofty tow'rs above the clouds ascend;
Its gates stand open wide; on either hand,
Arm'd with each mischievous device contriv'd
For fashionable murder, see false shame
And harden'd cruelty; within inthron'd,
With eye suspicious and contracted brow,

* Micah VI. ver. 8. He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

The goddess* sits; on her right hand revenge
With mantle dy'd in blood, and on her left
Pride like a skeleton in gorgeous robes
And royal diadem; with these a form
Still varying, tho' each change progressive mocks
The eye of observation, stands aloft,
And with its strength sustains the spacious dome
As Atlas did the world; its name on earth
Is Custom, such a phrase unknown in Heav'n.
Along the walls the living colors glow
Expressing hardy feats and deeds of death:
Here o'er the fallen mistress of the world
The barb'rous tribes insult, and from the hives
And regions of the north o'er happier climes
Pour forth their countless swarms of various name,
Lombards, and Vandals, Heruli, and Goths:
These, unaccustom'd to that milder law,
Which regulates the strife of polish'd realms,
By ignorance and superstition led,
To Heav'n's tribunal made their bold appeal,
And from the fortune of the fight decreed.
Clad in bright arms behold the champions stand,
And like two coursers eager for the race,

* Nostis extra portam Collinam, ædem Honoris: et aram in eo loco fuisse, memoriæ proditum est. Ad eam cum lamina esset inventa, et in eâ scriptum DOMINA HONORIS; ea causa fuit ædis hujus dedicandæ. Cic. de Legibus, Lib. 2. C. 23.

Impatient wait the signal; on himself
Each, if for falsehood he hath drawn his sword,
Hath imprecated* vengeance, but on whom
The lot shall fall the chance of war decides.
To pray'rs like these the ear of Heav'n is deaf,
Nor will it brook presumption, but abhors
That trial whose event on brutal force,
Or skill, or secret treachery depends;
Hence to his doom each champion it resigns,
Averse to interfere; but he, who claims
The style of Heav'n's vicegerent upon earth,
Presumes to warrant† what his God abhors,
And sanctifies the sword that thirsts for blood.

See, for Trinacria's fair and fertile fields,

* There were several oaths taken previous to the judicial combat; one by the appellant, another by the defendant, and a third by them both together, in which each maintained the justice of his cause: each of them next swore in a most solemn manner that he used no incantations, sorceries, &c. Lastly they gave and took the *defiance*, calling on God to be witness of their right. See the forms in FAVINE's Theatre of Honor.

† Tho' several Popes, Bishops and Councils endeavoured to abolish the practice of Duelling; yet there are instances of Popes giving their permission to particular persons to engage in them under various pretences. Alciato in his Book de Duello says, concerning the intended combat hereafter mentioned, "Questi dui havendo lungo tempo guerregiato de l'isola di Sicilia, a'lfine con l'autorità di Papa Martino e de'l Collegio di Cardinali convenero di combattere insimè à corpo, à corpo à Burdeleu in Guascogna, &c.

Where Charles of Anjou braves th' unequal * strife
And against Arragon's perfidious King†
Comes to maintain his right: for regal sway
Hungarian brothers‡ there, as erst for Thebes
The sons of incest wag'd unnat'ral war,
Contend with hostile arms and rankling hate.
Ill it becomes the ministers of peace
To authorize contention, but, inflam'd
With martial fury and the rage of zeal,
See, where the Papal champion || of the church
Against her foes defends disputed rights;
While those who preach the peaceful word of CHRIST
Cherish that rancour which his law forbad.

* Charles was sixty years of age, his antagonist but forty.

† Peter the Third, a monster of cruelty and perfidy, who was the Author of the cruel massacre of the Sicilian Vespers. Having himself offered the combat to Charles of Anjou, he came not to the field till after the day appointed.

‡ Fu quest' altro memorabile de dui fratelli ambidoi regi de l'Ongheria qual' è detta Pannonia inferiore. Erano questi dui con gl'esserciti in punto per far la giornata: et era à pericolo di far' ammazare numero infinito di gente: l'uno de fratelli solo ando ne'l forte de l'altro Rè suo fratello, et con alta voce dimando d'essere dondotto à suo fratello: arrivatovi disse fratello che bisogna che l'uno de noi cerche di remanere vittorioso co'l sangue de tanti vallorosi huomini, hor che non combattiamo noi dui: et isgridando uccise il fratello. Duello de L'Alciato.

|| Sacerdotes, Clerici, Monachi, atque hi Vicarios et Campiones dare tenebantur. Vid. Du Fresne.

Oppos'd to these behold the warlike Frank*,
Who with the wreath that blooms on Hymen's brow
Entwin'd the laurel won in Honor's lists,
Where, 'mid the pomp of war and pride of love
In gay confusion join'd, the hardy knight
His vanquish'd rival robb'd of ev'ry hope
Which life, or love, or valor cou'd bestow,
And gain'd the beauteous prize; as if the fall
Of slaughter'd heroes cou'd in softer breasts
Give savage pleasure and unfeeling joy.
From Gallia o'er Iberia's regions spread
The rage of chivalry, nor cou'd the heights
Of Pyrenean hills or rapid Rhine
Restrain its progress: thro' Germania's ‡ plains
And Albion's isle remote the phrenzy flew.

* Torneamentorum nomen manare multi opinantur ab illâ equorum decursione et sciomachiâ seu imaginariâ pugnâ veterum, quam Trojam et Trojanum ludum vocabant, ab Æneâ in Siciliâ ad Anchisæ patris tumulum primùm inventâ, deinde ad Romanos traductâ, de quâ Virgilius, Suetonius, et Xiphilinus. Alii probabiliùs censent ut a Gallis eorum usus originem accepit, nempe a verbo *torner* aut *tourner* i. e. in orbem circumduci, circumflecti. Qui enim in his militaribus decursionibus decertabant, quos insidebant, flexis in gyrum frenis, equos circumagebant.

Differebat Justa a torneamento quemadmodum species a genere.—Torneamentum plurium et turmatim congredientium, Justa singulare erat certamen.

Du Fresne ad voces Justa et Torneamentum.

‡ Vid. Du Fresne.

See on his shield each bears a quaint* device,
And round his arm, by fav'ring love confer'd,
The silken pledge†, which as his eye beholds,
With brighter fire, like the swift meteor's gleam,
It sparkles, while his bosom pants for fight:
Around the lists they wheel in quick career
And sudden clash, as if opposing suns
Shou'd meet full-blazing:—from a shiver'd lance
The splinter thro' his vizor wounds a king,
And thro' his eye-ball violates the brain:
The monarch ‡ falls, and Gallia's grief resounds.

* Les Chevaliers etoient distingués entre eux par les armoiries particulieres, dont ils chargeoient leur ecu, leur cotte d'armes, &c. See M. De Sainte Palaye's Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie, part IV. pag. 293, where he assigns the different causes of assuming particular bearings; and describes certain peculiar ones.

† A ce titre (c'est a dire de *Servants d'amour*) les Dames daignoient joindre ordinairement ce qu' on appelloit Faveur, Joyau, Noblesse, Nobloy ou Enseigne: c'etoit une echarpe, un voile, une coëffe, une manche, une mantille, en un mot quelque pièce détachée de leur habillement ou de leur parure; quelquefois un ouvrage tissu de leur mains, dont le Chevalier favorisé ornois le haut de son heaume, ou de sa lance, son ecu, sa cotte d'armes, quelque partie de son armure et de son vêtement. Mem. Sur l'ancienne Chevalerie, part II. pag. 95. Voyez aussi les notes fur ce passage.

‡ Henry II. of France killed in a tournament at Paris by the Comte de Montgomeri. Anno 1559. M. De Sainte Palaye speaks of this event in the following manner. " Le funeste accident qui fit périr Henri II. au milieu de sa cour, et sous les yeux d'une nation à laquelle

Next these succeeded* who in after time
To the stern goddess bent the slavish knee;
What scenes of woe, what complicated griefs
Swell the sad annals of her cruel reign!

Behold that aged sire, a sire no more!
He once cou'd boast a son; yes, hail'd him brave,
Just, generous, and worthy; but in vain!
Beneath the marble rests his breathless corse,
And all those virtues which once bloom'd so fair
Lie wither'd in the tomb; the mournful lay,
Preserver of his fame, renews the sigh
And heartfelt anguish of parental woe.

Remark that form, and if the hand of grief

il etoit cher, produisit dans les esprits une nouvelle revolution qui acheva d'abolir la Chevalerie. Le Coup mortel que reçut ce prince, eteignit dans le cœur des François l'ardeur qu'ils avoient temoignée jusque-là pour les joûtes et les Tournois; on craignit de se rappeler, à la vûe de ces spectacles l'idée d'un malheur qui avoit jettè la France dans la consternation, et peut-être encore d'en attirer d'autres semblables. Part. V. pag. 40.

* Les Tournois, ces resorts si puissans pour faire mouvoir les Chevaliers ayant cessé presque totalement, entraînerent par leur chûte celle de la Chevalerie même. La valeur Françoise, toujours bouillante dans le sein même d'une Cour voluptuese, n'etant plus occupée des exercices des Tournois; ni retenue dans les bornes du devoir par les sages loix de l'ancienne Chevalerie, dégenéra bientôt en une aveugle fureur pour les duels. M. De Sainte Palaye, Ibid.

Hath not the charms of beauty quite eras'd,
As of their hue the boist'rous north wind robs
The vernal flow'rs, remember her whom once
Envy beheld with madness, on whose head
The choicest blessings were by heav'n show'r'd down,
'Till one dire moment hurl'd her from her bliss,
And plung'd her deep in comfortless despair.
Where now are fled the hours of soft delight?
Those smiling hours, which, as they flew, supplied
Variety of happiness? O thou,
Whose ruthless sword each lovely scene laid waste,
Who thro' the husband's bosom stabb'd the wife,
Say, can the phantom Honor, can the pride
Of conquest, or the transport of revenge;
Say, can the vain applause of those, whose praise
Stamps thee unworthy of the name of man,
Can these lull conscience in eternal sleep,
Or bribe reflection to withhold her stings?

Now view that monster whose ungrateful arm
Destroys his friend, to whom he owes his life,
And all life's worth: him oft his guardian hand
From want, from sickness, from the yawning tomb
Rescu'd; what crime of more than mortal dye
Cou'd freeze the genial current of his heart,
Or change its native sweetness into gall?
One idle word let fall in thoughtless sport,
'Ere yet reflecting reason had perceiv'd,

Or scann'd its import, but, with those who boast
The ill-earn'd name of honourable men,
All ties it cancels, benefits outweighs,
And claims the rash offender's forfeit life.

Full many a theme of grief the muse cou'd urge,
Full many a scene of misery describe,
Which from her bosom drew the heart-felt pang;
But, with variety of woes oppress'd,
From the sad prospect she recalls her eye.

But Thou, who from Thy glorious throne above
With look benign behold'st the sons of men;
Whose word is peace and love, whom to obey
Is honor, whom to serve is liberty,
Break the malicious sword, subdue the rage
Of pride, and curb the phrenzy of revenge;
Instruct th' oppressor to withhold his hand,
And teach the injur'd bravely to forgive.

DUELLING.

BY

SAMUEL HAYES, M. A.

Honestius putamus quod frequentius, recti apud nos locum tenet error, ubi publicus factus. SENECA.

1773.

FROM the blest realms of everlasting day,
Where happier angels sit enthron'd in bliss,
Immortal bliss, O sacred Honor hear!
Thou guide to courage, virtue's pure defence,
Insulted truth's firm adamantine shield:
Thou by whose flame inspir'd, th' intrepid Greek
Repell'd the torrent of barbarian arms
Aiming at freedom's life; by whom Fabricius,
Richer in uncorrupted poverty,
Disdain'd the tyrant's prostituted gold:

So in succeeding ages, when ambition
With giant arm for Europe's trembling states
Forg'd the despotic chain, Britannia's sons
Unsheath'd th' avenging sword, and stern in arms,
From Gallia's prostrate genius snatch'd the spear,
Blasting tyrannic pride. These were thy works,
Fair Honor, until man apostate turn'd,
Spurning thy voice, with interdicted blood
The tablature of social love defac'd!
Thou and Astræa then, from this vile world
Exil'd by guilt, to Heaven for refuge fled.
O deign awhile (an earthly visitant)
To animate the strain, instruct the muse
To vindicate thy violated rites,
And hurl a tyrant from thy throne usurp'd!

Lo on a rock wide op'ning to the view,
Lav'd by the ambient deep, a temple stands,
Bright with barbarick gold, and orient gems;
The edifice at distance seen appears
The work of architect divine: approach,
Its glories lessen to the mental eye
Of probing reason, ev'ry part is found
The work of human skill: On the dread top
Which seems to dart itself among the clouds,
Form'd by the sculptor's imitative hand,
Stand courage, reputation, glory, fame,
The watchful guardians of the god within.

But hark the portals open, at the sound
What num'rous tribes appear! Thro' the rough sea,
Though in the gloomy waves each hallow'd tie
That binds the human soul be overwhelm'd,
On to the fane they rush, there o'er the shrine
Grim Moloch sits; he, when the fiery bolt
Launch'd from th' avenging arm of Nature's King
Had hurl'd to hell's abyss the rebel crew,
For man's destruction wove th' infernal web:
By Lucifer commission'd, thro' the gates
Of Erebus he wing'd his way to earth;
O'er many a realm, swoln with destructive guile
The Stygian agent flew; where social love
In union sweet attun'd the tranquil mind,
Where sacred virtue rais'd the glowing thought
From earth's low confines to th' immortal God,
The fiend indignant gnash'd, such human bliss
Thro' ev'ry fibre shot distracting pangs;
Stung with the sight imagination saw
The heav'n ambition lost, the hell it gain'd.
Outstretch'd at length beneath the northern sky
He check'd his speed, and mark'd the desart scene;
Here stormy Scandinavia's iron race,
There Scythia's wand'ring clans, rude as the blast
Which sweeps along th' inhospitable coasts,
Held savage rule; no ray of science yet
Had shed it's soft'ning pow'r, no social bond
By laws coercive temper'd headstrong rage:

To roam the sterile waste, o'er frozen tracts
To hunt the shaggy tenants of the heath,
Form'd all their triumph, all their pleasure form'd.
Here the dread dæmon stopp'd, and downward glanc'd
A scowling eye; joy elevates his crest,
Malignant vengeance brightens at the view.
On earth the monster lights, nor longer bears
The semblance of his fall'n estate; that face,
Which erst by haughty indignation writh'd,
Mark'd the keen tortures of desponding pride,
Now wore another form; thy graceful mien,
Fair Honor, thy majestic port, the fiend
Externally assum'd; within his breast
No change was wrought, the same vindictive fire,
The same Tartarean guile, unalter'd there
In characters of adamant remain'd.
Forth 'midst the North's unletter'd tribes he stalk'd,
Scatt'ring fell poison thro' the rankling heart:
Like blasting vapor's pestilential breath
Shot from infectious Eurus, when the sun
Darting disastrous rays in Leo rides,
The venom taints the mind, with madd'ning rage
Thro' every fibre sweeps, and fires the soul:
Nor ended here the wound; from realm to realm
Th' apostate roam'd and sow'd the fatal seed.
As the rude stream swoln with descending rains
Foams o'er its banks, and with tyrannic sweep
Pours inundation o'er th' adjacent lands,

So from the frozen desarts of the north
Rush the impetuous clans; imperial Rome
Whelm'd in the conflict, totters to her base;
Infected Europe bleeds, thro' all her states
Despotic riots the rude law of arms,
Marring domestic peace, and social joys.

What tho' emerging from this gulf the mind
With heav'n born vigour fraught, pierces the gloom
Where ign'rance reign'd, and o'er th' enlighten'd sense
Darts the bright beams of scientific day,
Thou still, Europa, 'midst each rising art,
And all the treasures science hath disclos'd,
Behold'st thy sons, in frantic error lost,
With rash hand cancel ev'ry hallow'd tie:
In vain the voice of bleeding nature calls;
Tho' that supernal Judge enshrin'd above,
Whose laws by everlasting wisdom fram'd,
Thro' all eternity will stand supreme,
Tho' He doom torment on th' offender's head,
All cannot counteract th' award of man;
Infernal Moloch on his vengeful throne
Stands up sole monarch of the prostrate world;
And pleas'd with blood, that dearly purchas'd blood,
Whose current stopp'd, the vital springs in vain
Their functions keep in many a wretched sire,
In agonizing widows, orphan sons,
The tyrant smiles amidst the general wrock.

O whither then can virtue fly! O where,
When calumny impels the venom'd shaft,
And brawling malice tells the damned tale,
Shall martyr'd innocence a refuge find!
Despotic custom, error's sov'reign gloss,
Whose magic lustre can irradiate guilt,
And beam forth glory on the foulest deeds,
Points to the sword—there lies thy sole appeal,
Let courage stand the hazard of the die!
But if thy coward spirit chill'd by fear
Reject the test, if scandal's vip'rous tongue,
Though hourly pointed at thy head, can't force
Thee to such tryal of thy wounded worth,
Hence interdicted live, a prey to scorn
And galling shame; drag on an abject life,
Stripp'd of the jewel honor, 'till the tale
Be told to ev'ry ear, 'till thou thyself,
Who beyond virtue, worth, and ev'ry name
Which open honesty holds dear, could'st prize
Existence vile, be made the public mark
For scorn to move her pointed finger at.
O sentence dreadful to the gen'rous man,
Who deems the vital breath no longer worth
A wish, than while unsullied probity
Can guard the mansion pure from foul reproach!
Hence to the field at Honor's stern behests
The daring spirit flies; corrosive darts
Launch'd from detraction's arm with deadly aim,

Poison internal peace; the wounded heart
Distracted by the raging flame within,
Awake alone to ignominious shame,
Yields to the conflict, ne'er transmits a thought
Beyond the narrow boundaries of earth,
But prodigal of life burns for revenge.
Dost thou, deluded slave, for vengeance burn?
And how to be obtain'd? By seizing that,
The right of which alone to him belongs
Who gave the precious gift—
" But Honor calls,
" That tutelary pow'r which sways the brave,
" Commands that he who violates my fame,
" Should thus in arms maintain th' opprobrious charge."
Shall Honor then, that visionary term
Fram'd but to authorize infernal crimes,
Which, the false meteor of a troubled sky,
To ruin's yawning precipice allures
With unsubstantial light the devious step,
Shall that subvert the high decree of Heav'n,
And cancel ev'ry bond 'twixt man and man?
This deity (whose altars reek with blood)
Though millions bend the prostituted knee
Before the radiant shrine, though millions own
His pow'r vindictive just, and call him Honor,
All cannot sanctify what public good,
What Nature's moral dictates disavow,
And Heav'n's almighty mandate impious deems.

Or dost thou hither come with naked point,
(Poor semblance of internal fortitude)
To vindicate thy courage from the wounds
Which tongue licentious may inflict?
" Shall I,
" When foul detraction aims her shaft at me,
" Submissive bend, and by submission vile
" Confirm the accusation? Thus at once
" Give up the dearest jewel in the crown
" Of human life, and for the mean desertion
" Be mark'd a coward in the public eye;
" And all for what? Because I basely choose,
" Chain'd to the oar of wretched life, to live
" A dastard slave, at whose ignoble head
" Each puny villain may discharge his dart,
" Nor feel the point recoil—detested thought—
" Vengeance be thou my guide, my sinews brace,
" Drive from my brain each low and mean idea
" Which strives to warp my soul. Opposing fate
" May to the grave sink this devoted frame,
" Surviving malice then will blunt her edge,
" And Honor twine his laurels round my tomb."
Delusive pageantry of specious words!
True manly courage spurns such idle warmth;
That man alone is truly brave, whose soul
By virtue tutor'd, by religion sway'd,
At their tribunal ev'ry impulse scans.
Think'st thou 'twas rage like this which warm'd the Greek

And Roman breast, which bade th' immortal muse
In glory's temple register their names,
And consecrate their deeds thro' ev'ry age?
Heroick spirits soar a loftier flight;
'Tis their's the bleeding captive to redress,
In arms to check ambition's crested pride,
On tyrants' necks to fix fair freedom's throne,
And for the public shed their dearest blood.
Go haunt the desart, in the forest's tracts
View the proud tenants of the drear domains,
Th' imperial lion, tow'ring elephant,
The spotted tyger smear'd with well-earn'd blood;
View these, then in the converse see thyself!
By instinct led they seize the sylvan spoil,
And thou by passion madded aim'st at man;
The lion wars not with the lion, tygers
On tygers prey not: as instinctive heat
Impels, each nobler beast pursues his game.
Shall man then, in the image of his god
With form erect created, Heav'n-inspir'd
Thither to raise his thoughts, apostate turn
From Nature's laws, and by a deed of death
Give his own race to the destructive sword?
Nay more, suppose thy utmost wish possess'd,
The foul detractor welt'ring at thy feet,
What hath the conquest gain'd? That probing pow'r
Lodg'd in the human breast, conscience will tell;
Her scorpion sting pervades each deep recess,

Her awful voice will tell thee, what the conquest,
And what the purchase is; the triumph here,
Is over nature, justice, Heav'n's high laws;
The fruits, heart-rending anguish, keen remorse,
Th' avenging horrors of a guilty mind.
The bosom of a friend perhaps thine hand
Hath pierc'd; perhaps, O complicated woe!
That friend, a son and father; one, on whose
Benignant care, a rev'rend sire bow'd down
By the bleak winter of unshelter'd age,
His sole support had rested; one, on whom
A virtuous wife had plac'd her all; to whom,
Unable to redress their own hard lot,
An infant race in life ow'd all support.
See what a chain of comfort thy rash hand
At once hath sever'd—dost thou now repent?
Can penitential tears renew the spark
Of life? can they, O agonizing thought!
Can they give back the husband, son and father?

Here let the muse (nor thou, O letter'd pride,
Deem the digression vain) by moral tale
Enforce her precepts! To the frantic crowd
Poets of old on noblest purpose bent
Have thus arraign'd aspiring vice, have thus,
By fiction's magic wand torn off the film
From self-love's partial eye confounding guilt,
By holding up to the enlighten'd sense,

The counterfeit presentment of itself.—
Honorius and Aspasia join'd by love,
In marriage blest, had now eight happy years
Together liv'd; no comfort either knew
Save what was mutual, no contracted wish
Ruffled the current of domestic peace:
Four infant pledges (the fair op'ning buds
Of future blessings) grac'd their blissful seat.
One common friend they had, worthy the name
Of friend, not such as they whose sordid sense
To opulence alone its service binds,
But firm, prepar'd at friendship's hallow'd voice,
To stem all perils fortune might oppose.
Thus happy pass'd their hours in bliss serene,
Bliss too serene to last thro' chequer'd life;
Malignant envy, tortur'd at the worth
She cannot reach, which ever pines to see
The smiles of fortune in a virtuous train,
With haggard eye beheld the constant pair,
Nor ceas'd the fury thus; an artful tale
To ev'ry ear she told, an husband's wrongs,
The friend, the wife, to infamy consign'd:
Honorius doubted first, perplexing doubts,
Like serpent's eggs expos'd to Indian suns,
Kindled by jealousy's hot breath, were soon
Matur'd to dreadful birth; the jaundic'd eye
Distemper'd by the poison at the heart,

Makes trifles light as air substantial proofs,
In ev'ry action sees the friend Alphonso
Master of false Aspasia's wanton charms.

O where is now that sympathetic chord,
Whose sweet vibration sooth'd the placid soul!
In opposition bloody see the friend
To friendship's stifled impulse dead—in vain
Alphonso disavow'd the charge, in vain
To innocence and holy truth appeal'd;
" 'Tis timid guilt (Honorius cry'd) black guilt
" Which can inflict, but dares not vindicate
" The wound it gives, makes such a mean appeal.
" Had'st thou, a vile apostate from thy faith,
" By treach'rous malice to the lowest gulf
" Of abject penury consign'd this head,
" My constant heart had brav'd the ruthless storm—
" But there to point the desolating shaft,
" Where raptur'd fancy garner'd up its all,
" And fondly call'd the precious gem its own,
" To dispossess the sacred seat of that—
" Discarded love to fiery anger turn'd
" Unsheaths the sword, and consecrates revenge.
" Be now that open man my soul once thought thee,
" With resolution firm give answer thus."
" Hence with thy sword, (Alphonso said) think not
" The conscience self-approv'd shrinks back appall'd!

" When justice calls to arms, the truly brave
" Obedient to her call, are ready found,
" Nor ever start from danger's honest face:
" But here to meet one arm'd against himself,
" And for a madman's rage, with desp'rate thrust
" Urge on fell murther—Earth and Heav'n forbid!
" Arrest thy frantic hand—a moment stay!
" And let the solemn pause be well employ'd;
" 'Tis now an awful crisis, which exacts
" Attention due; thou stand'st upon the edge
" Of an unfathomable precipice,
" Eternity's drear gulf, and dar'st thou plunge
" Nor fix one thought on what futurity
" May cause to thine immortal nobler part?
" O if thou can'st turn thy bewilder'd sense
" Back to the world thou fly'st from! Are there left
" No claims behind to check vindictive rage?
" There are—all-pow'rful nature speaks in me,
" And will have audience 'ere the die be thrown.
" Lo an indulgent wife, in ev'ry grace,
" In purest virtue rich, looks up to thee
" Her sole support, the object sole belov'd:
" And wilt thou leave her on a dang'rous sea
" Where rending storms from ev'ry quarter blow;
" Here quit your hallow'd trust, where ev'ry hour
" Destruction in the mask of solemn love,
" With subtle poison tempts the female breast?

" O think, while yet reflection may avail;
" If still that love survive, which at the shrine
" Of Heav'n's high Majesty, thy mystic hand
" Proffer'd, do not for prostituted terms
" Of human honor abrogate the bond!
" Thy children too, as yet in infancy,
" Must they fall victims to a father's phrenzy?
" Assert the man! Through Nature's ample range,
" Benignant instinct animates the sense;
" The savage parent, though her body smart
" Pierc'd by the hunter's spear, and life's dear drops
" Course one another down her crimson'd side,
" Fir'd at the cries of her defenceless young,
" Calls up her strength, and with expiring pang
" Full at the hunter aims the guardian blow.
" Wilt thou be deaf to such a voice? O think,
" Poor naked wand'rers in this thorny vale,
" What perils may oppress them! Who will guide
" Their trembling steps thro' life's perplexing maze?
" Misfortune's edge, sharp poverty's chill hand,
" May, like the fury of the icy north,
" Lay waste those buds, which thy parental care
" Had cherish'd into virtue's blossoms."—
" Hold,
(Honorius cry'd,) " nor by mean parley hope
" To counteract my vengeance."—At the word
He rush'd: when lo (O passion's fev'rous heat,

How dost thou weaken man!) his eager foot
False to his hopes, betray'd its trust; he fell,
And in his breast receiv'd Alphonso's point,
Which nature had unsheath'd for self-defence.

Quick to Aspasia flew the dire event
On envy's eagle wing—But O what words
Can paint the deep distress?—At the dread sound
Her tongue its functions lost, to Heav'n she rais'd
In silent anguish her distracted eye,
And like a wretch by sudden lightning struck,
Who lives unconscious of the vital breath,
She stood transfix'd, a monument of woe.
Her infant train, with sympathetic grasp,
Their tender arms around Aspasia threw,
And, ign'rant of the cause for which they wept,
Pour'd forth their little souls in gushing tears.
Here turn thine eye, deluded man; behold
The widow'd mother and the orphan child,
Objects so late with ev'ry comfort blest,
By a distemper'd ideot's rage at once
Cut off from husband, father, and protector!
Let not the striking picture speak in vain:—
Should'st thou perchance be like Honorius urg'd,
Let reason, nature, and parental love
Be arbiters between thy rage and thee.
Does foul detraction persecute thy fame?

If inward conscience ratify the tale,
Why should thy frantic hand in deeper guilt
Whelm thy polluted soul? By virtuous deeds
Confront the charge, 'till re-establish'd worth,
Like noon-day sun, disperse the low'ring clouds.
If conscience stamp the accusation false,
What need of other test to set thee free?
Be conscious innocence thine only shield:
As the firm rock, against whose tow'ring strength
Th' indignant surge in sounding billows chafes,
Defies the torrent's iterated war,
So virtue on her own celestial base
Secure, though calumny's infernal fury
Empty whole quivers on her injur'd head,
Braves the malignant storm, and while the world,
That tyrant idol of the heated brain,
Arraigns her actions, to the sacred goal
Where justice and religion point, serene
Amid the beating tempest holds her course.

Rouse from the listless trance; thy mental sight
Is dimm'd by passion, thy distemper'd soul
Is alienated from all moral ties
By mean subjection to ideal nothings.

Lo, on the everlasting stone engrav'd,
"No murder shalt thou do." From God to man

The solemn law came down: By specious gloss
Of subtle learning think not to evade
The great command; 'twas ratify'd on earth;
The mountain rock'd round Sinai's trembling sides;
In gloomy spires the dreadful smoke arose;
Angelic trumpets pierc'd th' ethereal vault;
Wide-echoing thunder rent the conscious air;
Fierce lightning shot its terrors thro' the sky;
All nature spake, and with convulsive shock
Gave awful proof of the descending God.
O, if a spark of heav'nly fire remain,
Lift up thy soul, which to the narrow verge
Of ebbing life thus fixes every wish;
Break thro' the servile bonds false honour frames,
Nature and heav'n will consecrate the breach.
Behold the founder of the Christian faith;
Contemplate him whose ev'ry word was pure,
Whose life was all beneficence and love!
Though arm'd with pow'r to call avenging fire
From heav'n, or cause the conscious earth to burst,
And open wide her subterraneous womb,
He yields his patient head, 'midst tortures calm,
He breathes a pray'r for those, (transcendent goodness!)
For those who bound him to th' opprobrious tree.
And wilt thou then, to such example blind,
Dare violate with blood that blessed peace
Thus sanctify'd on earth? Let millions rail,

Detraction's venom'd fury brand thy name;
Hence warn'd, 'tis better far to suffer all
The canker'd tooth of malice can inflict,
Than with rude insult break the sacred law,
Though shouting millions authorize the deed.

THE

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

BY

GEORGE BALLY, M. A.

Written for Mr. SEATON's *Prize, but rejected.*

1757.

FOE to each strain which sooths th' unhallow'd ear,
And violates the dignity of song,
The Christian Muse exults to catch her flame
From altars of the living God, to drink
Her inspiration from the fount of truth.
Glorious her theme and solemn! fit to swell
The raptures of a seraph, when with hymn
Ecstatic, to his golden harp attun'd,
He makes the throne of Deity resound.

Deign, Holy Spirit, in thy Sibyl's breast,
If pure the shrine, and for th' illapse prepar'd,
To plant a ray of thy celestial light,

That so the visionary maid, enlarg'd
Her tone and feature, may with awful sound
Utter immortal mysteries, may sing
The glories of thy kingdom: how, transfixt
With his own arrows, death shall yield his prey,
And groan in sullen agonies his last:
How time shall join eternity's abyss,
And mingling sink ingulf'd: how earth shall tremble
With fruitful throes, and heave with quicken'd dust,
Man bursting from the prison of his tomb
(By shocks without, by fears within appall'd)
To meet the dread award; to see his God,
In all the splendors of judicial pomp
Array'd, descending from the empyreal skies.

When siren Pleasure spreads her guilty charms,
And summons all her blandishments to melt
Thy manhood into softness, and debase
The heav'n-stamp'd image to a grov'ling brute;
Or when ambition waves her plumy crest,
And with the gaudy pageant fires thy blood;
Prompts to break moral ties, as chains that bind
Heroic worth, and check fair fame's career;
Heir of eternal life, reflect, O man,
What to thyself thou ow'st, whose endless doom
Hangs on this squander'd moment, or the next.
To specious phantoms, by thy passions drest
In pleasing gloss, let fancy's magic glance
Oppose the final and tremendous scene:
Think that thou see'st the veil etherial rent

The Omniscient Judge disclos'd, begirt with pow'r
Paternal: shudder at th' imagin'd sound
Of the loud-pealing trump, which Nature hears
Shook from her pristine functions, and convuls'd:
Rapt in sad trance behold the teeming graves
Yawn and unhouse their tenants, trooping all
Where the bright standard of th' ensanguin'd cross
Waves o'er the throne imperial, in mid air:
Image thyself from subterranean cell
Thrust into light, and summon'd to the bar,
Pallid, aghast, and trembling for thy doom,
Heav'n op'ning all her joys, her torments Hell.
If to thy mind this picture were display'd
In all its heighten'd colourings of awe,
Deep wou'd th' impression sink: no worldly lure
Wou'd tempt the risque of an immortal soul.
Superior to the glitter of a crown,
To India's wealth, or beauty's roseate smile,
Touch'd by religion's ray, thy kindling spirit
Wou'd soar on adoration's eagle wing
To the Triune all-glorious Sun: there drink
Large draughts insatiate from the blissful fount,
In ecstasies ineffable dissolv'd.

In that portentous hour, when ev'ry heart
Shall groan, and sympathize with Nature's pang,
When the world, unsubstantial as its joys,
Shall like a fleeting shadow melt away,
What shall sustain the soul? What shoot a beam
Of consolation thro' the solid gloom?

What? but a retrospection of the past,
If, brighten'd with good deeds, the prospect shew
No darker spots than errors of surprize:
If, listed in the service of thy God,
Tenacious of thine oath thou stood'st the siege
Of Satan, unsubdu'd, tho' all his wiles
Combin'd with direful enginery assail'd
The more than stoic fortress of thy heart:
Or if, seduc'd, and yielding to his snares,
Thy soul, with deep contrition smit, bewail'd
Her base defection, and with fervent pray'r,
And vow'd amendment to the throne of grace,
Suppliant return'd, and struggled for the boon.
Then conscience, flame implanted from above
To guide thro' life's dark wild our devious steps,
(That smiles an angel, or a dæmon frowns)
Will sing her soothing requiem to thy breast.
Much will it chear thee, if amidst the crowd
An orphan or a widow meet thine eye,
Whose lighten'd woes confess'd thy fost'ring hand:
If mild forgiveness in thy bosom glow'd,
Thy friends embracing, nor excluding foes.
This thy blest Saviour, unexhausted source
Of love and mercy! when He deign'd to shroud
The Godhead in mortality's frail robe,
Enjoin'd and practis'd. Heaven is bound to pay
What man's benevolence expends on man.
Than Charity no fairer sweeter flow'r
The Christian chaplet weaves. All other virtues,
Their end attain'd, shall cease for ever. Hope

Shall in fruition's ocean be absorpt,
And Faith in certainty's meridian blaze.
But this sweet bud, transplanted from the bleak
Ungenial nursery below, shall bloom
Immortal in ambrosial Eden's bow'rs,
And with diffusive odours glad all heaven.

Thus taught to shun the perils of that storm,
Which shall the wicked wreck, but waft the good,
Propitious, to calm ports of endless joy;
The muse embolden'd will her task pursue,
And all the dread amazing scene unfold:
Reckless, tho' man condemn her frigid strain,
If Heav'n her modulated life applaud,
The better song! and in that solemn day,
Which trembling now she meditates to sing,
Deign to bestow the bright unwith'ring wreath.

Time's most stupendous birth, by glaring types
Prefigur'd, by the dark mysterious voice
Of holy seers announc'd, by God himself
(Empty'd of glory, and in flesh reveal'd)
Foreshewn in noontide lustre, now disclos'd
Frowns horrible on earth's awaken'd sons.
Yet (so insensate, and obdur'd his guilt)
Tho' the most awful ensigns of dismay,
Dark'ning the face of Nature, had proclaim'd
The world's approaching obsequies, yet man
Grasps sublunary shadows, pictur'd clouds,
And anchors on the tossing wave his hope.

So in the days of Noah, tho' forewarn'd,
'Ere the flood burst, and whelm'd their impious heads,
The playful votaries of Belial gorg'd
Their rav'ning palate, and in all the luxe
Of lawless joys and wild intemp'rance rag'd.
But now, like centinels asleep, by those
They dread surpriz'd, they start, they stare, they groan,
And read their woeful sentence in their fears.

For lo! the Judge, with myriads in his train,
Angelic cohorts, hierarchal pow'rs,
And all the thron'd dominions of the sky,
Proud to adorn the triumphs of this day,
From the bright empyrean bends to earth
His radiant progress. Earth to th' inmost center
Shakes to and fro astounded. Hark! the trump
Ætherial pours the sleep-dispelling blast,
And bellows in the concave of her womb
Parturient of life, and big with man.
Nature reverst her Lord's behest obeys,
Her dead with breath inspir'd, her quick transform'd.
The vaulted tombs, the cloud-capt pyramids,
Hear the loud-echo'd summons, and refund
The treasur'd reliques, faithful to their trust.
Nor only labours monumental earth
With human births. Each element throughout
Glows in this work; and feels the seeds of man
Unravel from its complicated mass.
From the four winds, by voice divine compell'd,
Thick swarming atoms thro' the clouded air

Precipitate their flight, to build anew
The moulder'd frame; no more to be dissolv'd!
And now its pristine tenement renew'd,
The soul long exil'd, which perhaps had roam'd,
A restless fugitive, the blue expanse,
Or, wheeling nearer to lov'd earth her flight
Hover'd impatient o'er th' imprison'd corse;
Or, couching on the confines of her doom,
Had wish'd, or fear'd the grand decisive day;
True to its nuptial tie, this soul returns,
And weds a partner, which shall live for ever.

O rapture to the just! to think that they,
When ev'ry planet, stricken from its orb,
Shall fade, and o'er a ruin'd universe
Darkness incumbent spread her raven wing,
That they, emerging from the wreck, shall shine,
Like clust'ring stars around the sun of glory,
In firmaments unconscious of decay!
See! how their brighten'd cheek with transport glows,
As, rising from their dank and wormy bed,
They moult corruption! All on wing they dart
Their wishes, and anticipate the skies.
Ah! how unlike the wicked! The scar'd muse
Starts at the conjur'd spectres. Grant, O Lord,
The poet may not in that group be seen;
But shun those terrors, which in fancy chill
His blood, and with a stygian vapour blot
Each fair idea dawning on his mind!
Slow and reluctant from their dungeon's gloom

They rise unjoyous. Happier, if they ne'er
Had risen from death's dark oblivious vale!
On their dim faded brow sits pale dismay,
And from their haggard eyes, shockt with each sight,
Each sound that meets their ear, wild horror glares;
And desperation, that internal hell,
Their mien with sorrow's darkest shade imbrowns.

But, hark! again the trumpet's direful clang,
Mixt with triumphal shouts of banner'd hosts
Rushing from high, th' affrighted welkin rends,
And to a congregated world proclaims
The Deity's approach. On radiant clouds
From purest æther spun, as on a car,
Borne thro' the yielding air He comes, and earth,
Unable to sustain th' effulgent beam
Of Godhead, with her adamantine hills
Shrinks at His presence, and like wax dissolves.
Lo! thro' the vast extensive cope of Heaven
Swells an immeasurable arch, with all
The gay diversities of light distinct,
The dread tribunal of our Judge. Imblaz'd
With glory's richest vesture, there He sits
Obvious to ev'ry eye. Stars confluent crowd
Into a wreath imperial for their King.
His glance outshines the sun; and, when He waves
Th' ambrosial beamy tresses of His head,
Tremble the skies, and all creation shakes.

Transcendent majesty of CHRIST! sublim'd

To splendor from contempt, to highest bliss
From depths of woe for us sustain'd! how chang'd
From him, whose sacred temples bled beneath
Th' insulting pressure of a thorny crown!
From him, who judg'd, condemn'd by vassal man,
Death's deadliest pang endur'd; and, to the sun
Expos'd, who fled the spectacle abhorr'd,
Shook Calvary's dire top, and Salem's tow'rs
With groans of agonizing Deity!
Look up, affrighted Israel, and confess
Amazingly convinc'd, thy sad mistake.
See there th' anointed Lord; the same who press'd
Thee with endearing call beneath the wings
Of healing mercy to repose, when erst
He sojourn'd in thy tents; a GOD unown'd;
Tho' Nature thunder'd to each sense the truth,
Suspended at his beck her pow'rs, or chang'd!
How this his glorious advent, grac'd with pomp
Brighter than that thy carnal hope presag'd
Of the first advent, fatally o'erlook'd,
Harrows thy soul! how all thy elders mourn!
How droops thy Sanhedrim, abasht to view
The flaming banner, and the sentenc'd Judge!

Yet mercy in that bosom sits enthron'd,
E'en for his foes an advocate, and melts
The wrathful flashes of that awful brow
Into soft beams of tenderness. The blest
Redeemer mitigates the Judge's frown.
Else who so pure, and incorrupt of heart,

As with unshaken hope to fix his eye
On Majesty's insufferable blaze,
In terrors dreadfullest array reveal'd?

And now th' Archangel's trumpet thro' the vast
Expanse of universe, which trembling swells
The lengthen'd peal, the dire citation sounds.
High, o'er the judgment-seat, triumphant floats,
The dread of infidels, the christian's boast,
Th' ennobled Cross. Where'er its glories stream,
Eternal crimson paints the blushing scene.
The sword of justice, by a seraph wav'd,
Illumines the wide air, and hung aloft
Th' eventful righteous balance flames with gold.
Hither, in one diffusive area's space,
By sweeping whirlwinds levell'd to a plain,
Adam's collective progeny conven'd,
Myriads on myriads crowd; in number more
Than billowing sands, by winds tempestuous driven
Thro' Libya's treach'rous soil. How undistinguish'd
Thy armies here, proud Xerxes, at whose touch
Rivers exhausted shrunk! What but a drop
To ocean added, and in ocean lost!

See! how earth's cedars bow their with'ring head,
Scath'd with the lightnings, which incessant break
From yon tremendous throne! How quake her Cæsars,
Her Nimrods and her Bourbons, lawless chiefs,
Beneath whose wasteful sword unpeopled realms,
Ambition's victim, bled! whose laurels bloom'd,

And wanton'd in the widow's flowing tears,
Their guilty joys bought with mankind's distress!
Curst the vain triumph, and the trophy'd arc,
And all the proud memorials of their rage,
The stricken heroes mourn, and wish atchiev'd
Those victories, to which th' angelic host
Thro' Heav'n's glad courts applausive pæans sing,
Immortal victories, and worthy man,
O'er passions conquer'd, and o'er self subdu'd.
Not so the potentate, whose spotless life,
Pure as his ermine, shone; who ne'er the sword
Unsheath'd, but when religion ask'd its aid,
Or his lov'd country, groaning under wrongs,
Bade him oppression's insolence chastise:
Flush'd with gay hopes, and panting for the palm,
He views th' unfading crown, for which he toil'd,
Amidst the soft allurements of a throne
Firm and unshaken, when earth saw him shed
Balm from his sceptre o'er a foster'd realm.
Ye virtuous Alfreds, Georges, Annes, Elizas,
Protectors of your country and mankind,
Lift up the brow of confidence, assume
Th' unblushing mien of grandeur, and behold
Th' exceeding weight of glory, which your King
Awards to all who made the throne a step
To mount their blest ambition to the skies.

The world's distinctions, and its glossy plumes
Are vanish'd. Here the goodness of the heart,
Exuberant in fruits of holy life,

Gives man the just pre-eminence o'er man.
The monarch, if, to ev'ry lust a slave,
He bruis'd his subjects with an iron rod,
And issuing from th' imperial den, on blood
And rapine bent, with ruin mark'd his way,
Outcast from light, and to congenial fiends
Consign'd, reverse deplorable! surveys
The beggar diadem'd, and thron'd in bliss.
All greatness, but what aggrandizes man,
Diminisht shrinks. Pale beauty hides her face
Once prais'd, than loath'd deformity more foul,
Unless fair virtue, beaming from within,
Sheds a celestial radiance o'er the mien.
Proud boastful science, o'er the midnight lamp
So oft in vain researches poring, droops
To see the sage now dwindle to a fool,
Who ne'er in Zeno's porch, or Plato's grove,
Explor'd the path to happiness and GOD.

None more exult, or with more heighten'd bloom
Impurpled, on the dread tribunal fix
The eye serene uprais'd, than those whose breast
Glow'd with extensive charity, and bade
The stream benign in widen'd channels run,
To distant ages circulating joy,
And solace as it flow'd. Lo! Henry leads
Th' illustrious band. The clouds which here o'ercast
His pensive brow, the storms which vex'd his reign,
Are dissipated all. Immortal hope
Distends his heart, and glitters in his eye,

Blood-stain'd usurper, how the scorpion whip
Of conscience ulcerates thy bleeding soul!
How dost thou wish Bosworth's less dreaded plain
Had giv'n the last decision to thy fate!
Hail, pious prince! and to thy virtues due
A crown receive, which no rapacious hand
Shall ravish: view a moment's woes outweigh'd
By an eternity of solid bliss.

Now palsy'd fear the whole assembly shakes,
And bursting sighs o'er all the void resound:
Now e'en the good misgivings feel. For lo
The seal of adamant is broke, and open'd,
Big with the fate of man, th' eternal book.
The angels, anxious for this hour which clears
The mazes of the moral plan, unveils
Mysterious depths, which erst intent to scan
They stoop'd, and of their wand'ring found no end,
Throng round the Judge unnumber'd, and behold,
Astonisht, ev'ry dark enigma solv'd,
And Providence asserted in His ways.
The marshal'd world, obedient to command,
Forms a two-fold division; on the right
The just, the wicked on the left are rang'd.
So when the genial spring the turgid gems
Unlocks, and breathes a verdure o'er the meads,
The shepherd, sedulous to pour his flock
O'er the fresh pasture, the mixt troop surveys,
And bids the fetid and lascivious herd
Graze from the bleating innocents disjoin'd.

Suspense awhile, and dread amazement holds
The still creation motionless: when lo!
The sounding Alchymy, by breath inspir'd
Of Archangelic Herald, rings a peal
Of summons to the righteous, to attend
The Judge, and hear enounc'd their final doom.
Thin shades of doubt amidst the conscious gleams
Bright'ning their front are interpos'd. As when
A Roman chief, from the well-foughten field
Returning, felt alternate passions sway
His breast, now hoping, fearing now lest all
His labours might disparag'd sink below
The envy'd prize of triumph's festal pomp.

With placid brow, at which the æther smiles
Flush'd with redundancy of light, the Judge
Surveys the chosen flock, and sheds abroad
Peace o'er their hearts, and lustre o'er their mien.
Meek dove-ey'd innocence, with slander's darts
Oft here transpierc'd, and in the shuffled crowd
Of accidents with guilt confounded, pure
And spotless as the recent snow, appears.
Her stern accusers wither at the sight,
While cherubs, with benevolence o'erflowing,
Clap their exulting wings, rejoic'd to view
Effulgence of their sanctitude, and long
To waft their sister spirit to the skies.
Omniscience pleas'd the honest heart inspects,
His noblest work; and bears the deep recess,
Where charity and virtue sit enshrin'd.

Each unambitious grace, which, like the rose
That paints th' untrodden wild, in secret bloom'd,
Too delicate to bear the ruffling breath
Of worldly praise, now beams in open day,
And its unfolded beauties spreads before
Applauding angels, and a smiling GOD.
The stains, which to the best below adhere,
Moles in a well-shap'd body thinly sown,
Are by the candid Judge, without a frown,
From Heav'n's memorial books eras'd for ever.

O glorious trial! where the just, like gold
By friendly fire refin'd, with added weight
And splendor shine conspicuous, on the stage
Of an assembled world proclaim'd aloud
Their merit, and by list'ning saints extoll'd!
See suff'ring worth exult, her utmost wish
Now more than gratify'd! the weighty meed
O'erpays her woes, and with a boundless tide
Perennial pleasures burst upon her soul.
How glow religion's chiefs, whom threats nor flames
Could e'er subdue; nor all the study'd pains
Which witty malice forg'd, could ever shake
From the firm basis of their high resolve!
Their gracious GOD inclines his head, and nods
His approbation, in their sorrows pleas'd
To recognize his own: the heav'nly band
The victors greet with pæans, and rejoice
To add the steady phalanx to their roll.

Hush'd be ye, winds! and earth and æther, wrapt
In silence, listen to your Maker's voice
Mellifluous, which aloud the mild award
Enounces thro' your regions. "Come, ye blest,
"Share the unfading pleasures of my realm,
"Coheirs of bliss, my Sire's adopted sons."
Rapt at the sound, the just, a shining train,
The yielding clouds divide, by angel wings
Convoy'd in triumph thro' th' aerial space,
With hallelujahs, and the dulcet strain
Of harps resounding. Round His throne the Judge
The gather'd faithful ranks in several files
Proportion'd to their worth, all stars ordain'd
Orbs to relume, by Satan and his crew
Rebellious voided, but in glory each
From each now diff'ring, as on earth their deeds.
How vast the rapture, infinite the joy
From breast to breast rebounding! how inflam'd
With love ineffable the bridegroom burns,
To meet the pure unspotted spouse, in all
The heighten'd charms of piety array'd!
How the Redeemer with complacence hails,
The glorious ransom of his precious blood,
His saints, from ev'ry quarter of the globe
Conven'd, assessors of his throne, to hear
Guilt sentenc'd, and applaud her righteous doom!

See! on the left what consternation broods
O'er all the louring prospect! how desponds
The miscreant throng! how frantic ev'ry look,

And speaking gesture! what a burst of groans
Declares the direful bodings of their soul!
For now the wicked, like a rushing sea
Turbid with stormy gusts, their cited numbers
Pour round the bar, and deluge all the plain.
Lust, murder, avarice, and rancour'd hate,
And persecution, varnisht o'er with zeal,
And foul hypocrisy, beneath the veil
Of fair religion lurking, grisly forms,
Touch'd by a ray, quick flashing from the throne,
Start up in native ghastliness reveal'd.
How vain the caitiff's artifice, which oft
O'er baffled justice triumph'd, now the Judge
Omniscient scans his life, and brings to light
Each hidden purpose, each unwitness'd deed!
Th' invenom'd heart, its mazy folds evolv'd,
And every cell disclos'd, where malice sate
Hatching dire treasons, massacres, and ills,
Trembles beneath a searching God. Appall'd
Heav'n's habitants look down, with horror viewing
Humanity degraded to a fiend.

Ah! how they writhe their limbs, and gnash their teeth,
With tortures inly rackt, asham'd to view
Blazon'd their crimson spots, afraid to meet
The glances of Omnipotence enrag'd,
Th' offended JESUS to confront, whose laws
They trampled under foot, whose name they mock'd,
And glorying in their scandal, still rebell'd,
By all his gracious offers unreclaim'd!

In vain to rocks they call, in yawning depths
To whelm their heads abasht. Alas!- the rocks
Soon will their fuel'd entrails scatter wide,
And nought remain a monument of wrath
Divine, but man, apostate man, condemn'd
To feed th' undying worm, to howl in fire,
His torments coextended with his being.

And now with aspect, kindled into rage
Tenfold, at which earth, air, and sea around
Float with redundant flames, with voice, at which
Trembles Heaven's wide circumference, the Judge
The stern award enounces. " Go, ye curst,
" To fire, as everlasting as your souls,
" For Satan and his impious host prepar'd."

Strait at the sound destroying angels pour
Their wrathful vials o'er a world proscrib'd,
A guilty world! which saw its Maker bleed.
Incessant thunders thro' th' aerial vault
Roll the big mutt'ring peal, and lightnings glare
Terrific thro' the gloom. The sun, the moon,
With blood discolour'd, o'er the darken'd scene
Scowl horror and amaze: stars from their sphere
With hideous ruin and combustion rush.
Convulsive tremors rock the reeling earth,
And from her riven womb, where prison'd slept
'Till now, in min'ral or metallic beds,
The vengeful ministers, embody'd flames
Shoot the long spiry trail, and billowing push

O'er many a spacious realm and region wide
The ruddy torrent. Ah! what havock reigns!
How Desolation o'er the prostrate globe
Furious her scythe-arm'd chariot drives, and all
Its boasted splendor levels with the dust!
Where are the giant-sons of Earth, the Alps,
And Appenines, the Pyrenean cliffs,
Proud boundaries of kingdoms? Where huge Atlas,
Who frown'd tremendous o'er the subject surge?
All, like the snow which glitter'd on their tops,
Melted before the presence of the LORD,
Are perish'd, and no vestige left behind.
Ah! vanish'd is that spot, for justice fam'd,
Of injur'd states th' asylum, Queen of Isles,
Britannia. Oh! my country! there she shinks
Whelm'd in the fiery flood, and ambient seas,
Once her strong bulwark, but augment the blaze.
Empires renown'd, where erst contention rag'd
To add fresh laurels to the victor's brow,
Join'd in one fate, an undistinguish'd mass
Of ruin lie, a monument to shew
How vain ambition's most successful toil.
The raging tumult thickens, and uproar,
'Midst Nature's groans, and crush of elements,
Holds her licentious anarchy. The pow'rs
Of Heaven are shaken, and yon unpillar'd arch,
Earth's gorgeous canopy, with fervent heat
Melts, like a scroll convolv'd, to viewless air.
Th' august assize now finish'd 'midst the loud
Plaudits of wond'ring angels, darkness drops

The curtain o'er creation. Oh! what plaints,
What yells resound, while rolling in the surge
Sulphureous, kindled by the Almighty's blast,
Th' eternal Tophet, myriads howl and wish
They in the gen'ral wreck cou'd lose their being!

His ways asserted, and unerring right
In each proportion'd recompence display'd,
The Judge all-glorious rises from His throne,
And with His bright retinue wings His car
Triumphal thro' the skies, to heavenly Sion
In radiant pomp ascending. Angels strike
Their golden chords, and melody divine
Exulting thro' the ætherial region floats.
On their gay foreheads amaranthine crowns
Of joy, immortal praises in their mouths,
The ransom'd saints their Saviour hail, and loud
Hosannas from unnumber'd voices pour'd
Swell the glad jubilee. Heav'n's op'ning portals
Shook with the festive acclamations ring.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader need not be told that the following Poem was written for SEATON'S PRIZE, *and rejected. It is not now published as an appeal to the public from the sentence of the Judges; but as it may afford half an hour's innocent entertainment to the reader.*

The Author chose this contracted plan for two reasons: one was, that he might keep clear of arguments pro and con, which if unskilfully handled are as ridiculous in poetry, as wooden swords in skirmishes at a puppet-show; and the other, that he might not trespass upon the reader's patience by entering too prolixly into a subject, which is better suited for a large volume, than a small pamphlet.

The poetical reader need not be told that the Metre is an imitation of that which Milton *hath used in his* Lycidas.

THE

REDEMPTION.

A

MONODY.

By JAMES SCOTT, M. A.

Τον ουδε παιδων Κυριον γενικωλαΐον,
Και παΐερα, τελον διατελει τιμαν, μονον
Αγαθων τοιουτων ευρετην κτιστορα.
Frag Menand.

1763.

DAUGHTERS of Jove, no more!—Adieu, ye maids,
Whose visionary forms have met my eye;
Whether I mus'd by Anio's headlong steep,
Or by the fabled haunts of Castaly,
Or where Cephisus joins the billowy deep;
Or where thro' groves, and olive-woven shades,

Ilissus rolls his stream;
For now a loftier theme
Demands my song, REDEMPTION's wondrous plan,
And thy sad sufferings, O my God, for man!

But come, O virgin-muse of Sion, come,
Come gently, and my breast inspire
With some faint sparks of that seraphic fire,
Whose beams refulgent glow'd,
When bursting thro' the womb
Of dark futurity, "A God, a God,"
Proclaim'd aloud the heav'n-enlighten'd seer,
"From Bosrah lo he comes, mighty to save,
"Mighty to triumph o'er the grave!"—
And all the oaks of Bashan stoopt to hear,
And Lebanon's attentive cedars bow'd.

But turn, O turn thine eyes
To where with groves of palm and olive crown'd,
On the fair bosom of the mountain lies
The garden's holy ground!
For there my Saviour's bitter agonies
Began; there from th' abyss profound
Of blackest Hell, a stream of horror flow'd,
And overwhelm'd his pure and innocent soul;
Or 'ere his sacred blood
Had wash'd, had cleans'd us from pollutions foul,
And seal'd anew the league 'twixt man and God.

Dark rose the dreadful night,
And not one sprightly note, or pleasing sound,
Was heard to breathe around:
The shepherds sat with silent horror mute,
And charm'd no more their pipe or jocund flute;
And Philomel her wonted strain forbore:
How could she sing, while from the blasted oak
The hoarse night-ravens croak,
And screech-owls moan aloud in dire affright,
And screaming from the pool with hideous cry
Aloof the bitterns fly;
While clouds impetuous burst with horrid roar,
And spectres shriek, and ghosts unholy yell,
And mutt'ring in the black and turbid air
Dæmons and fiends of hell,
Array'd in livid flames, terrific glare?

Earth to the centre shook,
And universal Nature quak'd for fear,
As if her end was near;
While ev'ry pale star, with distemper'd look,
Shot from the sky:—and well, O well they might,
When He was doom'd to agonizing pain,
Who bade them flame on high,
The fairest gems in heav'n's fair canopy,
And fill'd their orbs with everlasting light.
But now see where He lies
On the cold ground, exposed to thick dank air,

And all the fury of the madding skies!
See how each nerve and vein
Trembles and throbs with torture! how His eyes
Start from their seat with anguish and despair!
What drops of sanguine sweat roll down amain
From His fair limbs! "O Father, O remove
"If possible this cup; yet not my will,
"But thine be done!" O agonizing love!
O grace beyond compare!
Swift thro' the yielding air
The words upflew to heav'n, and all the quire
Of blessed angels stood in speechless trance;
Aside they flung their harps of golden wire,
And in their bow'rs of amaranthine shade
For one short moment stay'd
Their ardent songs of rapture and of praise,
While wonder-struck they gaze,
O King of Suff'rings, on thy conflicts dire!

But soft! Am I deceiv'd, or doth a ray
Of light ethereal burst thro' yonder cloud,
And gild the mountain top with its fair beam?
Lo, down the lucid stream
An angel glides! he leaves his chrystal sphere,
And cuts with nimble wing his liquid way
Thro' the rank vapours of this murky air;
Sent, O my Saviour, from thy lab'ring breast
To drive away the horrors of despair,
And give thy sorrow-sick'ning soul to rest.

And hark, while swiftly from th' ethereal height
This harbinger of light
Descends, what awful silence reigns around!
No more their rustling heads the cedars wave,
And each aërial sound
Creeps softly to its cave:
The dark clouds slumber on the mountain's brow,
And Nature stands absorb'd in dread suspense;
While thus the angel cheers his drooping sense,
And bids full streams of heav'nly music flow.

THE HYMN.

Hail * Sun of Righteousness, whose healing ray
Can pierce the darkness of Egyptian night;
Tho' now some earth-born clouds obstruct thy way,
Soon shalt thou blaze in thy meridian height;
And beaming with celestial love,
Destroy the † covering, and the veil remove,
And guide the nations with thy friendly light,
To the blest regions of eternal day.
Then, O ye hosts on high,
Cherubs and seraphs, that excel in might,
Ye that encircling guard the sapphire throne,
And sing hosannas to the great THREEONE,
O praise him, praise him everlastingly!

* Malachi iv. 2. † Isaiah xxv. 7.

When man rebell'd, and from th' abyss profound
Those miscreated monsters, Sin and Death,
A way to Eden found,
There blasting, with their pestilential breath,
Each herb, and fruit, and flow'r,
Of Eve's * delicious bow'r;
Thou saw'st the havoc, saw'st with melting eye
† The sad earth labour under the horrid doom
Of guilt, and misery;
Saw'st all her beauty, all her vernal bloom
Like flow'rs frost-smitten die;
While heaving with convulsive pangs, and groans,
She op'd her jaws, and yawn'd the general tomb
Of her once happy, once immortal sons!
At that dread hour, when statue-struck with woe
Stood the primæval pair,
And wept, and loaded with their sighs the air,
We ‡ look'd around—but lo
Not one to pity them, not one to know!
No son of light, no angel dar'd to plead,
No seraph intercede:
'Till Thou, the high priest, heard'st the wretches moan,
And off'ring up their incense-breathing pray'r
In golden censer at th' eternal throne,

* Paradise Lost, iv. 690.

† The Author purposely left this line thus unharmonious, that the sound might be in accord with the sense.

‡ Psalm lxix. 20, and Isaiah lix. 16.

" On me their shepherd, me Thy wrath employ,
" But spare these hapless sheep, O Father, spare,
" Let me with agonies their grief atone,
" And all their sins, and all their sorrows bear."
Then sang the morning stars their hymns of joy,
When thou, the Father's uncreated son,
The promis'd * Shilo, quitting thy abode,
That heaven of heav'ns, the bosom of thy God,
And stript of all thy bliss, and all thy glory,
Began'st, O wondrous story,
The task of love, and voluntary woe.
Hail Word Eternal! Hail Creating Mind!
Then did the hills, then did the vales resound;
The vale of Arnon, and the purple brow
Of beauteous Amana, and Shenir rang,
And all the forests of thy Carmel sang,
When Thou, in fleshly † tabernacle shrin'd,
'Gan'st pour the stream of blessings all around,
And brooding over teach thy helpless care,
As the fond eagle doth her young, to try
Their scarce-fledg'd plumes, and thro' the baser air
Assert the mansions in their native sky.
‡ O goodly vine, beneath whose clustring boughs
The weary flocks repose!
O § Rose of Sharon! O || enclosure sweet
Of chief perfumes, of spices fresh and rare!

* Gen. xlix. 10. † 2 Cor. v. 1. ‡ John xv. 1.
§ Solomon's Song, ii. 1. || Solomon's Song, iii. 12. & infra.

Wake, wake ye winds, and o'er the garden blow,
That all the soul-delighting scents may flow;
And ye, O spirits of air,
Catch the rich odours, and to heav'n repair,
That angels may dissolve in raptures meet!
O * Phosphor! O effulgent son of morn!
But ah how fallen, fall'n! how chang'd from Him,
Who led to war th' embattled seraphim,
And all the youth of heav'n; whose flaming hand,
With thunders arm'd, hurl'd from th' ethereal sky
The arch apostate and his rebel band,
Hurl'd them with ruin, and combustion dire,
To bottomless perdition, there to lie
Weltring in lakes of everliving fire!
Yet, spotless Lamb, tho' now with wrath divine
Thou feel'st thy adamantine soul opprest;
Tho' Adam's sins are by adoption thine,
And crush with heavy load thy lab'ring breast;
Yet quickly shall the mortal coil be o'er,
And grief, and pain, and anguish be no more;
Soon shall the brightness of thy Godhead shine:
Ev'n now methinks thy † robes with sanguine red
Are stain'd, like those that in the winefat tread;
I see, I see thee rise,
How bright, how glorious, o'er the starry skies,
And Sin and Death are led
Chain'd to thy chariot wheels! Hark, hark the song

* Rev. xxii. 16. † Isai. lxiii. 2.

Begins, the song of triumph and delight,
Which erst we sung, when from the dreadful fight
Returning victor all the rapturous throng
Of saints and angels hail'd thee, wond'rous King,
Almighty Lord, Heav'n's sole eternal heir:
Lift up your heads, ye gates, and O prepare,
Ye living orbs, your everlasting doors,
The King of Glory comes!
What King of Glory?—He, whose puissant might
Subdu'd * Abaddon, and th' infernal pow'rs
Of darkness bound in adamantine chains:
Who wrapt in glory with the Father reigns
Omnipotent, immortal, infinite!

The angel ceas'd, and from his flinty bed
The God-redeemer rose:
Lull'd was his care in heav'n-inspir'd repose,
And his sick soul with airs ethereal fed:
Content he rose, O Father, to fulfil
Thy fixt eternal will.
And now the madding crew their Saviour led
Mild as a lamb to slaughter, like a sheep
Before her shearers dumb——But, O my muse,
Forbear!—Ev'n gnarled oaks for grief would weep,
And the rough rocks their briny tears diffuse,
Should'st thou to Calvary's cleft summit rise,

* The angel of the bottomless pit is so called in Rev. ix. 11.

And there, in colours suited to thy woe,
The torments and stupendous sorrows paint
Of the great suff'ring Saint.——
Oh stop, and from the humble base below
Cast up thy tearful eyes
To where thy Lord and * Love was crucify'd;
So shall the world and all its vanities
Appear like dross—Ambition, lust, and pride
Shall far, far off their baleful pow'rs remove,
And in the pure unspotted mind
Nothing remain behind,
But adoration, ecstacy, and love.

* Cyp. Ερως εμοι εσταυρωται.

END OF VOL. I.

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